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THE

# GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

History, Biography, Literature, and State Progress.

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VOL. XIV.

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PUBLISHED BY

H. H. METCALF AND A. H. ROBINSON.

CONCORD, N. H.:

1892.



THE

# GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1891

Editor: Stephen Robinson and John F. Smith

VOL. XIV

F842.005

CONCORD, N. H.

R. H. METCALF AND A. R. ROBINSON

CONCORD, N. H.

1902

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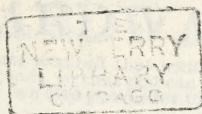
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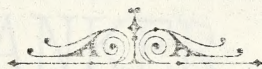


THE

## GRANITE MONTHLY

*A New Hampshire Magazine*

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,  
AND STATE PROGRESS.

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CONCORD, N. H.:

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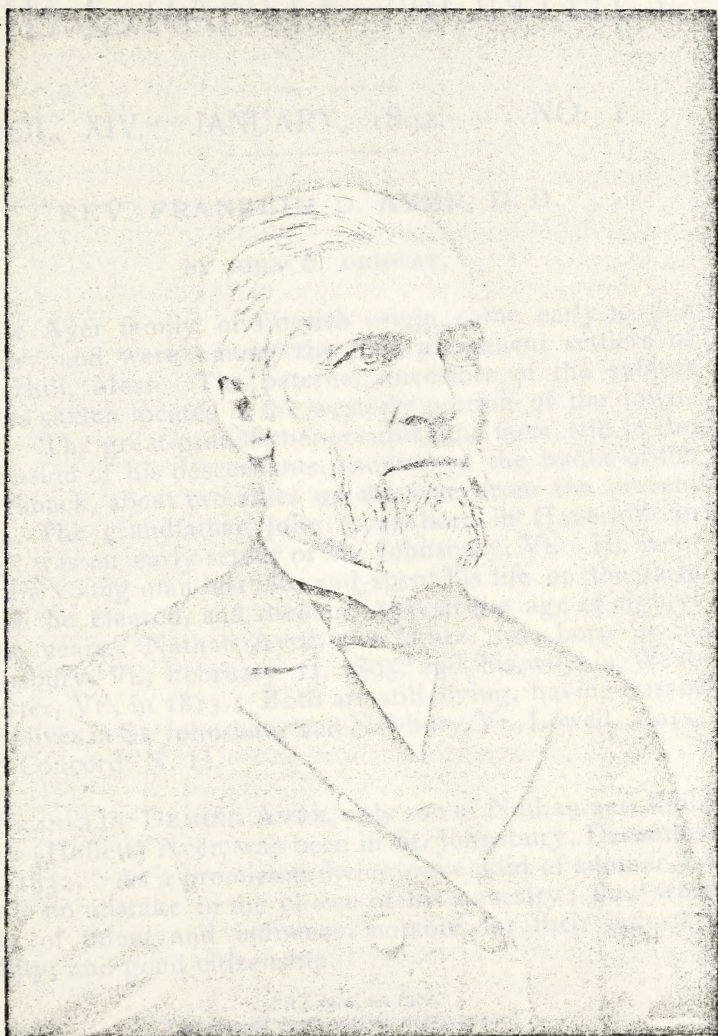
### EAGLE CLOTHING CO.,

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Dr. Ayer's early education was received in the public schools of his native town, long noted as a place of excep-





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV. JANUARY, 1892. NO. 1.

REV. FRANKLIN D. AYER, D. D.

BY JOHN C. ORDWAY.

The Ayer family, of English origin, came early to this country, and were among the first permanent settlers of Haverhill, Mass. The paternal ancestors of the subject of this sketch located in the westerly portion of the township. The great-grandfather occupied the farm, still in the possession of his descendants, situated on the banks of the Merrimack, about two miles up the river from the present city. The grandfather, John Ayer, born in Haverhill, in 1767, was an early settler of St. Johnsbury, Vt. He went there a young man in 1786, and spent his life on the farm which he cleared, and died in 1854, at the age of eighty-seven years. Nathan Ayer, the father, was born in St. Johnsbury, Vt., February 11, 1805, and his wife in Westminster, Vt., in 1813. Both are still living, having passed their lives in St. Johnsbury and Newbury, Vt., Lowell, Mass., and Concord, N. H.

FRANKLIN DEMING AYER, only son of Nathan and Phila Ann (Hallett) Ayer, was born in St. Johnsbury, December 19, 1832. As a prominent divine once said of another, he made no mistake in the choice of his ancestry; they were men of talent and influence, notable for their industry, ability, and good citizenship.

"A Christian race,  
Patterns of every virtue, every grace."

Dr. Ayer's early education was received in the public schools of his native town, long noted as a place of excep-





tional culture, and for the excellence of its educational advantages. In the fall of 1848, he entered Newbury (Vt.) Seminary, to prepare himself for college, from which institution he graduated in July, 1852. He entered Dartmouth College in September of the same year, in a class of fifty-eight members. During his collegiate course he was a member of the Theological Society, Society of Inquiry, Delta Kappa Epsilon, United Fraternity.—assistant librarian of the latter for two years, and president of the same the senior fall term. Like many of the college students, he made use of the long vacations in teaching school, exhibiting in that pursuit an even and cheerful deportment, and displaying an acute understanding of human nature and the most desirable ways of approaching and interesting widely differing minds, that won for him marked success, and made his services eagerly sought for.

Of his character as a college student, Hon. James W. Patterson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, then professor of mathematics in that institution, says,—“He was faithful and industrious in the discharge of every duty, an excellent scholar and conscientious Christian student in all his relations. He had the respect and confidence of every member of the faculty, and was highly esteemed and greatly beloved by his classmates.” He graduated July 29, 1856, in a class of sixty, among whom were ex-Governor Prescott of New Hampshire, ex-Lieut.-Governor Hinckley of Vermont, Judge Caleb Blodgett of the superior court of Massachusetts, and many others who have since become distinguished in public life. He was class-day orator, and his address is remembered as a scholarly production of great merit.

In the fall of the same year (1856), he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., for preparation for the ministry, a calling to which he had aspired from the first, manifesting here as in college the same diligence in study, earnestly striving for marked excellence in the discharge of every duty assigned him. He graduated with distinction, August 4, 1859; was ordained and installed pastor over the First Congregational Church in Milford, N. H., May 1, 1861, and continued in that relationship, to the great acceptance of the church and society, for nearly six and a half years, with a single interruption of a few





months, when he was in the service of the United States Christian Commission, in Gen. W. T. Sherman's division of the army, during the civil war. In 1867, upon the resignation of the venerable and revered Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., after a pastorate of forty-two years over the First Congregational Church in Concord, N. H., a committee from that society made choice of Dr. Ayer as his successor, which action was promptly and heartily ratified by the church. A call was at once extended, accepted, and after formal dismissal from the church in Milford, September 1, he was installed pastor of the church in Concord, September 12, 1867, and still remains in the same position.

The church and society over which he is now settled is one of the most noted in New Hampshire. It was organized in 1730, with but nine members, and only thirty families in the then frontier settlement. Their first place of worship was under the spreading branches of an oak tree, and their first church building a rude structure made of logs, serving the double purpose of a church and stockade or fort for defence against the Indians.

Rev. Timothy Walker was its first settled pastor, and for a period of fifty-two years continued their religious instructor and faithful and judicious counsellor in all matters, justly winning for himself the distinctive title of "Father of the Town." The beautiful and commodious Walker School building, erected upon the site of the old church, was named in his memory. The lineal descendants of Mr. Walker, of the fourth and fifth generations, still occupy the original parsonage, which is one of the most stately and imposing residences in Concord, and are prominent in the administration of the affairs of the church,—an instance probably without a parallel in the state.

Rev. Israel Evans followed Mr. Walker with a pastorate of eight years, and was succeeded by Rev. Asa McFarland, D. D., who served with great acceptance for twenty-seven years. Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., before mentioned, was installed in 1825, and for a term of forty-two years sustained with rare ability the position so ably filled by his predecessors.

The pastorate of Dr. Ayer has been no less marked by the same uniform harmony between the pastor and the society which has characterized this church from the be-





ginning. Generously endowed by nature with a genial and sunny disposition, accessible to the rich and poor alike, with a kind word for everybody, he quickly wins and retains the love of his parishioners, and the good will and esteem of all with whom he comes in daily contact. There is no formality in his greeting or reserve in conversation, yet there is ever the becoming dignity, attesting the consciousness of the responsibility of his calling. Always mingling freely with the people of his charge, he impresses upon all the beauty of the Christian religion. Public-spirited in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the people, ever alive to the interests of the community about him, he is energetic in the furtherance of all efforts made for the amelioration of humanity. He is a kind and generous neighbor, a discreet and trusted friend. As a preacher, he possesses many most enviable gifts, a well balanced, peculiarly symmetrical mind, a thorough knowledge of the duties of his calling, enriched with much experience, and is fluent in speech, graceful in diction, apt in illustration.

In the pulpit he inclines to conservatism, rarely if ever discussing subjects in regard to which a difference of opinion might exist in the minds of his hearers, but seeks to impress upon them the value of right living, and to inspire holier thoughts. A firm believer in the creed of his church, he is never charged with bigotry or narrow sectarianism, is never an extremist, never intrudes or wastes his time with pet ideas, but ever urges a pure life, a deeply religious faith, an implicit trust in God and His bounteous grace and love as the sure hope of salvation. His sermons abound in argument and persuasion, appealing to the reason rather than to the emotions, and are clothed with simple language that a child can understand. His daily life most fittingly and charmingly commends the precepts of his spiritual teachings.

Among his many discourses published may be mentioned "Sources of Strength to the Church," delivered before the General Association of New Hampshire in 1884; "Service of Song in the Worship of God"; History of the First Church in Concord, and of the New Hampshire Bible Society; also, Revised History and Manual of the First Church, published in 1888; "Character in the Preacher"; Life and Work of Rev. W. R. Jewett; "The Clergy





and Churches of New Hampshire"; Historical Address, delivered at the 150th Anniversary of the First Congregational Church of Concord, besides many articles for the press.

Honored by the church and society of which he is pastor, his services are held in the highest esteem by the denomination of which he is a loyal and devoted member in and beyond the confines of the state. He was elected secretary of the General Association of New Hampshire in 1871, which office he held until 1880; was elected a corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1881. He has been trustee of the New Hampshire Home Missionary Society since 1868; of the N. H. Bible Society from 1875 to 1878, and secretary since 1878; of the Ministers and Widows Charitable Fund since 1869; president of the N. H. Sunday School Association in 1886; moderator of the General Association of New Hampshire in 1887; is vice-president of the American Congregational Union. In the discharge of the duties attaching to these several offices he has acquired a very thorough and intimate knowledge of the needs of the churches, particularly the weaker ones, throughout the state, and his suggestions have been of inestimable value in that direction. He has held offices of trust in civil life: was trustee of the Concord City Library from 1873 to 1883; was appointed by the governor and council a trustee of the N. H. Asylum for the Insane in 1888, and re-appointed in 1891.

He has been twice abroad, the first time as a delegate from New Hampshire to the International Prison Congress, which convened in London, England, July 4, 1872; and, second, as a delegate from the National Council of Congregational Churches of the United States, of which society he is a trustee, to the International Council, which held its first session in London, July 13-22, 1891, travelling somewhat extensively in Europe both times. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Dartmouth College in 1887.

Mr. Ayer was married at Concord, May 30, 1860, to Mary Esther, daughter of Hon. Moses and Caroline (Lord) Kittredge, of St. Johnsbury, and niece of Judge Jonathan Kittredge, late justice of the Court of Common Pleas of

and Churches of New Hampshire"; Historical Address delivered at the 150th Anniversary of the First Congregational Church of Concord, by the many members of the

honored by the church and society of which he is pastor his services are held in the highest esteem by the church of which he is a loyal and devoted member in a position of trust and confidence of the state. He was elected pastor of the General Association of New Hampshire in 1871 which office he held until 1880 when he was elected a member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1881. He has been pastor of the New Hampshire State Missionary Society since 1875; of the N. H. Bible Society from 1875 to 1880, and secretary since 1880; of the Mission and History Church of Concord since 1880; president of the N. H. Sunday School Association in 1880; moderator of the General Association of New Hampshire in 1881; is vice-president of the New England Congregational Union. In the discharge of the duties relating to these various offices he has expended a vast amount of time and energy, and has acquired a thorough and intimate knowledge of the needs of the churches, particularly the weaker ones, throughout the state, and his suggestions have been of inestimable value in that direction. He has held office of trust in civil as well as in ecclesiastical life. He was mayor of Concord, N. H., from 1875 to 1878, was appointed by the governor and council a member of the N. H. Asylum for the Insane in 1880, and re-appointed in 1881.

He has been twice elected the first time as a delegate from New Hampshire to the International Hygienic Congress, convened in London, England, July 4, 1875, and second, as a delegate from the New England Council of Congregational Churches to the United States of which society is a trustee in the International Council which held its sessions in London, July 13-25, 1881, traveling several months in Europe with him. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Dartmouth College in 1881.

Mr. Ayer was married in Concord, N. H., in 1860. Mrs. Ayer, daughter of Mr. Moses and Caroline (Law) Burdick of St. Johnsbury, and niece of Judge Jonathan Burdick, late justice of the Court of Common Pleas



New Hampshire. The twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage was observed, May 30, 1885, by a large reception at the church parlors, embracing, besides parishioners and friends, the resident clergy of the city and many others. Felicitous addresses of the happiest character were made, and both Mr. Ayer and his wife were generously favored with beautiful and costly gifts.

Mrs. Ayer died September 26, 1891, a greatly beloved companion and helpmate, a singularly devoted mother, a trusted and loving friend to all who shared her acquaintance.

The children of Franklin and Mary Esther (Kittredge) Ayer are: Mary Gertrude and Florence.

Dr. Ayer is completing the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate, already the longest, with possibly one exception, in the city, and there are only five longer pastorates in the same denomination in the state.

It is no exaggeration to say, that probably no five men have ever done more in their day and time to mould and shape the moral character of the town than the able and faithful pastors of this historic church.

---

## AN OCTOBER OUTING.

BY A. M. R. CRESSY.

The season is ended, the summer has gone, and from lake and mountain, from country quiet and roaring surf have departed the browned, invigorated "birds of passage," to whom the sultry days of midsummer heat meant only delicious languor, whispering breezes, the scent of new mown hay, and the green expanse of a limitless world of beauty. September's marvelous mildness has held many a lover spellbound by her charms, a willing captive to her lingering witcheries. But the edict has gone forth. October calls the wanderer back to the bits of narrowed beauty his city home furnishes—to the smooth-clipped lawns, the arched street vistas; to the closer contact, the competitions of action; to the opportunities, the brightening vigor of keen intellects, and the strain of business interests; to the manifold lessons of real life.





But though scattered leaves lie on your lawn, and the sunshine, slanting through the fading boughs of the elm, has a yellowness not all its own, do not think the "melancholy days" are here; not shiver with dread of the icy blasts and driving snows of winter's near approach; not be too sure that the country you have left is desolate and wind swept yet.

Come with me an hour's ride from our awakening city to the little town of Bradford, and see what cunning Nature holds in reserve for those who love and study her. Here she offers you an unlimited variety of beauty. Here are winding rivers, broad uplands, lush meadows, and fertile hill slopes. Bradford is sentinelled by hill ranges and dimpled with green valleys. She adorns herself with lakes, small but exquisite in their gemlike brilliance, and with noble setting of beetling heights, or smiling farm lands. One never need fear satiety, for her views are as multifarious as the shifting clouds, and offer tempting bits for the artist's pencil.

The vivid coloring and full greenness of June have waned a little. Over the fields lies an intangible haze—a golden tint underlying the green. The streams ripple as merrily, but the sweet breath of the violet and the faint fragrance of the brier rose no longer perfume the puffs of wind that ruffle their sparkling surfaces. Along the wayside the hardhack and frost flowers herald the advance of autumn, and everywhere in the plenitude of beauty waves the plume of national glory, the stately, bounteous golden rod. The trees still fling their pennons aloft with all their early grace and freedom, but on their fading freshness gleam vivid stains of decay—harbingers of the near days when the unequal conflict will be ended, and they will "trail their banners" on the ground, and the mournful rustling of their fallen leaves will be their own fitting requiem.

But the hills stand, fair and softly rounded, yet. Ball Sunapee holds her globelike top in clear outline against the soft blue sky, and beyond, the Sunapee range stretches to the far northwest. Opposite rises old Kearsarge, a Pharos for many counties, whose Protean aspects bewilder the admiring traveller, but whose most beautiful view—so says our whilom Concord artist, Mrs. M. P. Cooper—is seen from the side of one of Bradford's loveliest hills, called (alas for





the nomenclature of our unromantic ancestors!) Hog Hill. Cross the valley, where nestles the principal village of the town, to another beautiful hill—John Brown's, so called from one of the early settlers of the town who owned miles of hill and dale, and who was the grandfather of ex-Gov. Brackett of Massachusetts, whose early life was spent here, and who returns each summer with keener zest for the beauty and restfulness of his native town. Ask him to take you for a climb up this hill. He can find you sheltered hollows lined with fragrant pine needles, where, with the mysterious sighing of the wind through the branches over your head, you may drink your fill of this autumnal glory. You may gaze to the west, where the Sunapee mountains raise their dark, irregular heads against a sky

“Blown clear by Freedom's northern wind,”

or you may turn a little to your right, where, but for the intervening trees, you might almost see the monument of native granite which Sutton's favored son, Hon. Geo. A. Pillsbury, has just erected as his offering of respect to his native town, and his tribute of honor to his fellow-townsmen whose lives were a free gift to their country in her hour of peril, and whose services are so gracefully commemorated.

In the village at your feet, by the side of a little murmuring stream, rises another granite shaft, before which all Bradford's children bow with loving memory of the gallant Col. M. W. Tappan, who responded quickly to the country's call for volunteers, and who led to the front New Hampshire's first regiment. With him went Bradford's pastor, Rev. S. G. Abbott, as chaplain, and her young lawyer, M. K. Hazelton, as paymaster of the First, and many a stalwart townsman, as private, helped to fill the ranks of Col. Tappan's regiment. And over some of their graves, as over his, on each Decoration Day bend the whitening hairs and aging faces of their comrades in arms.

Turn now to the south, where glint in the sunlight the waters of the exquisite little Lake Massasecum, which fitly shrines the memory of the old Indian of that name who refused to leave the home of his fathers, and lived and died on a rock by the shore of the lake. For his love of the





water, and by his request, the settlers pulled over a tree that grew by this rock, and laying his body in the cavity, replaced the tree, which grows thrifty and tall, while the winds breathe a low dirge through its branches. An admirable fishing ground, too, is this little blue lake. Bass and perch abound, and many a canny pickerel of satisfactory size has been lured from his hiding-place under the shadow of the lily-pads, and many a one has deluded the eager watcher at the other end of the line, by rushing about, carrying the bait hither and thither, cutting the water into ripples of diamond lustre, displaying his slim length and flashing sides in a tantalizing nearness, and then, when the fisherman is in a state of fatuous certainty—whisk! he breaks from the line, and, safe in his snug covert, laughs at the impotent wrath and eloquent apostrophe of the “other fellow.”

On one of the upland ranges lies a broad plateau, ringed in by gently rising hills and shadowed by far blue mountains. Here is annually held the fair of the Bradford and Newbury Agricultural Association, a free exhibition of the various products of the two towns and their neighbors. No admission fee is charged, but that it is successful one would not doubt who saw the crowd of four thousand smiling people exchanging greetings, inspecting the noteworthy farm products, and patronizing the numerous games and amusements on the grounds, and finally going home with depleted pockets but pleasant memories, with the consciousness of duty well done in their hearts, and the fiercest, reddest kisses of the September sun and wind on their cheeks and noses.

Not the least of Bradford's claim to distinction is the variety of her charming drives. Start where you may, go where you will, you will find at every turn some new beauty. A glimpse of a silver shining river, a bit of meadow with velvet sward, a ledge of granite seamed with dainty clinging moss, a long lane through shady leafage specked with dancing sun points; or, best of all, a ride along the higher levels just at sunset, with the faintly tinted lakes settling into silence, the darkening trees vigilant and still, with now and then a rustle to quiet the sleepy birds who chirp “good night.” Near at hand, yet seemingly far away, in the clear dusk of evening, rise the encircling moun-





tains, their tops just touched by the setting sun; and over all the brooding sky.

October holds many rare days when beauty sits enthroned upon Bradford's swelling hills, and offers you the elixir of crisp, invigorating air, and the feast of grand, far-off views and dainty home pictures. Follow her beckoning finger, bow at her shrine, and be filled with delight!

Concord, October, 1891.

### RATTLESNAKE HILL.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

The autumn winds have stripped the trees,  
Leaving the woodland gaunt and bare;  
Only the oaks show dead brown leaves  
That rustle sadly in the breeze,

And, shivering, cling in mild despair  
To the gnarled boughs as if to hide  
The crookedness that wounds their pride.

The stirring masses on the ground  
Show random bits of tender green  
From sheltered fern, or mossy mound,  
Or low, brown stalk with leafage crowned,  
Or tips of vine from beds concealed;  
And blood-red plums, with flavors rank,  
Bespatter every wayside bank.

A chipmunk, speeding to his nest,  
His cheeks filled out with fall supplies,  
Stops short to view, with panting breast,  
The interlopers who molest  
The region where his treasure lies;  
And far away a chick-a-dee  
Sends out his low, quick note of glee.

tain, their tops just touched by the setting sun; and over  
 all the brooding sky.  
 October holds many rare days when beauty she  
 threads upon her loom a weaving tale, and offers you the  
 clinic of crisp, invigorating air, and the feel of grand, old  
 old views, and dainty home pictures. Follow her beckon-  
 ing finger, bow at her shrine, and be filled with delight!  
 Concord, October, 1891.

RATTLESNARE HILL.

BY LARA GARDNER CARR.

The summer winds have stopped the trees,  
 Leaving the woodland quiet and bare;  
 Only the oak shows dead brown leaves  
 That rustle sadly in the breeze.  
 And shivering, cling in vain despair  
 To the gnarled boughs as if to hide  
 The crookedness that wounds their pride.

The stirring masses on the ground  
 Show random bits of tender green  
 From sheltered fern, or mossy mound.  
 On low, brown stalks with heads crowned,  
 Or tips of vine from beds concealed;  
 And blood-red plums, with leaves rare,  
 Bespatter every wayside bank.

A chipmunk, speeding to his nest,  
 His cheeks filled out with fall supplies,  
 Stops short to view, with panting breast,  
 The interloper who molest  
 The region where his treasure lies;  
 And far away a chick-a-dee  
 Sends out his low, quick note of glee.



Well trodden paths in tangled maze  
That nowhere start and nowhere end,  
That turn and double on their ways,  
Cross, curve, then vanish while we gaze,  
Begile us through their lines to wend,  
Till that charmed height to memory flits  
Where Rip Van Winkle lost his wits.

We break from the intralling lead  
And strike straight out through brier and bush;  
Though brambles cling, though roots impede,  
Though burry growths deck us with seed,  
Right on and up our way we push  
Till the last stepping-stone is past,  
And we are on the height at last.

Ah, now look east! Ah, now look west!  
Vermont and Maine may here cross hands;  
And there—the Merrimack at rest  
In quiet beauty! That is best!  
A sunny stream, with sunny lands,  
Dear to the hearts that know its ways  
As cherished friend, as vanished days!

Below we see man's work that mars,  
And nature's beauty serves to hide;  
Piping and cordage spread their bars,  
Gray chip piles, earth breaks, jutting spars  
Disfigure all the eastern side;  
And muffled sounds that jar and thrill  
Disturb the quiet of the hill.

Now down, sheer down, o'er steps that shelve,  
Where crane-like things moan as they swing,  
Where goblin takes the place of elf,  
Where pulleys creak and workmen delve,  
And hammer blows on chisels ring,—  
Where man with each compelling art  
Tears out the ledge's very heart.



Huge granite blocks in whose rough hold  
 Lies hidden many a line of grace,  
 In massive heaps are outlined bold,  
 Or, in their caverns deep and cold,  
 In stubborn strength still keep their place;  
 Some, yielding sullenly to fate,  
 Bropped on their brothers, lie in state.

O Rattlesnake! Robbed, ravished, rent!  
 In your own gritty ashes veiled,  
 What wonder to your face is lent  
 A savage look of discontent,—  
 That bristling mein of one assailed!  
 You have to bear—even in name—  
 A hint of far-off, tarnished fame.

Concord, Nov. 12, 1891.

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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE, WITH SOME OF  
 THE EARLY LETTERS, OF THE LATE HON.  
 JOHN KELLY OF EXETER, N. H.

BY HIS NIECE, LAVINIA KELLY DAVIS.

In looking over some of the papers belonging to my sainted mother, I came across a volume of manuscript letters written to her in 1812-13 by her brother, the late Hon. John Kelly of Exeter. I had not read them for many years, but on re-perusing them at this time it seemed to me that, for several reasons, they were worthy of being transcribed and published.\*

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\*[The letters referred to are too voluminous for presentation in full in these pages. A portion of them, sufficient to give a fair idea of their character and style, are given below.—Ed.]

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NORTHWOOD, N. H., Feb. 15, 1812.

*My Dear Sister,*—As we are at such a distance from each other that we cannot often converse together, and as opportunities of conveyance from here to Warner, or from there here, so seldom occur, I have determined to remedy these inconveniences, as far as I am able, by writing to you as often as I please, and sending to you as often as I can.





First, because those of his numerous friends, relatives and descendants, who still survive, may be glad to be thus reminded of one who was a power for good in his day, whose gifts of mind and whose scholarly attainments were of no common order, and whose manly, Christian character was stainless and without reproach.

Secondly, because these letters, written in the early part of the present century, and without the expectation of their ever being seen except by the person addressed, are fair samples of a time when the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Addison, and others of the early English writers were the mental aliment of the learned and reading classes, and served more or less to the students of those days as models of epistolary and general writing.

Once more the deft mingling of amusement with instruction, and the delicate hints as to style of conversation and deportment in society, are scarcely less applicable to the young lady of to-day than they were to the dear sister of "sweet sixteen," to whom they were originally addressed. While the general reader may be interested to see how the apparent Addisonian style infused by my uncle's quaint, genial humor (which, like that of Goldsmith, was as natural to him as the air of his native hills) becomes his own composition and no mere imitation of another.

And, finally, this sketch, brief and imperfect as it is, and

I have so much vanity as to suppose that when you are not more pleasantly engaged you will feel some interest in what relates to myself, and pay as much attention to such ideas as I may offer for your consideration (if I should be fortunate enough to have any ideas to offer) as you shall suppose they may deserve. When you have no visits to make or receive, you will probably have no objection to hearing from me; and when you have no novels or plays to read, why just for the sake of whiling away the time, you may be willing to look at a dull letter. I have somewhere read of a traveller (Zeluco, I believe) who, to save the trouble of corresponding regularly with his friends, hired a bundle of letters to be written, and, giving them dates at proper periods, sent them regularly home as an account of himself and his travels. I do not intend to follow his example in this respect (any more than in others) so far as it implied deceit, but I intend writing a bundle of letters, and sending them together when I have a safe opportunity.

Probably letters sewed together in the form of a pamphlet will not be quite so interesting as if doubled up in the usual form, but we ought not to judge of merit, you know, by the outside, unless, like Goldsmith's Prince of Bonobobbin, the hero of the "White Mouse with Green Eyes," we have penetration enough to "tell the merit of a book by looking on the cover."

I shall spend such of my leisure hours in writing as bring with them an inclination to write, and shall touch upon such subjects as readily occur to my mind.





only undertaken as a labor of love by one of the few kinswomen who remember him in his prime, may serve as a tolerable portrait of the "Old School Gentleman"—a class now, unhappily, nearly extinct. Serene, courteous, dignified, unworldly, often deeply religious, more really cognizant of the life around him than his reserved, preoccupied manner would seem to indicate, and yet living so abstractedly among his books and literary pursuits that he seemed, when recalled to every-day life and its duties, to step down from some impalpable height to execute labors which would appear more properly to belong to less ethereal, more practical natures.

The subject of this sketch, born in Warner, N. H., March 7, 1786, was the ninth of the fourteen children of the Rev. William and Lavinia (Bayley) Kelly. "Parson Kelly," as he was familiarly called after the fashion of the time, was the first settled minister in that town, having been ordained in 1772, continuing his pastorate twenty-nine years, and dying suddenly, of apoplexy, May 18, 1813, at the age of sixty-nine.

It may not be amiss here, in order to give an idea of the extremely primitive manner in which early settlements were made in central New Hampshire at that time, to quote the following statement, gleaned from some old town records: "Rev. William Kelly was settled as pastor here when there

As I have never had the credit of loving labor, I shall not think of earning it by writing; for the moment writing becomes a task to me I shall leave it for rest. I would have you pursue the same course in reading, and I dare say you will never incur mama's complaints for reading too much, unless you have something more entertaining to read than what I shall afford you.

Good night,

J. KELLY.

*My Dear Sister*,—Mr. Prentice, our minister, has been telling us to-day of the folly of sinners, and certainly he had a very comprehensive subject. Can any person be more foolish than one who supposes that there is no God? That chance created the earth and its inhabitants, the sun and its system? That our souls will perish with our bodies, and be no more forever? That we are not accountable for our actions, and that there is no future state of rewards and punishments? Yes, Hannah, there are many who are, if possible, more inconsistent and more foolish than such an one. For there are many who, believing that there is a God, almighty in power, who will punish his enemies and reward his friends in eternity, live careless of his requirements, disobedient to his commands, and opposed to his government.

If we do really believe that we are accountable creatures, and that we shall be called to account for the deeds done in the body, we ought to be careful that our deeds are such as may be accounted for with joy and not with grief. If we





were only fifteen houses in town, and about as many glass windows." The "houses" were built of logs probably, and very small at that. The "main road" was little more than a bridle-path, which led with striking impartiality over hills which were first settled, and through valleys which, by a kind of blind instinct, were avoided as being more subject to malarial and other fevers than the higher ground.

Other families, mostly from Massachusetts, came soon to swell the list of inhabitants; and in such an isolated community, where everything necessary to the support of life was gathered from the soil and wrought into food and clothing by the unresting hands of men, women, and children, it was not strange, amid the grinding poverty, the ceaseless labors, and unavoidable exposure and neglect, that the infants of the hamlet should die by scores yearly, and that even in the minister's large family only five lived to reach mature years, and all the rest "slipped away to God" before the burdens which pressed so heavily on all the human lives around them should be dropped on their own too slender shoulders.

John must have been rather a precocious child, as he began the study of Latin at seven, probably under the tutelage of his father, who was a graduate of Harvard; but it is known that he had, later, private tutors, one of whom was "Master John Ballard," for many years a celebrated

do really believe that he who made us, and will judge us, is everywhere present with us, we certainly ought to fear to offend him. If we do really believe that he is a holy, just, wise, and gracious God, we certainly ought to love him. If we do not love him, if we do not fear him, if we do not walk in the path of duty which he has pointed out to us, we have his own word for it that he is angry with us every day; and his anger is not a thing to be trifled with. The thunder of the Almighty could crush us into dust and send our souls to eternal woe. His friendship is of more worth than worlds, for it is life everlasting. Surely, then, they act a most foolish part who live regardless of his commands, fearless of his anger, and careless of his love.

May we live to know and fear him,  
Trust and love him all our days,  
Then go dwell forever near him,  
See his face and sing his praise.

Why a person should be *ashamed* to be religious I cannot conceive. In religion there is nothing mean, nothing dishonorable, nothing that need to make its friends ashamed of it or of themselves. So far from this, one of the greatest men and one of the greatest scholars—I mean Saul of Tarsus, Paul the Apostle—found nothing else in which he ought to glory. "God forbid," said he, "that I should glory save in the cross of Christ."





teacher in the adjoining town of Hopkinton, who fitted him for college (Dartmouth), which he entered at fourteen, graduated at eighteen, studied law, and was admitted to the bar some three or four years afterwards. He settled first in Northwood of this state, where he married, early in 1817, Miss Susan Hilton, a handsome, stately-looking lady, a distant relative of pretty Martha Hilton, whose romantic history is given to the world in one of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" (book first), under the heading of "Lady Wentworth." Mrs. Kelly was a most devoted wife and mother, and her death, a few years previous to his own, was a blow from which her husband never quite recovered.

As may be supposed from the character given above, the petty litigations and the merciless "harrying" of the poor, unfortunate debtor, which was the principal business offered to the country practitioner in those days, were utterly distasteful to our young lawyer. And when he was called on by some one determined to "take the law" on a belligerent or trespassing neighbor, he would say,—“Now, Mr. So-and-so, this is a small matter, not worth spending your time and money over. Go home, and be reconciled to your neighbor. Even if you are the injured person, it is better to apologize than to litigate; and I ask nothing for my advice.” The would-be client opened his eyes at

The real Christian, whatever his lot in life, keeps the best of company and has the best of friends. His conversation is with the Most High, and the king of kings is his friend. But religion is unfashionable! Indeed, and where shall we go to find the standard of fashion? Must we imitate those whose empty heads and hollow hearts are incapable of establishing principle or of acting upon those already established? Must we look up to those whose whole aim appears to be, and whose whole lives do, “exalt the brute and sink the man” as standards of perfection? Must we follow *their* fashions? Must we appear in *their* ranks? Must we resign our own judgments because some others have none, or are so weak and wicked as to renounce it? No; let us act a nobler part. Let us imitate a nobler example, and we shall find ourselves in better company on earth, and preserve it forever. We shall follow a better fashion, which will not change with the summer, but last throughout eternity.

Yours,

J. K.

NORTHWOOD, March 14, 1813.

*Dear Hannah*,—It is more than a year since I began this manuscript or volume of letters, and laid it aside. But a writing fit returning, I shall resume my labors. For the last month I was pretty much engaged, as was the fashion, in political affairs. The rage of politics is somewhat abated, and I have time for other and more agreeable employments. I have always loved writing to friends.





this new form of legal advice and legal fee, but generally did as he was told. But, of course, this novel mode of conducting law business did not tend in the least to fill the traditional "coffers" of the young lawyer; and though Northwood appreciated its new townsman, sent him to the legislature, and gave him all the aid and comfort to be found in a small rural town, it soon became evident that something must be done to give his children better opportunities for education, and some occupation for himself more suited to his taste and abilities.

He could not have been unknown in Exeter, the larger town to which he removed in 1830, as he was appointed register of probate for the county of Rockingham in 1831, which office was resigned in 1842. He edited for nineteen years the *Exeter News Letter*, a well conducted, popular paper, in which, doubtless, many of his fugitive pieces, both prose and poetry, appeared without date or signature. He was representative from Exeter in 1845, councillor in 1846 and 1847, treasurer of Phillips Exeter Academy for thirteen years, trustee of Dartmouth College for as many more years, pension agent U. S. in 1844, delegate to Constitutional Convention in 1850. He was an original member

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It is next best to conversing with them, and at present I have few correspondents. Of course, I expect abundant leisure to write to you, but I shall write at leisure and without method or connection. . . .

Some days ago I saw a Clark from Warner, who gave me some account of their town-meeting, and that Mr. Chase had become so popular in town as to be elected one of the selectmen, a high and distinguished honor. He also informed me that some of the volunteers from Warner had been forced into the service, and carried under guard to Concord,—a very good sermon on the Democratic text of "Liberty and Equality." I should think Uncle Chase would abate something of the warmth of his Democracy when his adopted children are thus carried from him by the strong arm of abused power. If the people of Warner do not awake from their lethargy when the liberties of their inhabitants are thus grossly invaded, they may well be considered as sleeping the sleep of political death, and worthy of the slavery to which they so tamely submit.

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April 17, 1813.

*My Dear H.*—I think it probable that in the course of your reading you may have come across a profound remark of this kind: "Beauty is a fading flower." Novel writers, however, do not seem to be exactly of this opinion. Their patterns of perfection, the heroines of their tales, are generally beauty personified; while their evil ones have some ugly marks set upon them to denote their dispositions. But the poets, though they deal much in fiction; tell us considerable truth, and when not too far gone in the tender passion (they are alarmingly subject to the disorder of love) can talk as wisely of beauty as any old philosopher of eighty whose pulse never told more than forty in a minute. Their opinion,





of the N. H. Historical Society and its recording secretary for several years. For many years he attended the sessions of the legislature as reporter or clerk. For the above facts I am indebted to his grandson, Prof. Bradbury L. Cilley, of Phillips Exeter Academy, who adds,—“The work he did in getting together genealogical memoranda has been the foundation of many family genealogies published since his death.” In one instance I am sure this is true, as the “Genealogy of the Bartlett Family,” compiled by my father, the late Levi Bartlett, of Warner, owes its origin to the materials, concerning the family in this country at least, gathered and arranged by his brother-in-law, Mr. Kelly.

The “keen sense of the ridiculous” which permeated his whole character was probably inherited from his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Abner Bayley, the first settled minister of Salem, N. H. It was said by one of his parishoners, when inquired of by a stranger concerning his minister, “Well, Parson Bayley is a good man and generous, and a good preacher, but he is hardly fit to be a minister, he is so full of fun.” How well I remember the keen but stingless irony of my uncle’s remarks, the humorous twinkle of his soft brown eyes, and the suppressed mirth that quivered along his sensitive lips. And when, dropping the absorbing book, or staying his swift moving pen, he would

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therefore, upon the little importance of personal charms may safely be relied on as correct, unless, indeed, we have evidence to believe that it originates in their own personal disappointment, when it is entitled to about the same weight with the opinion of the fox upon certain grapes which were hung too high for his reach. But, independently of the novelists and poets, we have further evidence of the futility of beauty in the frequent declarations which we hear from old ladies (who would intimate, doubtless, that they have shed their coats like the snake), that it is only “skin deep,” and soon passes away. Now, taking all that has been said upon this subject into serious consideration, I am inclined to believe that beauty is not the *best*, although it may be the *prettiest*, thing in the world; and that those who possess it have no right to look down with contempt upon a person whose nose is too low, or whose forehead is too high. But, adding my own observations to the speculations of others, I am led to another conclusion, still more unfavorable to the beautiful than that which would deprive them of their customary contempt for their neighbors. Beauty is not only ephemeral, but extremely dangerous to the possessor. Nature is an impartial workman, and bestows its good things with an even hand among its creatures. When the outside, therefore, is polished with peculiar care, the inside work is generally deficient. Like the French watchmakers who ornament to excess the face of a worthless watch, while their better time-pieces are as plain as their neighbors. For the future, I think that I will consider it as certain as any of the maxims of Lavater that a pretty face is the index of a weak mind; and in





give utterance to some sentence of epigrammatic wit, or dash off, on the spur of the moment, some amusing stanza befitting the occasion, which would send a peal of laughter through the house, I thought him the best and brightest man in the world.

His "rhyming propensity," as he was wont to call it, came, perhaps, from his father's side of the house, and though most of his writings in that direction were hastily penned in commemoration of family festivals or events, and never appeared outside of the home circle, and might be called "Songs of the Affections," or of "the Fireside," others were published without signature; and I should be glad now to recall one in particular, a brilliant play upon the names of the members of the legislature, which ap-

so considering it I apprehend it possible once in a hundred times I may err, but ninety and nine times I shall judge correctly.

Beauty is a sort of luxury of which every scoundrel as well as the honest man wishes to taste, and in this crooked and perverse world the arts of the unprincipled generally triumph over the straightforward course of the virtuous, and of consequence Miss Beauty generally falls a prey to the villain. A thousand wild flowers of delicious fragrance and unrivalled hue are cropped, rifled, and thrown away where one is transplanted to the garden of taste and cherished with care.

You must have observed how much men are apt to glory in their shame, and boast of the mischiefs they have done. How proudly does the conquering warrior blazon his triumphs, tell of the fields he has laid waste, the cities he has destroyed, and the thousands he has slain. Human nature is the same in all ranks of life. The epicure, with equal pleasure, boasts of the dainties on which he has feasted, the good things he has devoured, and so does the debauchee. Yes, and that beauty which was once the pride of its possessor, and the admiration of every eye, sacrificed at the unhallowed shrine of lawless passion, becomes at last the pity of the compassionate heart, and

"A fixed figure for the hand of Scorn  
To point its slow, unmoving finger at."

These disconnected observations owe their origin to a late notification at our church door that one of the loveliest girls "that e'er the sun shone bright on" intends to marry as vile a scoundrel as ever cheated the gallows. Rachel was

"A lovely low-born lass  
As ever ran on the green sward,  
For beauty was her own."

"The faultless form  
Shaped by the hand of harmony; the cheek  
When the live crimson through the native white  
Soft shooting o'er the face, diffused its bloom  
And every nameless grace. The parted lip,  
Like the red rosebud moist with morning dew,  
Breathing delight."

But to drop poetry, and tell my story in plain prose. She was a beauty, and none could see without admiring her. But she was of humble birth, and had not the advantage of a proper education. In that dangerous season "when contagious blastments are most imminent," she received the addresses of an honest fellow of her own standing in society, and might have been happy in his affec-





peared in the Concord and other newspapers forty years ago, and created at the time quite a sensation.

In person, Mr. Kelly was tall, erect, and of imposing figure. His grand head, with its expressive face, well carried above broad, manly shoulders, was one to be noticed in a crowd, though he was, from taste and principle, one of the most modest and unobtrusive of men.

He died in 1860, and though an attack of apoplexy, a year or two previous, had dimmed somewhat his intellectual fire, it had not quenched the sweetness and sanctity of the deathless spirit. The patient waiting, the unfailing hope and belief in the better home beyond the grave, transfigured his whole countenance, and gave to it a look of youthful fairness and content second only to that of the little grandchild that prattled at his knee.

Of his five children, Lavinia, the eldest, and one who, perhaps, most resembled her father, has gone to meet him on the further shore. To those who knew her as Mrs. Joseph L. Cilley, of Exeter, I need not say that her charming face was the index of a spirit more generous and bright and pure than is often found enshrined in "one of mortal mould." Her friends still speak with unabated regret of their irreparable loss. John P. P. Kelly, his only son, is still in active business, and when celebrating his seventieth

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tion had not her charms attracted the attention of others, who found her a "fair and blushing flower, its beauty and its fragrance bathed in dews of heaven," and whose only aim was to "waste its sweetness," to blast its beauty, to bow down its faded and sickly head, and at last to fling it "like a loathsome weed away." Artless and sincere herself, she doubted not the professions of others, nor once suspected that ruin could approach her in the guise of love. Pleased with the more courtly manners of others who addressed her, she alienated the affections of her first lover, and he left her. Others succeeded him with less honest intentions, who flattered awhile and forsook her; and ungrateful and unmanly (as might always be expected from a man who would allure to vice) the vipers who had basked in the sunshine of her smiles abused her whom they had forsaken, destroyed her reputation, and poisoned her peace. Still she was lovely, but of tarnished fame. The breath of slander more than the voice of truth had blasted her, but the effect was the same. She sank from that standing to which her beauty and her self-acquired education had entitled her, was neglected by those who in the days of her unsullied fame would have cherished and admired her, and is now about giving that hand "which a king might kiss and tremble kissing," to a wretch as unworthy of her as she is of Eden. . . .

And now, having dropped poetry, worn out prose, and run such a rig in the above hotch-potch that 's neither one nor the other, and, moreover, having spoilt my pen and finished my paper, nothing remains for me at present but to tender you my best wishes for your happiness, and the assurances of my constant affection.

Yours,

J. KELLY.

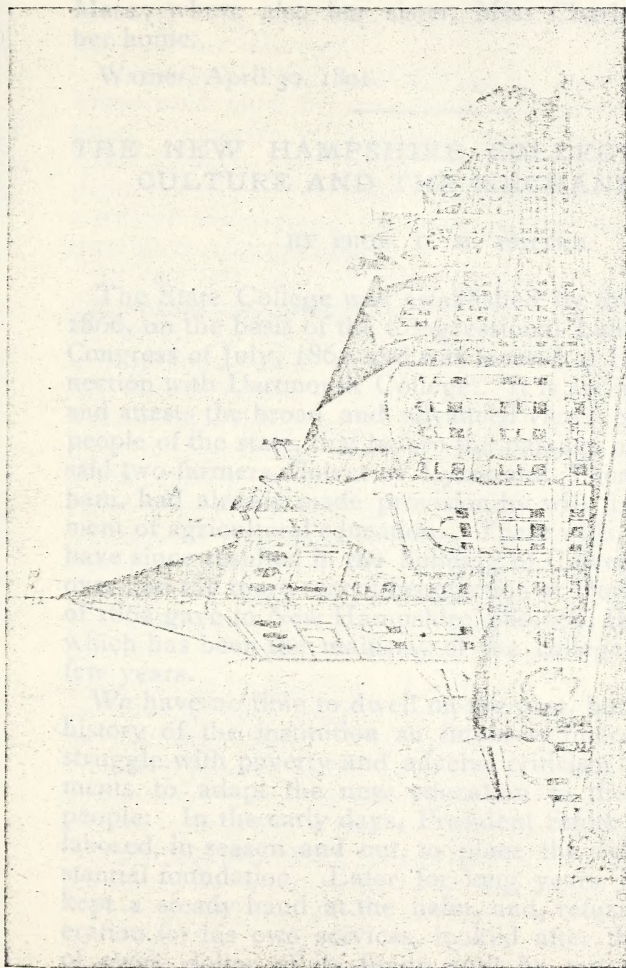




highday, a year ago, was spoken of as "the oldest merchant in Exeter." Susan, the second daughter, married Capt. Charles Emery, of Dorchester, lately deceased. Caroline E., author of several popular Sunday school books, married Rev. William Davis, and resides in Exeter.

Worcester, April 30, 1888.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS.



THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND THE MECHANIC ARTS.

LOW & RANDLETT, ARCHITECTS,  
CONCORD, N. H.

(Projected New Building at Durham.)





birthday, a year ago, was spoken of as "the oldest merchant in Exeter." Susan, the second daughter, married Capt. Charles Emery, of Dorchester, lately deceased. Caroline E., author of several popular Sunday school books, married Rev. William Davis, and resides in Chelsea, Mass., where also her sister, Miss Charlotte Kelly, has her home.

Warner, April 30, 1891.

## THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND THE MECHANIC ARTS.

BY PROF. C. H. PETTEE.

The State College was established by the legislature in 1866, on the basis of the Congressional Land Grant Act of Congress of July, 1862, and was located at Hanover in connection with Dartmouth College. It is an interesting fact, and attests the broad and advanced views of the common people of the state, that before the passage of the act aforesaid two farmers, Culver of Lyme and Thompson of Durham, had already made provision by will for the advancement of agricultural education. These wills, modified later, have since resulted in the building of Culver Hall at Hanover and the more recent benefaction at Durham. The act of 1862 gave to New Hampshire \$80,000, the income from which has been the mainstay of the college until within a few years.

We have no time to dwell on the past, but there is in the history of the institution an intensely interesting story of struggle with poverty and adverse criticism and of experiments to adapt the new education to the wants of the people. In the early days, President Smith of Dartmouth labored, in season and out, to place the college on a substantial foundation. Later, for long years, Judge Nesmith kept a steady hand at the helm, and, refusing all remuneration for his own services, looked after the expenditure of every dollar of its funds until he saw a debt of over \$10,000 wiped out, and the college, through the renewed munificence of the National government, enter upon an era of prosperity and usefulness. The people of New Hamp-





shire can never afford to forget such faithful and efficient service, and it would be an appropriate and fitting tribute to the memory of Judge Nesmith to cut in stone, over the entrance to the proposed main building at Durham, the name of "Nesmith Hall,"—the building itself the gift of the state; the name that of a noble son who labored unselfishly for her interests.

As early as 1876, notwithstanding poverty, the policy of experiment work in agriculture was systematically entered upon. Jeremiah W. Sanborn, now president of the Utah State College, was elected farm superintendent. For six years he labored zealously with small means, until his work attracted wide-spread attention abroad, and he was called from us to a larger field.

In the last year of Prof. Sanborn's stay, 1881-82, with his earnest coöperation, the writer organized a short winter course in agriculture, which awakened much interest and promised well for the future. When Prof. Sanborn left, circumstances compelled the abandonment of the project, though similar work has since been carried on in the form of Institutes. After a short interregnum George H. Whitcher, a graduate of the college, who had become interested in agricultural experiment work under Prof. Sanborn, was elected farm superintendent, and later he became Professor of Agriculture. His zeal, ability and success were so marked that when, in 1887, the Hatch Experiment Station Bill was passed by Congress, Prof. Whitcher was naturally selected as the head of the New Hampshire station, and he still remains its director. The Hatch bill provides \$15,000 per year for each state, to be wholly devoted to experiment work in agriculture. The advent of the station marked a long step forward in the work of the college. It secured in agriculture, chemistry and allied branches the services of trained specialists, a part of whose time could be devoted to teaching, provided a proportional part of their salaries was paid from the teaching funds of the college.

It would require a separate article to treat of the work of the Experiment Station. By common consent, it has been successful from the start, and has paid and is paying back to our farmers many times its cost in practical results.

A little earlier, in 1886, the college secured the detail for two years of Thomas W. Kincaid, assistant engineer





U. S. Navy, and under his direction a small work-shop was erected, and a regular mechanical engineering course established.

Within ten years public feeling toward the Land Grant Colleges has been almost revolutionized. This is attested by increased attendance, increased state appropriations, and large benefactions. Congress, recognizing the drift of public sentiment, provided, by act of August, 1890, liberally for each state. This bounty began with \$15,000 in 1890, and is to be increased \$1,000 each year for ten years, after which time it will remain at \$25,000 per year. None of this money can be used for building.

In January, 1890, there died in Durham, N. H., at a ripe old age, a man whose life had been given to the saving of money for the endowment of industrial education in his native town and state. Benjamin Thompson left an estate valued at about \$400,000. This the state is to hold intact till 1910, and compound at four per cent. each year. After that time the whole amount, which will be over \$800,000, may be used for all college purposes except building and repairs. As a condition of the gift, the state must provide \$3,000 per year for twenty years, compounded at four per cent., as a building fund. The legislature of 1891 accepted the conditions of the Thompson will, and voted to appropriate at once \$100,000 for buildings, in order that the existing college might be moved to the new site at an early date.

It appears to be very fortunate for the state that at this juncture the affairs of the institution were in experienced hands. The Board of Trustees is essentially a farmers' board. About the only serious cause for complaint in its make-up is, that it does not contain a single representative of the mechanical pursuits. This is evidently wrong, as these equally with agriculture are to be fostered.

Upon the decision to remove the college, the wise method was adopted of studying other institutions and improving upon their work when possible. Surveys of the Thompson farm and adjoining region were early made by the students of the college, under the supervision of the professor of civil engineering. Then a landscape architect of established reputation was employed to lay out the grounds and assist in locating buildings. After this, four architects were invited to prepare plans for a main building and a science





building. The plans of Dow & Randlett, of Concord, N. H., were approved, and it is expected that contractors will be prepared to push work upon these buildings and a shop as soon as spring opens. It was evident from the start that the first building needed at Durham would be a barn, as farm operations must commence at once. This matter, as well as the building of an Experiment Station building, was placed in the hands of the Board of Control. The station building will be built in the spring, and a large barn is already up and covered in, and will be completed the present winter. Without doubt it will be the delight of every practical farmer in the state. It is so arranged that its four floors, including basement, are entered by practically level drives, and the interior arrangements will be equally convenient. It was early recognized that water, under pressure, was a necessity to the college. Preliminary surveys were made with reference to various projects. A leading hydraulic engineer was then consulted, and the plan he recommended adopted. About forty acres of land have been secured, including a storage basin of some thirteen acres, from which the water will flow by gravity to the shop, there to be pumped by water or steam power to a high tank. This supply will be ample, and can in time be extended to supply the whole town.

Opposite the site of the proposed main building are a number of small, unsightly structures. At some trouble and expense the college has secured these, and at an early day they will be removed and the area changed into a residence section.

Plans are nearly perfected for a central heating station, from which steam will be conveyed by underground conduits to the various buildings for both power and heating. Ventilation will also be thoroughly provided for. In these matters leading authorities have been consulted, to avoid all possibility of mistake. It will thus be seen that much thought and time has been given to the subject of removal, and that steady progress has been made.

It has been fully realized that the proper founding of a college such as this is to become requires a broad and liberal policy. The essentials must be amply and wisely provided, that future growth may not unnecessarily be cramped. At a trustee meeting in April last, after careful consid-





eration, it was decided to be inexpedient to fill the office of president of the college with a resident and permanent incumbent until the severance of relations with Dartmouth College and removal to Durham; that then a man of high executive ability as well as scholarly attainments should be secured, who would be the head of the institution and its active chief executive officer.

The proper expenditure of the funds of the college demands not only wisdom and fidelity on the part of trustees and Faculty, but also a proper appreciation by the public of the purposes of the grants and the plans for promoting the ends sought. A concise statement of these purposes and plans is, therefore, in order. The act of Congress, by virtue of which the college was established, provides that its "leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, . . . in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life."

It is thus evident that its object is neither to ape nor to supplant the classical college, but to supplement its work.

The general catalogue of Dartmouth College shows that only four per cent. of its graduates, for the ten years ending in 1885, are engaged in those pursuits which require a special technical training, and only two per cent. in agriculture. Doubtless a somewhat similar ratio will be found in other classical institutions. The state college must then supply this training.

Its purpose is not to take a secondary position, but to attract to itself, first, those who have the maturity, natural ability and inclination to prepare for some special industrial pursuit connected with the material development of the country; second, those whose natural inclinations, though not fixed or specialized, are of a scientific turn.

To properly educate such requires a far more expensive plant, in the way of shops and laboratories, than is needed for classical work, while instruction must be of the highest grade. On the part of students there can be no boys' play. Steady, persistent and careful labor is essential to progress in manual training and scientific studies; and the steady influence of special preparation for a life work should be as





marked here as in the so-called professional school. In short, the leading object is to make farmers, chemists, engineers, etc. To insure such results the student must have a thorough preparation for college. Hence, the necessity of cordial relations with the high schools and academies. New Hampshire is rich in these, and they should be encouraged in laying a broad foundation upon which the college may successfully build.

To promote these ends the college already has in successful operation courses in agriculture, in chemistry, in mechanical engineering and in electrical engineering. Doubtless others will be added in the near future, and in addition it is expected that opportunity will be given for many who are not applicants for a degree to obtain much useful information in special lines by means of short, practical courses.

Women are now admitted, and a complete course has been arranged for their benefit.

The degree of Bachelor of Science is conferred upon those who complete the entire course and pass the final examination.

For the present, tuition is \$30 per year, although scholarships practically give free tuition to New Hampshire students. The trustees have arranged the scholarships as follows: There are thirty Conant scholarships, each paying \$40, and tuition, \$30; total, \$70. These are to be assigned under the following conditions: 1st, they are to be given to young men taking an agricultural course; 2d, each town in Cheshire county is entitled to one scholarship, and Jaffrey is entitled to two; 3d, scholarships not taken by students from Cheshire county, and those in excess of the number of towns are to be assigned to agricultural students, at the discretion of the Faculty.

There are twenty-four Senatorial scholarships—one for each senatorial district. Each scholarship is to pay \$20, and tuition, \$30; total, \$50. Senatorial scholarships not filled can be assigned to students from other localities, at the discretion of the Faculty. They are open to students in all courses.

Janitorships, monitorships, work upon the farm, etc., furnish additional assistance in certain cases; but no student should be encouraged to enter college entirely without





26a

resources. It is simply intended to state that a student who uses proper economy may secure the full educational advantages at a comparatively small expense.

experience, are carried out, it will be difficult to overlook the immense future benefit to the state. We desire New Hampshire to become from east to west a busy line of enlightened workers in agriculture, and in all the mechanical pursuits. To accomplish this, the men and women must be thoroughly educated in all the modern methods and processes of the various industries, and a large part of the leisure time must be devoted to the study of the sciences for such to be able to take advantage of the numerous courses of study which are now being offered by the state and those who are engaged in the various industries. In general, the foundation of the state must be laid on a solid basis of moral and helpful living, and the state must be so organized that order shall be maintained and the people shall be secured.

Hanover, N. H., 1884.

Dr. J. C. SHEPARD.

The above statement never sent with a daughter more worthy the love, respect and confidence bestowed upon her than this good woman, wife and mother. Martha Dana was born in New Hampshire, July 2, 1812, and was reared in a strictly moral and religious home. Her father, Dr. J. C. Shepard, was a prominent physician of the old school, and was passionately fond of music. He was a man of high character, and was a musician of more than ordinary ability.

*Martha Dana - Shepard.*





resources. It is simply intended to state that the student who uses proper economy may secure the highest educational advantages at a comparatively small expense.

If the plans outlined above, with changes suggested by experience, are carried out, it will be difficult to foretell the immense future benefit to the state. We desire New Hampshire to become from end to end a busy hive of enlightened workers in agriculture and the various mechanical pursuits. To accomplish this our talented young men and women must be thoroughly trained in the most advanced methods and processes, that they may become leaders and examples, the leaven to leaven the whole lump. It is high time, then, for such to be looking well ahead, in preparation for the courses of study that are opening to them. At this juncture those who are carrying the burden of the work in properly founding the new college are entitled to the cordial support and helpful suggestions of all classes of the community, in order that the highest success may be early secured.

Hanover, Dec. 15, 1891.

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## MARTHA DANA SHEPARD.

BY MARION HOWARD.

It seems almost as useless as sending "coals to Newcastle" to say anything to New Hampshire readers about this gifted pianist, this hearty, wholesome, big-hearted woman and artist, Martha Dana Shepard. Yet it is fitting that at least an outline sketch of her successful career should appear in the pages of THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

The Granite State never sent forth a daughter more worthy the love, respect and confidence bestowed upon her than this good woman, wife, and mother. Martha Dana was born in New Hampton, July 2, 1842, and was reared in a strictly musical and refined atmosphere. Her father, Dr. John A. Dana, was a well known singer and violinist, and a practicing physician of the old school. He was passionately fond of music, flowers, and everything that tends to elevate and improve the mind, while her mother was a musician of more than ordinary ability.





Martha Dana rightfully inherits her rare gifts. Her musical education was begun at home, under the careful guidance of her mother, when she was but five years old. Piano playing seemed to be her forte, and for a few years her practice was faithfully kept up in the home circle. During this time she frequently accompanied her parents to the choral societies, festivals and concerts at Plymouth and elsewhere. At eleven years of age she was sent to Boston to receive instruction under Mr. B. F. Leavens, who took a great interest in the child because of her remarkable talent.

Mr. Leavens had heard her play "Home, Sweet Home" a short time previously, at a small musical convention conducted by Lowell Mason, in which she acted as her father's accompanist. She remained in Boston during the winter months, but passed her summers at her home, in order to pursue her school studies at the New Hampton Institute, which famous school had for its founder the Rev. Simeon Dana, a grandfather of Martha Dana.

All this time she kept up a constant practice, spending several months of the year in Boston, under the careful guidance of Leavens, Kellar, and, later, B. J. Lang.

She began to teach music when in her teens, at the New Hampton Institute, and had many private pupils, besides playing here and there all over the state. At the age of twenty she took an unexpectedly prominent part in the first musical convention in Concord, when a member of the chorus. Mr. J. H. Morey, the well known organist, requested her assistance as accompanist, knowing her ability to read music readily. She consented, and played for the first time "Thanks be to God," from "Elijah." As a thousand persons took part in this festival, it was to the credit of this young artist that she came out with flying colors. Her services were given many times gratuitously, and she was occasionally presented with cherished gifts. She relates how at one time, when Carl Zerrahn presented her with a bracelet, on behalf of the chorus, she went towards the footlights, bowing her thanks, when D. M. Babcock, with his deepest tone, shouted from a box, "Speech!" Poor, trembling Martha made it, but to this day she cannot recall a word she uttered.

Martha Dana was married when twenty-one years of age





to Allan B. Shepard of Holderness, and a most fitting and happy marriage it has proved. The domestic side of Mrs. Shepard's nature has had full scope in the home-making, in the affection of her husband and two sons, now grown to manhood.

Her home is her heaven, and in consequence of this fact Mrs. Shepard's fame is confined to this country, and not so widely known as might otherwise have been the case; as, with all her love for her art, music is secondary and the home is first in her heart. It has never been neglected, and never will be.

In spite of her domestic duties, Mrs. Shepard has found time to make and successfully fill hundreds of engagements from Maine to the far West. Her name is known to every reputable musician at least within New England's borders. She has no superior, and perhaps no equal, as an accompanist. She is simply invaluable at a musical festival or convention, and as a soloist it is a positive pleasure to listen to her. She is literally filled to the brim with music and good nature.

For twenty-five years in succession Mrs. Shepard has played at Littleton and in many other towns and cities at their annual musical festivals, under Carl Zerrahn, of whom she speaks in the kindest terms as one of her best friends. Her services are in demand continually in New York state, Pennsylvania, and all over New England.

It has been a source of wonderment to her many friends how she manages to find strength to do everything and neglect nothing; to always appear the same cheery, happy Martha. One secret of it lies in her perfect health, which she cultivated when a girl in romping over the hills, inhaling the pure air and keeping herself strong and vigorous for future duties. Another remarkable and very commendable thing about this artist is, that she never failed to keep an engagement, except in one instance, when her husband's illness demanded her care.

Mrs. Shepard came to Boston to reside in 1880. Her comfortable home in the Dorchester district is a synonym for hospitality, cheerfulness and comfort. She is justly proud of her two tall sons, John Dana and Frank Edward, one of whom fills a fine position in the Commonwealth Bank, while the other, a graduate of the School of Technol-





ogy as a mechanical engineer, is located in Denver, Colorado, doing a good business. Both sons are decidedly musical, and lend their voices to leading churches and musicales. One is a member of the Apollo Club of Boston.

Mrs. Shepard has engagements booked for nearly every night during the coming season, from Vermont to Pennsylvania, in festival work. She also finds time to appear at afternoon receptions, and was heard to advantage recently at the literary afternoon of the N. E. Woman's Press Association at the Parker House, where she accompanied Mr. Arthur E. Thayer, the singer and composer.

Dudley Buck once said to Mrs. Shepard, "The times of wonders have ceased. We are not surprised nowadays at any grand performance we may hear. If I should tell you that you played better than any one else, you might question my sincerity. But the time of common sense is as rare as ever, and you have that gift."

Boston, December, 1891.

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

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### HON. JOSIAH MINOT.

Hon. Josiah Minot died at his home in Concord on Monday, December 14, 1891, after an illness of several years.

He was the son of the Hon. James and Sally (Wilson) Minot, born at Bristol, September 17, 1819. He graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1837, read law with Hon. John James Gilchrist of Charlestown, and Hon. Samuel Bell of Chester; went into practice at Bristol in 1840; removed thence to Concord; became a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in September, 1852; resigned in March, 1855, when he was appointed Commissioner of Pensions by President Pierce, with whom he had been for some years previously associated as partner in the law business in Concord. He subsequently became interested in railroad affairs, and almost to the time of his death was prominently identified with the management of the central system of the state. He was for many years director and treasurer of the Northern Railroad, and afterwards president and managing director





of the Concord Railroad. He was one of the organizers of the Mechanics (state) Bank, and held the office of president when state banks were abolished by law. With his brother, Charles, he organized the banking house of Minot & Co., and when the present Mechanics National Bank was chartered, he was elected its president, and continued to fill the office for several years. In early life he took an active part in politics, and was for a time chairman of the Democratic State Committee.

On August 14, 1843, he married Abba Pickering, daughter of Stephen Haines of Canterbury, who, with three children, survives him.

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HON. WARREN CLARK.

Hon. Warren Clark died from apoplexy, in Concord, Nov. 21, 1891.

He was a native of Hopkinton, a son of Jacob K. Clark, born March 29, 1837; was educated at Hopkinton Academy and Norwich (Vt.) University, graduating from the latter in 1857, and taught mathematics and military tactics at Mt. Pleasant Institute, on the Hudson, and in Bloomfield (N. J.) Academy for two years. Returning to New Hampshire, he studied law with Foster & George and Foster, George & Sanborn, of Concord; was admitted to the bar in 1862; practiced in Concord one year; removed to Henniker in 1863; returned to Concord in 1870, where he subsequently resided, and was a partner in law practice with the late Charles P. Sanborn until December, 1881.

He was moderator and member of the school committee in Hopkinton; on the school committee in Henniker; judge of probate for Merrimack county from September, 1874, till July, 1876; a member of the Concord school committee for several years and at the time of his death, and superintendent of schools from 1881 to 1885; postmaster of Concord from March, 1888, to June 15, 1890. He was the Democratic candidate for councillor in the 2d district in 1877 and 1878.

In May, 1864, he married Miss Fannie S. Otis of Colchester, Conn., who survives him, without children.





## PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

*To the New Hampshire Public:*

The subscribers, one of whom was the founder and first editor and publisher of THE GRANITE MONTHLY, have contracted with Mr. John N. McClintock, who has been proprietor of that magazine for many years past, to assume the management and publication of the same for the coming year, with the probability of a permanent arrangement.

During the past two years but one volume—the Thirteenth—has been issued, and that in irregular installments. With the fact or the causes of this delay we have nothing to do, and only refer to the subject to give assurance in the same connection that during the year to come the Fourteenth Volume will be issued in regular monthly numbers. By the terms of our agreement with the proprietor, all subscription arrearages are payable to us, as well as all new subscriptions, the former to be accounted for to him.

All persons whose names stand upon the list turned over to us as regular subscribers, who are not credited with payment for the coming volume, will receive this number with this paragraph marked with blue pencil, and also with a bill enclosed, made out for the amount in arrears, if any, and a year's advance subscription, which it is hoped they will promptly return to be receipted, accompanied with the amount indicated. If any mistake has been made, attention should be called to the fact at once.

All persons receiving a copy of this number, who are not now subscribers, are earnestly invited to become such, and to send their order for the subsequent numbers of Volume XIV, accompanied by the subscription price—\$1.50—addressed to "THE GRANITE MONTHLY," Concord, N. H.

Believing that a publication devoted to New Hampshire History, Biography, Literature, and State Progress ought to be fairly sustained by New Hampshire people at home and abroad, we shall endeavor to make THE GRANITE MONTHLY worthy a generous support.

H. H. METCALF,  
A. H. ROBINSON.





The

# GRANITE MONTHLY

## A New Hampshire Magazine

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### CONCORD, N. H.:

H. H. METCALF, } Publishers. { Subscription, \$1.50  
A. H. ROBINSON, } per Year.

15 CENTS PER COPY.

Printed by N. H. Democratic Press Co.

Entered at the Post-Office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.

HISTORY  
BIOGRAPHY  
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STATE PROGRESS



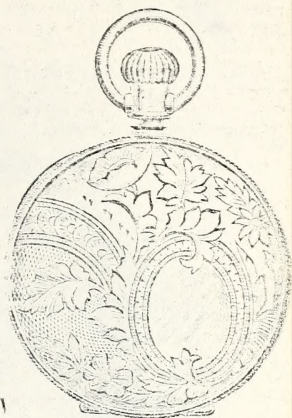
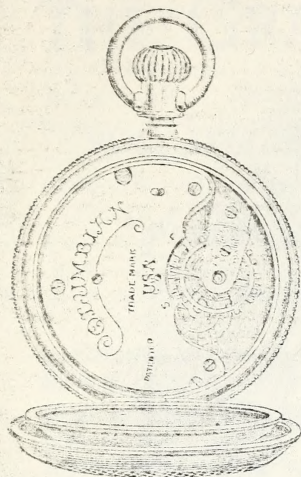


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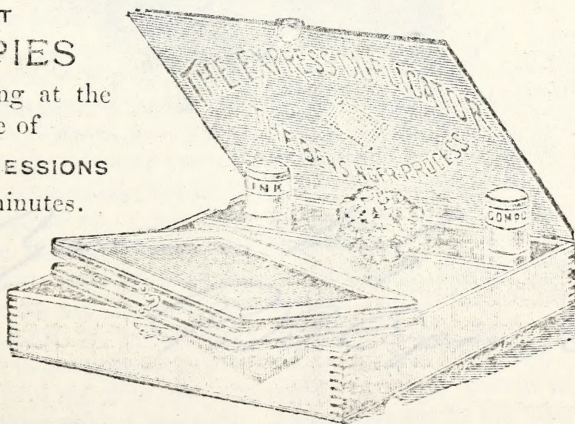
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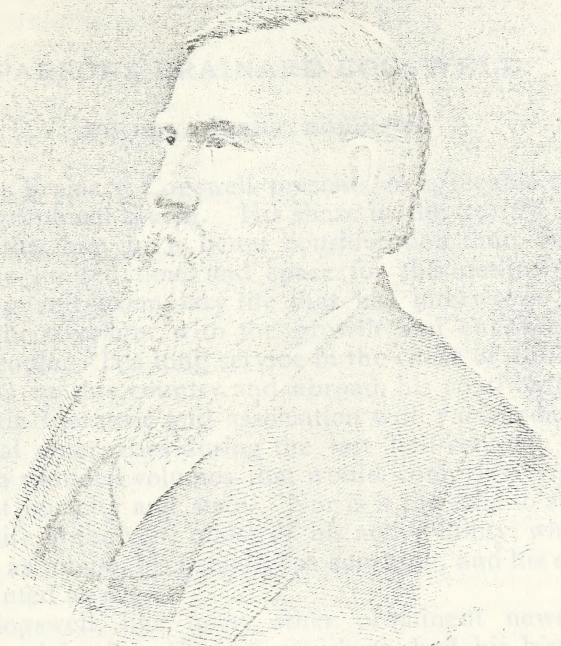




## THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV.

NO. 2



Gaines truly

P. B. Cogswell.

He was the fifth son and eighth child of David and Hannah (Haskell) Cogswell. John Cogswell, the ancestor of





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV. FEBRUARY, 1892. NO. 2.

PARSONS BRAINARD COGSWELL.

BY HON. HENRY ROBINSON.

Parsons Brainard Cogswell presents an agreeable subject for a biographical sketch. His share in the world's usefulness entitles him to a better consideration than can fall within the limited time and space for this outline of an interesting and exemplary life that has interwoven itself, beyond the average, with the growth and enlightenment of our people. His long service in the cause of education, his travels in this country and abroad, his contributions to journalistic literature and association with various business and social enterprises during the last half-century, would swell into rounded volumes that would comprise largely a history of our city and state. Nor is it the time to sum up a man's life in the very midst of his active utility; while his health is as robust, his geniality as sunshiny, and his energy as undaunted as ever.

Mr. Cogswell, like many other prominent newspaper workers and leading lights everywhere, had his birth and spent his earlier years on a farm. It is unnecessary to add that they were not years of play and leisure altogether, but, for the greater part, were devoted to such hard work as almost invariably fell to the lot of the country lad of former days reared on a not over-productive New England farm. He was born January 22, 1828, in the neighboring town of Henniker, a town that has contributed many worthy sons to take an arduous and honorable, and some of them illustrious, part in the world's progress. He came of sturdy ancestry, people of proverbial vigor and integrity.

He was the fifth son and eighth child of David and Hannah (Haskell) Cogswell. John Cogswell, the ancestor of





the Cogswells in America, came to this country from near Bristol, England, in 1635, and was the second settler in that part of Ipswich, Mass., now known as Essex. It was upon the farm on which he then settled that David Cogswell, of the sixth generation from the original ancestor, was born, April 25, 1790, and the farm is still in the family name. He learned the trade of a blacksmith in Essex, and followed the same in Gloucester, Mass., until near the close of the war of 1812. On January 3, 1813, he married Hannah Haskell of West Gloucester, who was born June 18, 1792. He served as a minute-man and first lieutenant in the Gloucester Artillery for some time during the war of 1812, and on the 9th of February, 1815, he removed to Henniker with his family, and there continued to work at his trade for nearly fifty years. He died June 30, 1868. Hannah Haskell possessed marked intellectual tastes, and was a great reader all through life.

It was allotted to her, when quite young, to read the only copy of a Boston newspaper taken in the neighborhood of her home, by her father, who was one of the selectmen of Gloucester for many years, to the neighbors who assembled on the evening of its arrival to learn the news. From this circumstance she could undoubtedly trace her interest in public affairs and love of general knowledge, which characterized her to a remarkable degree to the close of life. It was her influence which fixed the determination of her son, before he was a dozen years old, to acquire a knowledge of the printer's art, as a source of education as well as of livelihood. She was a devoted mother and greatly beloved by all who knew her. She died January 13, 1872. Col. Leander W. Cogswell, author of the History of Henniker and of the History of the Eleventh Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers in the War of the Rebellion, is a brother of the subject of this sketch.

Brainard, the boy, attended the district school in the winter, and occasionally a term at the academy, until he was nearly 19 years of age, when he was fortunate enough to secure the advantages of studying for eight months at Clinton Grove, Weare, under the tuition of Moses A. Cartland. Mr. Cartland will be remembered as a cousin of John G. Whittier, and as one of the best educators in New England in his day, and, under his care, the young Mr.





Cogswell, with his ready mind and keen ambition to learn, made rapid progress. Subsequently, he taught school himself, a short time, in Weare.

It was on November 29, 1847, that he entered the printing office of Fogg & Hood, of Concord, publishers of the *Independent Democrat*, to learn the art of printing, with which, from that day to this, he has been closely connected, and with the remarkable progress of which high industry no man in New Hampshire is better acquainted. In 1849 he entered the office of the *New Hampshire Patriot*, where he remained three years, his work being partly on books. In the fall of 1849 he worked six weeks in the office of the *Cape Ann Light* and *Gloucester Telegraph*, at Gloucester, Mass. In 1852 he entered the office of Tripp & Osgood, in Concord, and was engaged on book and job work, remaining there until 1854, when he spent a few weeks in the *American* office, at Manchester; and, late in March, in company with A. G. Jones, purchased the office of Tripp & Osgood.

Mr. Cogswell was associated in the book and job printing business with Mr. Jones, who subsequently served the city as mayor, until October, 1858, from which time he assumed the whole control of the business himself, until 1863, when George H. Sturtevant was taken into partnership, and on May 23, 1864, in company with Mr. Sturtevant, he started the *Concord Daily Monitor*, which was the first permanent daily published in Concord. In 1867 the *Monitor* and *Independent Democrat* offices were united, and Mr. Cogswell became city editor. In October, 1871, these papers, together with the *Republican Statesman*, were purchased by a joint stock association, known as the Republican Press Association, himself being a large purchaser, his considerable ownership therein and position on the board of directors being still retained. He has always since been connected in some capacity with the editorial department of the *Monitor* and *Independent Statesman*, sometimes as managing editor or editor-in-chief, and is still one of the associates on the staff, being a strong, practical, sensible writer, whose popularity with our people, whose confidence he early gained in the newspaper business, has never waned.

He was a member of the superintending school committee of Concord in 1858, and when the school board of





Union School District was organized, in August, 1859, he was chosen one of the three members for two years, and, although he never sought office, was continued on the board, where he now remains, having been elected eleven terms for three years each. He was financial agent of the district for nearly twenty years, and for several years acted as president, filling every position of honor and responsibility put upon him with an efficiency, integrity, and satisfaction worthy of the highest commendation. He was a representative in the legislature from ward five, the central ward of Concord, in 1872 and 1873. He has been actively associated with the Republican party from its organization. He has been a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society for many years, four of which he was its secretary. He was president of the New Hampshire Press Association in 1872-73-74-75, and has been recording secretary since 1876. He was one of the charter members of the Appalachian Club of Boston. For several years he was one of the state auditors of printer's accounts. He held the office of state printer for four years, from June, 1881. He was one of the first board of trustees of the state library, his associates being Gen. George Stark and the late Hon. Nicholas V. Whitehouse of Rochester, and under their direction the present library-room at the state house was fitted up, the books placed therein, and a permanent librarian employed. This was in 1865-6. He is a member of the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, and has been favored with the honorary degree of A. M. from Dartmouth College. He also served for a time as a member of the board of visitors of the State Normal School.

In 1877 Mr. Cogswell visited California and Oregon, and he has travelled extensively in all the Northern states, both east and west of the Mississippi, and also in Canada. In 1878-79, he visited Europe, the Holy Land, and Egypt. His letters from abroad were published under the title of "Glints from Over the Water," an octavo volume of 455 pages, one of the finest books of travel ever issued by any New Hampshire man, and certainly none could be more reliable. Mr. Cogswell's innate honesty has characterized with truth all his writings, and his freedom from exaggeration, and his plain and easily understood way of expressing





himself, has been a happy lot in the business to which he has so diligently and successfully devoted an early part of his life. January 2, 1861, he was appointed Post Office Inspector, a place that left all the other responsibilities that await him in the future, and which he has discharged well.

36a.



RAMBLE NUMBER XXXIII

The sun is shining brilliantly, and the dew lies sparkling on the greenward as we set out on our ramble this early May morning. We walk down Main street a short dis-





himself, has been a happy forte in the business to which he has so diligently and successfully devoted so many years of his life. January 2, 1892, he was appointed immigrant inspector, a place that, like all the other responsibilities that await him in the future, will be filled faithfully and well.

On September 22, 1888, he was married to Helen Buffum Pillsbury, a very accomplished lady, only daughter of the famous reformer, Parker Pillsbury, and Mrs. Sarah H. Pillsbury, of Concord.

There are no shoals in the character of Mr. Cogswell, no breakers to be avoided; one may write of him without any timidity; there is no unfortunate point to be omitted, nothing in his career that needs any coloring. He is a strong, good man. He thinks correctly, and he acts deliberately, but always from a clear and consistent theory of movement. Under him, as an active member of the board of education, have been graduated hundreds of young men and women, who are now scattered widely wherever New Hampshire's sons and daughters find themselves, and wherever one may be found you may be sure that he or she will have nothing except kindly words and well-deserved praise for Parsons Brainard Cogswell.

## RAMBLES ABOUT A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

[NOTE.—TO THE EDITOR:—The following sketch is one of a number descriptive of rambles taken about the pleasant country town of Warner, N. H. Some of them were prepared a number of years ago; a few are of later composition. They are intended to connect incidents and localities, and present a history as well as a panorama of the town. The facts have been principally gathered from the testimony of aged people, documentary papers, and from family and town records. Eighty-seven of these "Rambles" are already written, enough to make a printed octavo volume of more than seven hundred pages. It is my purpose at no distant time to give them to the public. I shall submit but five or six to be inflicted upon the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY, and these will have no serial connection.]

### RAMBLE NUMBER XXXIII.

The sun is shining brilliantly and the dew lies sparkling on the greensward as we set out on our ramble this early May morning. We walk down Main street a short dis-





tance, pausing only to take in occasional glimpses of the river "meandering through the vale," and the romantic intervals, "tree-bordered," that lie on either side of the swollen tide. We go up the hill, beyond Harriman's blacksmith shop, take off our hat to the lofty pines that guard with their "bending arms of green" Hardy's photography rooms, and halt at last at the top of the hill where the road forks. At this spot we choose to begin our ramble to-day.

Stepping from the main thoroughfare, we follow, for a matter of twenty rods, the picturesque little street that takes one, if continued to the end, to the Pumpkin Hill road. Several dwelling-houses are nestled upon this plateau, which may some day be one of Warner's most aristocratic suburbs. It is certainly, at present, a pleasant little rural lane. In the angle formed by the junction of the streets is a small, one-story, unpainted set of buildings. The house has possessed great interest to me from my boyhood, not merely on account of its peculiar situation, for to one going down the street it sits there like an eagle's nest on the towering hill top, but because in former time it had been the home of one who had gone forth from her native town to win fame in a foreign land. Some seventy or eighty years ago that humble cottage was the home of John and Judith Hoyt, and here their daughter Lois was born, who, somewhere about the year 1834, went with her husband, Edward Johnson, as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. Her descendants live in that island kingdom to-day, rich and honored, among a cultivated people whose ancestors she helped to civilize. So this morning, as the thrushes sing from the elm trees, and the sunshine brightens up the old gray, lichened walls, there comes a whiff of spice air from those distant isles of the sea, which seemed not so far away when I thought of the fairy feet of the girl that had once danced on this very greensward, to wander in womanhood among the tropic scenes of beautiful Oahu.

The wedding of Miss Hoyt and Mr. Johnson was one of the romantic episodes of Warner, in the early part of the century. Mr. Johnson was from Hollis, and was the classmate of the late Dr. Henry L. Watson at Phillips Exeter Academy. The two taught school several winters





at Cape Cod, and Mr. Johnson accompanied his friend on one occasion home to Warner. Here he was introduced to Miss Hoyt, a handsome, accomplished young lady, who had recently joined the Congregational church, under the Rev. Jubilee Wellman. The acquaintance ripened into a tender and sacred regard, and an engagement ensued. The marriage took place in the east room of the yellow house under the pines, where Charles H. Hardy now resides. Mrs. Hoyt, having been left a widow some years before this, had married Deacon Isaac Dalton, who had moved down from the hill where Levi O. Colby lived, and then occupied this house.

The ceremony was performed by Miss Hoyt's pastor, Mr. Wellman. There were a select number of invited guests present, and a lady now living on the street remembers seeing Rev. Mr. Wellman, at the supper table, slyly slip his piece of bride's cake beneath his wife's apron for safe-keeping. After the ceremony had been performed, Mr. Johnson presented the worthy parson with a brand-new half-eagle as his fee. This Mr. Wellman handed to his wife, and the latter in turn gave it to the bride, asking her to use it towards the instruction of some one of the ignorant Sandwich Islanders in the truths of the Bible. That shining gold-piece may, in fact, have ransomed a human soul from the darkness of ignorance and the bondage of iniquity.

We pass by the old house, with a feeling of reverence for its age and for those it has sheltered, pass the next house on the left, known as the Mrs. Denney house, and turn to the right, leaving the Daniel Currier house, where Frank Mitchell lives, to the left, and follow the walled lane up the hill. This was the highway—the county road in former years. In fact, there was a time when no highway extended from the corner by the Hoyt place in a westerly direction, and none went beyond the Mrs. Denney place save this one up over Denney hill. It was the first travelled highway in town, and was among the earliest laid out. For many years this was the main road to the ancient Perry town (now Sutton), and the feet of all the early settlers who visited that adjacent borough must have climbed this eminence, following the very path where the barefooted youngsters to-day drive their cows in the





summer time to and from the Denney hill pastures. The ancient highway ascended the hill, passed down it on the other side, crossed Willow brook not far from the present bridge, bisected Frank Bartlett's south pasture, and, keeping on west by north, cut across a corner of the Thompson pasture, now owned by Fred Bean, and crossed the Tory Hill road just beyond the George Gilmore place. Its line cannot be accurately followed, but in several places the old road-bed can be distinctly traced after nearly a hundred years of disuse.

Up the hill we go leisurely, pausing ever and anon to look behind us. That is a charming vista through the valley—a scene for a painter. In the emerald summer time or in the golden October it has elements of enrapturing beauty. All of our country highways have their attraction, and this deserted one does not lack. Glorious pines like those on Ida's height shadow it, and dainty wild flowers hide their beauties in many a secluded spot along the way. Here is wall of moss-covered stones built considerably more than a hundred years ago. Off a little way to the right is a favorite haunt of the arbutus; under the dead leaves and grasses you will find the dainty blossoms turning their faces to the sun. And here is a tangle of blackberry bushes, which will be loaded with delicious fruit in their season. Raspberry bushes grow beside the wall, and the young folks pick baskets and baskets of wild strawberries on the hillside in a fruitful year.

At the top of the hill, on the right-hand side of the highway, is a broad plateau of several acres, not exactly level, but nearly so. It is now pasture land, but in former times it was used as a training ground. Upon the grassy sward more than once has occurred the annual review of the "Right Arm of National Defence." Here the Warner Artillery, the Warner Light Infantry, the Hopkinton Light Infantry, and the Henniker Rifles fought their mimic battles, under the eyes of the inspecting officers. What gala days they were! How the horses pranced, and the plumes tossed, and the sunlight glistened on showy regalia and burnished arms! What a din they made: the clarion of the shrill bugle, the beat of the drum and the thunder of the burnished brass cannon combining to make a clamor that made the oak woods over yonder echo to the pande-





monium! The place is silent enough now. The romance of muster days is past; where war-horses pranced steady old oxen and docile cows decorously crop the springing grass, and the clangor and the tramping have given place to dreamy stillness and pastoral repose.

In my boyhood it was quite the thing for the citizens to roll up their old four-pounder on to Denney hill, to celebrate the Fourth of July and other occasions. Many a time have I looked from my old home on the hill over across the valley to see the smoke rise from the ordnance on Independence Day. At an earlier time the place was resorted to for purposes of celebration. At least, there is one instance of its having been so. In the year 1828, General Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, was the candidate of the Democratic party for the presidency against John Quincy Adams, who was held up by the Whigs for re-election. The latter was defeated and Jackson was elected. News travelled slowly in those days, and it was more than three weeks before the result was known here in Warner. As soon as they might, the citizens prepared to celebrate the event after the usual fashion. On the sixth day of December they marched up the road to Denney hill with their four-pounder brass cannon. Capt. Safford Watson, who lived on Main street where Mrs. Mary Harriman now lives, was a prominent director of the celebration, and he was ably assisted by Daniel Currier and Mitchel Gilmore, Jr. At the fourth discharge there was an explosion. Capt. Watson received a wound in his left hand, the flying ramrod scarred the neck of young Currier, and, less fortunate than his companions, Mitchel Gilmore had his arm torn away. The accident brought an end to the celebration for that day. Young Gilmore was from the Burnap district, and was learning the blacksmith trade with Isaac Annis, whose shop stood under the big elm in front of Lewis Chase's present residence. He was a popular and competent young man, and his misfortune enlisted the sympathy of his fellow-townsmen, who elected him the following spring on the board of selectmen. He was in town office a number of years, and, subsequently, was elected register of deeds for Merrimack county, when he removed to Concord, where he still resides. His wife was the daughter of Jacob Currier,





and the late Hon. Henry H. Gilmore, of Cambridge, Mass., was one of his sons, and was born at the present Ira Harvey place in our village. Jump over the wall at the top of the hill, and walk half a dozen rods out among the sweet fern in the pasture, and you will not be far from the spot where our fathers celebrated Jackson's election, and where this accident occurred.

It might be well to state at this time that the Democrats of the town concluded that celebration on the 4th of the following March, when their favorite hero was inaugurated as President of the United States. On this occasion they had a great mass meeting and a dinner. As there was no public hall in town at the time, the upper story of the Dr. Eaton house was used for this purpose. The dinner was provided by Elliot C. Badger, and all the neighboring towns had been ransacked for turkeys, and the services of the best cooks enlisted for a week. In the evening there was a dance and a supper, the latter being served by Benjamin Evans and his friends.

On the west side of the road, across from the old training ground, is a large, well-cultivated field. A few rods down in the field from the gate is the filled-up cellar and foundation-stones of one of Warner's historic homes. One hundred years ago this lot was the mowing and tillage land, and the house that stood here was the home of one of the most prominent citizens of the town, Capt. Daniel Floyd (or Flood), who came here as long ago as the year 1763, when he was twenty-four years old.

Warner had been permanently settled the preceding year by Daniel Annis and Reuben Kimball. The latter had married Hannah, the oldest daughter of Mr Annis. There were still two unmarried daughters in the Annis household, Rachel and Ruth, blooming damsels of twenty and eighteen years, respectively. To the house of Daniel Annis there came one spring evening, when "the shades of night were falling fast," a stalwart young borderer, wandering, like Jacob of old time, in search of a new home in a new land. And, like the ancient patriarch, he found both a home and a bride. A look into the dark eyes of Rachel Annis determined the young man to seek no further for an abiding-place. The succeeding day he followed up the road, such as it was, to the meeting-house





lot on the old parade, crossed the river, and clambering up the swelling crown of Denney hill, very likely near the same path that we have, surveyed the site of his future home.

Over this road the young settler came many times that spring and summer, bearing upon his strong shoulders the seed for his planting and the few household articles that were needed to furnish his home. And hither, also, in the bright October weather, came the maiden of his choice, Rachel Annis no longer, but Rachel Floyd for the years to come. The sturdy young settler had not allowed the grass to grow under his feet. He had, during those few summer months, built a log cabin and a barn, dug and stoned a well, cleared a number of acres of land, harvested thirty bushels of corn, a few barrels of potatoes, laid down three acres to winter rye, and had courted and taken to himself a wife. It makes one tired to think of the arduous labors of that one man. His house was the third one built in Warner, but others were building about the same time, and the succeeding winter, when the winds blew drear over the hills and the snow drifted in the valleys, the smoke from five log huts alone told that Warner (it was Amesbury then) was a desolate wilderness no more.

Most of the early settlers struck for the hills, presumably for these reasons, namely: their sunny altitude would be less subject to malarial and other fevers, of which the people in those days stood in great dread; again, the greater part of the hills had cleared places on them, having been burned over by the Indians, and therefore required less labor to begin operations upon; lastly, living so scattered and wide apart, it seemed more neighborly to be within sight of one another, and if there was trouble or sickness, and help was needed, it could be made known by some signal agreed upon. Kelly hill, Waldron's hill, Denney hill, and later, Burnt hill, Pumpkin hill, Tory, Colby, and Bible hills were all inhabited before there were many settlers in the valleys. The Annises settled indeed well down on the plain towards Dimond's Corner, and the Davises at Davisville, and a little hamlet grew in time around the first church, but that was on an elevation, too, so that it could not be hid.





Denney hill is a picturesque elevation. The pioneer showed good judgment in selecting its height for his homestead. Its rounded summit shows some as good arable land as there is in Warner. It stands facing Kearsarge on the north, and the Minks look down upon it from the west. Burnt hill is its near neighbor at the east, and in the south, across the river, rise Waldron's and Kelly hills. The view from it is extended and pleasing to behold. There is no better building-site in town to-day, nor more fertile land, than the spot where Daniel Floyd made his home for over forty years.

Floyd's first habitation was lower down on the hillside, in a more sheltered place. Retracing our steps down the road, we pause at the upper gate of Frank Bartlett's lot. On the opposite side of the road is the lot of tillage land owned by Mrs. Martha Robertson. Both this and the Bartlett field were formerly a part of the old Floyd estate. In the lower end of the Robertson lot, some two rods from the wall and nearly opposite the aforesaid gate, stood the original log cabin of Daniel Floyd, which he built in the fall of 1763. There is nothing there to indicate any habitation save an old well, the first one dug on Denney hill, now covered over with stone and soil, but which the antiquary can readily find by a little search.

The pioneer was a man of force and character, and early became a leading citizen of the town. He was thrifty and prosperous, added acres to his original farm, and in the first year of the Revolution built him a frame house and barn, whose sites we have referred to, at the top of the hill. The dwelling-house, as was usual in those days when there were few time-pieces, faced the south exactly, so that at noon, on a sunshiny day, the sun would shine in at the front door. It was a large house, built mostly of hard timber, and was a sightly structure. Later there was a front door at the east side of the house. To relate all the glories and vicissitudes of the old house would fill a volume.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]





45  
THE GRANTE MONTHLY.  
The new year  
Would they  
The way

## RICHARD POTTER.

BY C. C. LORD.

[In 1737, the Massachusetts proprietors of the Township Number Five (afterwards Hopkinton), in New Hampshire, voted a gratuity of £5 each to Daniel Clafin, Sr., and Richard Potter, provided that they would settle, with their families, in the new township before winter. This act was on the 31st of May. Tradition asserts that Potter was the first to settle in the new locality, and it is presumed that, according to the prevailing custom, he first entered the wilderness alone, and prepared a shelter for his family. In the original division of rights in Number Five, Potter's lot was "on the north range, beginning at the meeting-house, on the east side." The record seems to locate a point somewhere opposite the present ancient parsonage, on Putney's hill, in Hopkinton. This poem was written in the open air on Putney's hill, the writer having the foregoing facts in mind.]

In the forest, rude and wild,  
Richard Potter, nature's child,  
Stood alone, resolved but mild.

From Kearsarge the fresh wind blew,  
Lisp'd and talk'd the deep wood through,  
As Potter grasped his ax-helve new.

He struck a blow ; with sudden stride,  
Its echo roamed the forest wide,  
Then wandered to the vast and died.

For Richard Potter, first of all  
In Number Five, had heard the call  
To settle ere the snow should fall.

Seventeen thirty-seven ; and there  
The wild beast claimed his secret lair,  
The red man crept with stealthy glare

Upon the white man's path ; the soil  
Was stubborn to the hand of toil,  
And winter craved its frozen spoil.

But Richard Potter, true and strong,  
Staunch of heart, though the days were long,  
Wrought, and whistled, or crooned a song.

The two last names were born in Yorkshire, England.





The world's bright hopes demand their day,  
The new upon the old's decay  
Would thrive ; but courage paves the way.

Old Putney's hill is fresh and green,  
Afar and near fair homes are seen,  
While thought reviews the stretch between

To-day and when brave Potter bore  
Alone the perils risked of yore,  
And cons the legend o'er and o'er.

Sweet sunlight smiles ; the genial rain  
Has blessed the hill, enriched the plain,  
And pledged the stores of corn and grain ;

And haply he who reaps increase  
Thinks who of old gave first release  
To thrift, and oped the doors of peace.

## JAMES LOCKE, DESCENDANT OF CAPT. JOHN LOCKE.

BY WILLIAM YEATON.

James Locke died at his home, in East Concord, on Friday, January 1, 1892. He was born on Locke's hill, in Epsom, September 18, 1798, and was the son of Simeon and Abigail (Blake) Locke, and the seventh child in a family of eleven children. Two died in infancy, the other nine lived to an average age of 79 years, one brother, Simeon, dying at South Newmarket, N. H., Aug. 27, 1882, aged 91 years 8 months. James Locke was a descendant, in the sixth generation, from a hardy New England pioneer, Capt. John Locke of Rye, his ancestors, running back by generations, being—

5th, Simeon Locke,	married	Abigail Blake.
4th, David Locke,	"	Annah Lovering.
3d, Jonathan Locke,	"	Sarah Haines.
2d, William Locke,	"	Hannah Knowles.
1st, Capt. John Locke,	"	Elizabeth Berry.

The two last named were born in Yorkshire, England.





Capt. John Locke was one of four brothers who came to New England from old England about 1639, locating first at Dover, where he had a right of land. His stay here was brief, for, in 1640, we find him in Portsmouth, where he framed the first meeting-house in that town. He afterward settled upon land called Fort Point, in Newcastle, but later removed to "Locke's Neck," in Rye, where he was killed by the Indians while reaping in his field. Although in the 70th year of his age at the time, he made a gallant fight. When found, by his side lay a broken sickle (now in the N. H. Historical rooms) and part of an Indian's nose, which had been clipped from one of his savage assailants. It is said that a few years later one of Capt. Locke's sons, gunning along the beach between Portsmouth and Rye, met an Indian who had lost a part of his nose. Young Locke inquired how he had lost it. The Indian replied, "Ole Locke cut off at Rye." Instantly Locke raised his gun and fired, killing the Indian, thus avenging the death of his father.

Capt. Locke married Elizabeth Berry, daughter of John Berry of Rye, and their children's names were John, Elizabeth, Nathaniel, Eliza, Edward, Triphena, Rebecca, Mary, William, James, and Joseph.

William Locke, the ninth child of Capt. John Locke, settled in Rye, and married Hannah Knowles, of Hampton, and their children's names were Jonathan, William, Abigail, Hannah, Patience, Sarah, Elijah, Elisha, Eliphalet, Jeremiah, and Hannah, the first-named Hannah having died in infancy.

Jonathan Locke, the oldest son of William Locke, settled at Rye, and married Sarah Haines, daughter of William Haines of Greenland, and their children's names were Sarah, Patience, Jonathan, Mary, David, Abigail, William, Margaret, Abner, Sarah, Hannah, and John.

The first-named Sarah died in 1742, in her 15th year, with throat distemper. This disease must have been like the malignant diphtheria of to-day, for in 1753, between the 11th and 29th of October, the mother and five children died of the same disease,—the mother, 48 years old; Mary, 20 years; Margaret, 13; Abner, 11; Hannah, 7; and John, 5 years old.

David the 5th child of Jonathan Locke, settled at Rye,





and married Annah Lovering, of Kensington, and their children's names were Reuben, Simeon, Sarah, Mary, David, Jonathan, Levi, John, Annah, William, Abigail, Benjamin, and Nancy. David Locke lived and died upon a farm on the "Fern Lane" road, about one mile southwest of Rye Centre, now occupied by Mr. Drake.

Simeon Locke, the second child of David Locke, was born March 31st, 1760; married Abigail Blake, daughter of Samuel Blake of Epsom, and their children's names were Annah, Samuel, David, Simeon, John, Josiah, James, Sarah, Reuben, Joseph, and Abigail.

In that early day it was the custom to throw, or cast, oxen upon their side while the blacksmith nailed on the shoes. In helping perform this work Simeon Locke lost an eye, when quite young, by an ox throwing back his horn. He became an excellent marksman, however, and enlisted in the Revolutionary cause July 4, 1777, and performed efficient service in maintaining the independence of the struggling colonies.

At the close of the war, in 1783, he went to Epsom, when bridle-paths and blazed trees were the means of reaching many parts of the town. He first settled in a clearing located about one half mile west of the "Sherburn Road," in the north part of the town; but, a few years later, he bought and moved upon the farm on the top of Locke's hill, where he was joined, in June, 1792, by his brother David, who settled upon the next farm south, and in 1800, by his brother Levi, who settled upon the next farm north. The three brothers, at this time, owned all this beautiful, round-topped hill and much of the land in the adjoining valley. To the south of them stretched the valleys of the Suncook and Merrimack.

Here, on September 18th, 1798, James Locke was born, and here he grew to manhood, developing a fine physique by that best of all exercise, farm work, and a well-balanced mind, by such education as the schools of his native town afforded. In 1817 his parents moved to East Concord, upon the farm now occupied by Samuel M. Locke, on the intervale. When a youth he learned the blacksmith's trade by "serving his time" with an uncle in Chichester. He followed his trade a short time in Bangor, Me., and for several years near Pleasant pond, in Deerfield, where he





married his first wife, Clarissa Wallace, November 23, 1825. She died May 8, 1868, and June 3, 1869, he married Phebe M. Ames of Canterbury, who died July 24, 1885. In December, 1835, he moved upon the farm in the Mountain district, East Concord, where he occupied the same house to the day of his death.

Born in the last century, he early acquired habits of industry and frugality, a sincere respect for labor, physical and mental, and a wholesome contempt for pompous pretensions based upon inherited wealth, accidental birth, or position. Without children of his own, his interest in and kindness to children was a marked feature of his character. Many persons, of mature years now, will recall his courteous, kindly greeting to them when they were small children, and at least two men, well known in Concord, recall that, when small boys, Mr. Locke gave them the the first ten-cent piece they ever owned.

The visible beauties of the earth and sky were a perpetual source of pleasure to him, and all of them, from the least to the greatest, profoundly impressed him with the wisdom of the Creator. The smallest of dumb creatures received his careful consideration. He believed they were all made for some good purpose. With this firm belief regarding the smallest created things, it was a logical conclusion with him that man, the noblest work of creation, was also created for a good purpose, and was bound to do right, not for hope of reward nor fear of punishment.

To the very last he kept well posted in current events, his interest in the world's progress never flagging, although all through these later years he expressed himself as living upon borrowed time, which to him ended with the advent of the year 1892.





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PUBLISHERMENTS AND MARRIAGES IN THE  
TOWNSHIP OF RUMFORD (NOW CON-  
CORD), NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1732-39.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. ORDWAY.

The present city of Concord, N. H., first called "the plantation of Penny Cook," was granted by Massachusetts to a company of about one hundred settlers from Essex county, more than two thirds of whom were from Haverhill and Andover, and the balance from Newbury, Bradford, Boxford, Salisbury, and Ipswich, with perhaps one or two from Woburn and Chelmsford in Middlesex county. The grant was made in 1725, and the settlement began a year later. In 1733 the plantation was incorporated by the name of Rumford, which name it retained until 1765, when it was incorporated by its present name.

The publishments and marriages here given are taken from the earliest records of the town.

Philip Kimball's & Dorcas Foster's Purposes of Marriage were posted up at the Meeting House in Rumford on the 31st Day of July, 1735.

Intentions of Marriage between Jeremiah Dresser of Rumford & Mehitabel Bradley of Haverhill was posted up at the Meeting House in Rumford the — of September, 1735.

Intentions of Marriage between Joseph Hall of Rumford and Debborah Abbot of Andover were published at Rumford y<sup>e</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> Day of May 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between James Scales of Rumford and Susanna Hovey of Topsfield were published at said Rumford the 27<sup>th</sup> Day of August 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between Andrew Bohonon\* and Tabbitha Flanders both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 10<sup>th</sup> Day of September 1736.

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\* Andrew Bohonon was probably from Salisbury, Mass., and Tabitha Flanders was the first child of Deacon Jacob and Mercy (Clough) Flanders, from South Hampton. They were early settlers of Salisbury, N. H. Tabitha died Feb. 18, 1810, having reached the remarkable age of 101 years.—Ed.





Intentions of Marriage between James Peters and Elizabeth Farnum both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 16<sup>th</sup> Day of October 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between George Abbot of Rumford and Sarah Abbot of Andover were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the 24<sup>th</sup> Day of December 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between Samuel Bradstreet and Margaret Goordon both of Sun Cook were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Nineteenth Day of January, 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between Benjamin Rolfe and Hiphzabah Hazzen both of Sun Cook were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Nineteenth Day of January 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between Richard Eastman of Sun Cook and Mary Lovejoy of Andover were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Twenty Sixth Day of September 1737.

Intentions of Marriage between Isaac Foster of Rumford and Abigail Bradlee of Haverhill were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Twenty first Day of November 1737.

Intentions of Marriage between Daniel Rolfe jun<sup>r</sup> and Elizabeth Flanders both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Eighth Day of January 1737.

Intentions of Marriage between Zebediah Farnum and Mary Walker both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Fourteenth Day of January 1737.

Intentions of Marriage between Nathan Burbank of Con-toocook and Sarah York of Exeter were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Twenty second Day of April 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between William Walker & Elizabeth Peters both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Tenth Day of May 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Thomas Conneagham of Sun Cook & Anna Otterson of Haverhill were posted up at





the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the 18<sup>th</sup> Day of July 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Timothy Bradlee and Abiah Stevens both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 5<sup>th</sup> Day of August 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Jonathan Bradlee of Rumford and Susanna Folsom of Exeter were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 9<sup>th</sup> Day of September 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Lot Colby and Ann Walker both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 9<sup>th</sup> Day of September 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Timothy Walker jun<sup>r</sup>. of Rumford & Martha Colby of Almsbury were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 8<sup>th</sup> Day of October 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Joseph Eastman jun<sup>r</sup>. of Rumford and Abigail Millen of Hopkinton Ms. were posted up at the Meeting House in said Rumford on the 24<sup>th</sup> Day of December 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between John March and Mary Rolfe both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 18<sup>th</sup> Day of February 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Benjamin Blanchard of Canterbury and Bridget Fitzgerald of Contoocook were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the 26<sup>th</sup> Day of March 1739.

Intentions of Marriage between Daniel Manning of Charlestown and Elizabeth Abbott of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in s<sup>d</sup> Rumford on the 19<sup>th</sup> Day of November 1738.

Marriages returned by the Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Timothy Walker\* on the Twenty Third Day of September 1735. viz<sup>t</sup>.

Stephen Farington and Apphia Bradley both of Rumford were married the 28<sup>th</sup> Day of August 1732.

---

\* Rev. Timothy Walker was the first settled pastor in Penacook. He was a native of Woburn, Mass., born 1705; a graduate of Harvard College in 1725. He was ordained November 18, 1730, and continued in the pastorate until his death, September 1, 1782.





William Danford and Anna Flood both of Rumford and James Head of Canterbury and Sarah Danford of Rumford were married the 17<sup>th</sup> Day of January 1733.

Philip Kimball and Dorcas Foster both of Rumford were married the 17<sup>th</sup> Day of June 1735.

Samuel Davis of Canterbury and Mary Lambert of Rumford were married the 19<sup>th</sup> Day of August 1735.

Exam<sup>d</sup> & Entered, by Benja. Rolfe Town Clerk.

---

## TWO BOSTON ARTISTS.

BY MARION HOWARD.

---

DANIEL J. STRAIN.

One of Boston's foremost artists is Daniel J. Strain, who was born in Littleton, N. H., Nov. 15, 1847.

Consistent with the laws governing his surroundings, Strain's early days were passed like those of nine tenths of the average country village lads, and while he was not guided towards any pretentious calling by his parents, he inclined to the artistic side of matters. Having the instincts of art within him, he was not slow in taking advantage of his opportunity when it came.

When quite young, he chanced one day to fall in with an artist who was painting some interesting heads, and he became so infatuated with the process and results that he plunged into his new vocation with a will. He came to Boston in the seventies, hired a studio in the Lawrence building, and there began his ideal crayon heads, which were photographed and have become popular all over the country.

In 1877, in company with a fellow-artist, Mr. Strain went to Paris and entered Julien's studio as a pupil, remaining five years. During his stay abroad he made extensive trips through Holland, Spain, and Belgium, and spent one winter in Morocco. The fall of 1883 saw him back in Boston. Previous to his departure, he decided to perfect himself in all branches of his art, instead of confining himself to crayon work.





The result of his endeavor is well known. His first Salon picture was a marvelously beautiful conception of childish purity and innocence, entitled "*Les Deux Amis*." From this painting an etching was made by Strain himself, in which he showed remarkable skill as an etcher, his lines being delicate, yet firm, and his drawing sure and clean. In portraiture he carries the passion for ideality for which he is famous.

It is not necessary to mention the list of his strong works. They begin with children, several of which have been shown in our local exhibitions, and in the Salon, and those of young ladies and gentlemen of all ages follow, from the college graduate to the wise old merchant, the poet, and the general. His three-quarter length picture of Gen. N. P. Banks is one of his greatest achievements, but it is destined to be surpassed by the lifelike portrait of Capt. George H. Perkins, U. S. N., now in his studio at 178 Boylston street. Capt. Perkins is one of New Hampshire's sons, by the way, a native of the town of Webster.

Daniel J. Strain is possessed of mature judgment, and is invaluable among the jurymen of the Boston Art Club, of which he is an honored member. He also belongs to the Paint and Clay Club, and is a good citizen as well as artist.

---

#### SCOTT LEIGHTON.

Much credit is due an artist who, in his early career, solves his own problems, guided solely by his instincts and owing nothing to schools or influence. Such an artist is Scott Leighton, the animal painter, who spices his work with a rare individuality, and shows his supreme love for, and knowledge of, animals. Mr. Leighton, although not a native of New Hampshire, is widely known throughout the state. His appreciation of the Granite State as a place of residence has been shown in the establishment of a fine summer home on Bible hill, in the town of Claremont.

Scott Leighton was born in Auburn, Me., Aug. 28, 1849, his father, Winfield Scott, and his mother, Deborah, being typical New Englanders. When but four years of age, he began to draw pictures of horses, and kept it up year after year. There were no art schools in those days, but as he





progressed in his common-school studies, he developed skill as a draughtsman to such an extent that his school-master allowed him to make studies of animals when other pupils were engaged in routine duties. At the age of seventeen he made a break for Boston. Previously, however, he had done some work in his native state and had already sold some paintings there.

Mr. Leighton for several years travelled through the eastern states, painting horses here and there, and then settled down at Wellesley Hills, Mass., where he enjoyed farm life, and painted a great deal out of doors. In 1874 he came to Boston and opened his present studio, corner of Winter and Washington streets. For many years he painted nothing but horses, and his fame in this line became so extensive that he executed on an average thirty portraits a year.

Finally, he wisely decided to commence a study of landscapes, cattle, and fowl, seeking out the picturesque beauties of nature, to which he added the domestic and interesting side.

Leighton's horses are known to traders and fanciers, who can point out their fine features on the canvas. There is art and knowledge and love of dumb animals in all his work. His color is brilliant and permanent, his execution vigorous and refined. Among his notable paintings may be mentioned, "In the Stable," owned by J. Reed Whipple, "On the Road," a spirited canvas, owned by John Shepard, and "The Fearnought Stallions."

Mr. Leighton is a valued member of the Boston Art Club. Personally, he is of fine physique, and has a solid business-like bearing, combined with ease of manner, manliness, and courtesy. He is constantly surrounded by a large coterie of admirers, whom he has won by his frank, open and sincere nature.

Boston, Mass., January, 1892.





## MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

In assuming the direction of a Musical Department in the GRANITE MONTHLY, we acknowledge an undertaking of no little responsibility and magnitude. That New Hampshire has made wonderful strides in musical matters within the last decade, all will most happily acknowledge; and it seems fitting that this magazine, which is devoted to New Hampshire people and their interests, should be in some degree the representative organ of all followers of the Art Divine in this state, whether amateur or professional.

We worship at the shrine of no clique or school; therefore we shall deal with all in sincerity and fairness, happy if privileged to say words of commendation and praise; equally and dutifully happy in criticism, which will always be given for the benefit of the cause and parties concerned.

That all will unite in one grand effort for the musical good of our beloved state, never faltering until our musical attainments are in keeping with the grandeur and beauty of our lakes and mountains, is our sincere desire.

Our intention is to take up, in the future, local music and musicians of the different towns and cities of the state, giving them that attention and encouragement which in many instances is greatly deserved, with a view of better acquaintance with the work of the fraternity throughout the state. In furtherance of this object, correspondence is solicited.

---

### "THE CREATION," IN CONCORD.

Thursday, January 7th, was indeed a red-letter day in a musical sense for Concord and vicinity. No musical undertaking has ever met with such a hearty response from the public as did this effort of the Concord Choral Union, and we believe it to have been the most perfect performance of oratorio ever given in the state. That the singing by the





chorus was a surprise, and almost a revelation, to many who attended cannot be denied. The soloists for the occasion were Mrs. E. H. Allen, Mr. Geo. J. Parker, and Myron W. Whitney. Mrs. Allen and Mr. Parker gave a very finished rendering of the beautiful and tuneful arias of Haydn, while to listen to Mr. Whitney was indeed a high privilege to all lovers of the art, and none who heard him will ever forget that voice of marvelous power, depth, and breadth. He is a magnificent type of a man, seemingly unconscious of his greatness, apparently forgetting his audience; a servant at God's command, telling of the wonders of the creation and doing His will by elevating mankind by the beauties of a voice which only one greatly gifted can possess.

The work of Miss Ada M. Aspinwall, who presides at the piano for all rehearsals and entertainments of the Union, is characterized by great care and intelligence, and she certainly ranks among the best pianists in the state.

The orchestral work was, in some instances, crude and unsatisfactory, which was brought about by the sickness of some of the regular members, and a misunderstanding, by the trombone and the bassoon (both new men), as to the pitch to be used.

Concord has now put herself on record, and, if all are united, can claim and maintain the title as *the* musical centre of northern New England. It is hoped that the society will close the season by a musical festival in every way worthy its good beginning and the musical good of our state.

#### SCHUBERT CLUB CONCERT.

The first concert of this season by the Schubert Club of Laconia was given on Thursday evening, December 31, 1891. A seranata entitled "The Dream," by Sir Michael Costa, together with a part song, "Night," by Blumenthal, "The Miller's Wooing," by Eaton Fanning, and a pastoral hymn from the oratorio Emanuel, by Trowbridge, constituted the work of the club, every number being well rendered, considering the great number of absentees occasioned by the prevailing disease, *la grippe*. The soloists were the Misses Clark and Woodbury of Boston, soprano and alto, Mr. J. C. Bartlett, tenor, of Boston, and Mrs. Lucia Mead Priest, elocutionist, from Manchester. The duet singing of





Misses Clark and Woodbury is nearly perfect, and worthy of the highest commendation. Their efforts as soloists in connection with a chorus in a work is very unsatisfactory, and to be consistent they should never attempt anything in this line. Mr. Bartlett was well received, and is, without doubt, the most finished and pleasing ballad and song tenor in New England. Mrs. Priest is an artist, and in all her undertakings showed the most perfect finish and careful study. She is, as a woman and elocutionist, one whom every lover of art in New Hampshire should feel a pride in sustaining.

Mrs. Jennie Lougee, a daughter of ex-Judge Hibbard, presided at the piano, fulfilling every demand as accompanist in a highly creditable manner. The audience was small, on account of sickness and seeming indifference among the people.

#### LISBON MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

Lisbon Musical Association will hold its seventh annual festival, commencing on Monday, February 8th. They have engaged for talent Mrs. Minnie Stevens Coffin of Boston, a soprano soloist of good standing, Mr. T. H. Cushman of Boston, an excellent tenor soloist, Mr. Frank J. Reynolds, elocutionist, of Boston, the Crescent Male Quartette of Concord, Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, pianist, of Boston, and Blaisdell's orchestra. The music to be performed will be the "Feast of Adonis," by Jansen, "The Evening Hymn," by Reiniche, together with part songs by Mendelssohn, and the Miserere scene from *Il Trovatore*. H. G. Blaisdell, of Concord, is the conductor.

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Miss Edith Mae Lord of Tilton, a young miss of fourteen, is a very promising violiniste.

New Hampshire has almost a wonder, as a violinist, in the person of Master Walter S. Cotton of Nashua, son of C. R. Cotton, a well-known merchant of that city. Master Cotton is only sixteen years of age, yet his execution and breadth of tone is marvelous, and he stands to-day without a rival as an artist, either young or old, north of Boston. We predict for him, if health and strength hold out, a position among the first violinists in America. He is a pupil of C. N. Allen of Boston.





## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

## HON. DANIEL BARNARD.\*

Hon. Daniel Barnard, Attorney-General of New Hampshire, died from pneumonia, following *la grippe*, at his home in Franklin Falls, Sunday, January 10, 1892. Born in the town of Orange, January 23, 1827, he lacked thirteen days of completing his 65th year. He received a common-school and academical education, the latter principally at Canaan; worked on the farm in summer and taught school in winter, in youth. Immediately after attaining his majority, he was chosen to represent his native town in the legislature, and served in that capacity for four successive years. Meantime he determined to enter the legal profession, and in 1850 commenced the study of law in the office of Nesmith & Pike (George W. Nesmith and Austin F. Pike), at Franklin, and was admitted to the Merrimack county bar in 1854, of which he remained an active and honored member up to the time of his death, having his home in Franklin continuously thereafter, of which town he was ever an esteemed and public-spirited citizen. He represented Franklin in the legislature in 1860 and again in 1862; was a state senator in 1865 and 1866, president of the senate the latter year; and a member of the executive council in 1870 and 1871. He served as solicitor of Merrimack county from 1867 to 1872, and was a delegate to the Republican National Convention, at Philadelphia, in 1872, having been an earnest adherent of that party from its organization. In 1884 he had a strong support as a candidate for the congressional nomination of the Republican convention of his district, but was defeated, on a close vote, by Hon. J. H. Gallinger. He was appointed Attorney-General to succeed the late Col. Mason W. Tappan, in February, 1887, and had nearly completed a five years' term of successful official labor; and, had he lived, would unquestionably have been reappointed for another term.

He was an active member of various public and corporate institutions in Franklin; was prominently connected with the Masonic order, and a Unitarian in religious conviction.

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\* An extended biographical sketch of Mr. Barnard appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY, Vol. III. No. 4, January, 1880.





and association. He leaves a widow and five children—two daughters and three sons—Mrs. Samuel Pray of Boston, Mrs. Frederick H. Daniell of Franklin, James E. Barnard, a lawyer and partner of the deceased, Charles D., in business in Chicago, and Frank E., a law student. An elder son, William M., a promising young member of the Merrimack bar, died a few years since.

---

#### HON. JAMES W. EMERY.

Hon. James Woodward Emery, born in Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 30, 1808, died in Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 16, 1891.

He was a son of Samuel and Ruby (Woodward) Emery; graduated from Dartmouth College in 1830; completed his preparatory legal study with Hon. Ichabod Bartlett; was admitted to the bar about 1833, and commenced practice in Portsmouth, in partnership with Mr. Bartlett, a relationship which continued until the decease of the latter, in 1853. In 1857 he removed to Cambridge, Mass., where he was president of the Union Street Railway, and engaged in other business enterprises. In 1870 he returned to Portsmouth and resumed his law practice. In 1873 he was elected a representative to the state legislature, of which he had been a member several times during his former residence in the city, and was this year chosen speaker of the house. He was an able lawyer, a safe counselor, and a man of large business sagacity. In politics he was a Republican of independent proclivities. He married Miss Martha Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew W. Bell of Portsmouth, who survives him, with two sons and two daughters.

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#### HON. JOHN W. MORSE.

Hon. John W. Morse, born in Henniker, August 10, 1806, died in Bradford, January 8, 1892.

He was the second son of Josiah and Betsey (Brown) Morse, and was educated in the common schools and at Derry and Hopkinton academies. He commenced mercantile business, in Weare, in 1834, and, two years later, removed to Bradford, where he continued in business as a general merchant almost constantly till the time of his death. He also took a strong interest in public affairs,





filled nearly all the town offices, served seven years as representative in the legislature, and two years, 1865 and 1866, in the state senate; was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1876, and an alternate delegate to the National Democratic Convention, at Cincinnati, in 1880. He was also postmaster of Bradford for several years, his last service being under the administration of President Cleveland.

August 16, 1835, he married Lucy Ann, daughter of Hon. Jonathan Gove of Acworth, who survives, with two sons, John G. and Charles W., wholesale merchants in Boston, and a daughter, Mary E., wife of Nathaniel F. Lund of Concord.

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#### CLINTON S. AVERILL.

Clinton Spalding Averill, born in Milford, September 22, 1827, died in his native town, December 18, 1891.

He was educated at Hancock and Pembroke academies and at Norwich (Vt.) University, graduating from the latter in 1849. He remained as professor of natural science at the University in Norwich till 1853, when he resigned and went to Ohio, where he was engaged for a time as principal of the Western Liberal Institute, at Marietta. He soon returned to New Hampshire, studied law with Col. O. W. Lull of Milford, was admitted to the bar in 1858, and established a successful office practice, which he continued for several years. Ever taking a deep interest in educational matters, he served as a trustee of the State Normal School in 1873 and 1874, and was superintendent of the Nashua schools the latter year. Since 1875 he had been treasurer of the Milford Savings Bank, and president of the Souhegan National Bank since 1882. He married Catharine Frances, daughter of Dr. Jonas Hutchinson of Milford, who died in 1878, without children. In politics he was a Democrat; in religion, a Unitarian, but commanded the esteem of men of all parties and sects.

---

#### VIRGIL V. TWITCHELL.

Virgil V. Twitchell, editor of the *Gorham Mountaineer*, died in that town, January 4, 1892.

He was the son of Joseph A. and Orinda L. (Mason)





Twitchell, born in Bethel, Me., June 27, 1842. He attended Gould's Academy, in Bethel; learned and pursued photography for a time; enlisted in the Fifth Me. Infantry in 1863; was rejected on account of poor health, but joined the Sanitary Commission, and served for a time in Virginia during the latter part of the war for the Union. Returning to Maine, he learned and pursued the printer's trade in Portland, and in 1876 established *The Mountaineer*, at Gorham, which he edited and printed until his final illness, giving it a wide reputation as a spicy and humorous local paper. He was a genial and companionable man, making many friends. He was a brother of Gen. A. S. Twitchell of Gorham. He is survived by a widow, a daughter of Benjamin W. Carey of Portland, Me., and two children, a son and daughter.

---

REV. BENJAMIN F. BOWLES.

Rev. Benjamin Franklin Bowles, for many years a prominent clergyman in the Universalist denomination, was born in Portsmouth, N. H., March 4, 1824, and died at his residence in Abington, Mass., January 1, 1892.

His parents removed to Maine in his infancy, where he was educated in the common schools and at Gorham Academy. Subsequently he attended the Liberal Institute at Clinton, N. Y., where he studied theology under Rev. T. J. Sawyer, now president of Tufts Divinity School, and was ordained to the ministry in 1848, his first settlement being at Salem, Mass. Subsequently he held pastorates at Natick and Southbridge, Mass., at Manchester in this state, where he was located seven years from 1860, serving three years in the New Hampshire legislature meanwhile, at Worcester and Cambridgeport, Mass., at Philadelphia, Pa., at San Francisco, Cal., and finally at Abington, Mass., where he located in 1882, remaining until his death. He was a man of scholarly tastes, strong convictions, and an orator of rare power, and is well remembered by many New Hampshire people as an effective pulpit and platform speaker.

Mr. Bowles was three times married, his last and surviving wife being Ada C. Burpee, of Melrose, Mass., herself for many years past a well-known preacher and leading reformer. Three children by the last, and two by the second marriage, also survive.





## NOAH WEBSTER FARLEY.

Noah Webster Farley, one of the best-known merchants of Boston, born in Brookline, N. H., May 5, 1822, died in Newton, Mass., December 28, 1891.

He was the only son of Deacon Christopher and Consentany (Cummings) Farley, of Brookline, graduated at Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, engaged in the store of E. M. Isaacs of New Ipswich, going thence to Boston, in 1849, where he continued in the dry goods trade in the successive firms of N. W. Farley & Co., Harvard St., Farley, Bliss & Co., Bowdoin Square and Winter St., Farley & Shepard, Tremont Row, Farley, Amsden & Co., jobbers, Summer St., and Farley, Harvey & Co., Chauncey St.

His public spirit led him to accept positions on the school board and common council while he resided in Boston, and in Newton, where he resided the last eighteen years of his life, he was twice elected alderman. For many years he was chairman of the prudential committee of Park Street Church, Boston, and at the time of his death was its treasurer. He was a founder of the Boston Merchants' Association, was always a member of the board of directors, and had served as vice-president and treasurer at different times. He leaves a widow, Pamela Hammond, second daughter of Stephen Thayer of New Ipswich, to whom he was married in 1849, three sons and a daughter.

---

HON. HENRY H. GILMORE.

Hon. Henry Hubbard Gilmore, eldest son of Mitchel and Czarina (Currier) Gilmore, born in Warner, N. H., August 31, 1832, died at Pasadena, Cal., December 24, 1891.

He was educated in the schools of Warner and Concord, his parents moving to this city in his childhood; served for a time as clerk in the Concord post-office, but when quite young went to Boston, and engaged in mercantile life, continuing there in various capacities for several years. He subsequently engaged in the iron business; was for several years agent of English manufactories, importing heavy lines of hardware and cutlery; established a rolling-mill at Croton, N. Y., and afterwards became a proprietor of the Cambridge rolling-mills, at Cambridge, Mass., as senior member of the firm of Gilmore & Eustis.





May 19, 1858, he married Sarah D., daughter of Robert Todd, of Charlestown, and established his home in Medford, where he resided for ten years, holding various town offices. He then removed to Cambridge, which was ever afterward his home. He served as a member of the common council and board of aldermen in that city, and represented the third Middlesex district in the Massachusetts senate in 1884. In 1885, he was the Democratic candidate for lieutenant-governor of the state, and in 1888 was elected mayor of Cambridge. He was for many years a member of the National Lancers, of Boston, and of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co. He is survived by a widow, three sons and two daughters.

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### GRAFTON AND COÖS BAR ASSOCIATION.

The printed proceedings for the last meeting of this organization are now ready for distribution. They will constitute Part 2 of Vol. II. of the series. The principal features are the model opening address of the venerable president, Hon. Wm. Heywood; the annual address of Hon. Chas. H. Burns, on the Duties of the Advocate; the symposium on the life and character of Gen. Gilman Marston, to which the contributors are Hon. Jacob Benton, Hon. Harry Bingham, Hon. Edgar Aldrich, and Hon. Alvin Burleigh,—Mr. Benton treating of Gen. Marston as a statesman, Mr. Bingham as a lawyer and legislator, Mr. Aldrich as a friend of the people, and Mr. Burleigh as a soldier. Mr. Bingham also contributes a fitting memorial of the late Judge Westgate, Henry H. Metcalf writes an appreciative biography of Hon. J. D. Weeks, and the biographical address of the late Hon. E. D. Rand, on James I. Swan, is given.

A notable feature will be the publication in this pamphlet of the first records of a State Bar Association, with a continuation which gives the first volume of the records of the Bar of Grafton county entire,—in all, covering a period of about fifty years from 1788. This will prove to be a matter of unusual historic interest.

Chas. B. Griswold of Woodsville is secretary of the Association.

A. S. B.





# The GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

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CONCORD, N. H.:

H. H. METCALF, } Publishers. { Subscription, \$1.50  
A. H. ROBINSON, } per Year.

15 CENTS PER COPY.

Printed by N. H. Democratic Press Co.

Entered at the Post-Office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.

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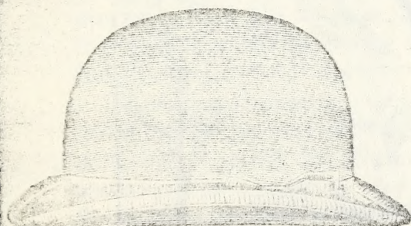
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### PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

A copy of either of C. C. Lord's Historical Classics of Hopkinton will be sent free to any present subscriber to the GRANITE MONTHLY sending in a new subscriber, and the subscription price, \$1.50, during the month of March.

The attention of those interested in music is called to the Musical Department in the GRANITE MONTHLY, conducted by H. G. Blaisdell, and their co-operation is solicited in the work of promoting its interest and value.

Every person not now a subscriber, receiving a copy of this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, is respectfully solicited to become one. Subscriptions may commence with the first number of the present volume, as copies of the January and February numbers can be supplied.

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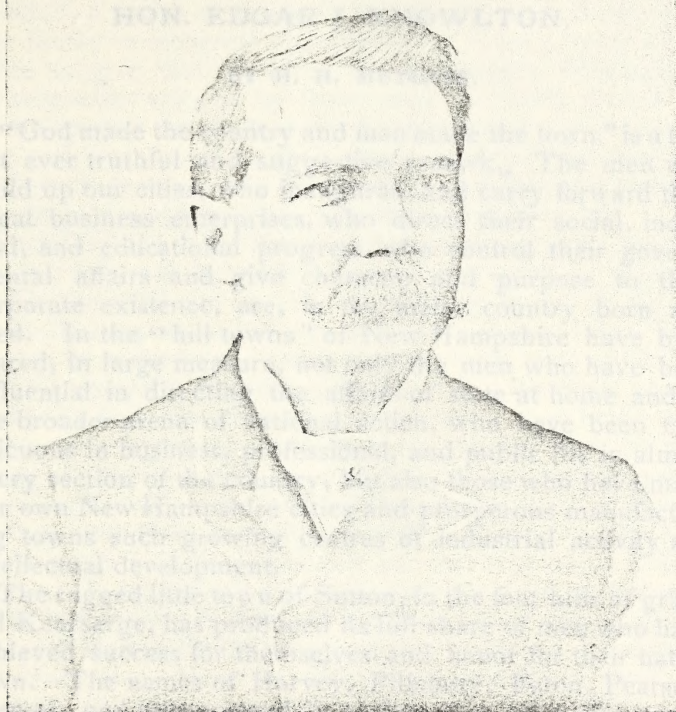




## THE GRANITE MONTHLY

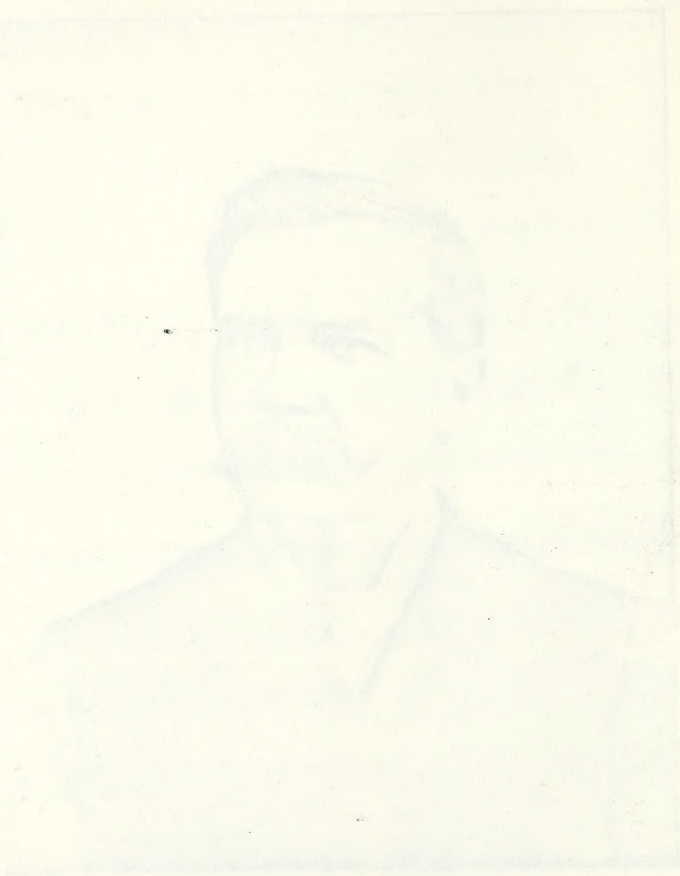
VOL. XIV. — MARCH, 1892. — NO. 3.

HON. EDGAR J. KNOWLTON



Sincerely yours,

E. J. Knowlton.



*Portrait of George  
Washington*



# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV.      MARCH, 1892.      NO. 3.

HON. EDGAR J. KNOWLTON.

BY H. H. METCALF.

"God made the country and man made the town," is a trite but ever truthful and suggestive remark. The men who build up our cities, who inaugurate and carry forward their great business enterprises, who direct their social, industrial, and educational progress, who control their governmental affairs and give character and purpose to their corporate existence, are, in the main, country born and bred. In the "hill towns" of New Hampshire have been reared, in large measure, not only the men who have been influential in directing the affairs of state at home and in the broader arena of national action, who have been conspicuous in business, professional, and public life in almost every section of the country, but also those who have made our own New Hampshire cities and prosperous manufacturing towns such growing centres of industrial activity and intellectual development.

The rugged little town of Sutton, in the foot-hills of grand old Kearsarge, has produced its full share of men who have achieved success for themselves and honor for their native town. The names of Harvey, Pillsbury, Eaton, Pearson, Pressey, and others noted in various lines of achievement, may be cited as fitting illustrations of the fact; and yet Sutton in this respect simply stands upon a par with the average country town in our own and other New England states. In this town was born the subject of this sketch, on the 8th day of August, 1856.

EDGAR JAY KNOWLTON is the eldest of eight children—five sons (one now deceased) and three daughters—of James and Mary F. (Marshall) Knowlton. James Knowlton,





a son of Samuel S. and Martha (Witherspoon) Knowlton,\* was born in New London, December 7, 1828, and settled in Sutton in June, 1853, engaging in the lumber business with William H. Marshall, which he followed for many years, but has latterly pursued the avocation of a carpenter and builder, supplementing the same by farming to some extent. January 9, 1855, he married Mary F. Marshall, daughter of William H. and Mary G. (Hart) Marshall, a native of the town of Hopkinton. Rearing a large family in moderate circumstances, these parents were unable to give their children the advantages, educational and otherwise, enjoyed by those more favorably placed in these respects; but the lessons of industry and perseverance were early inculcated in their minds, and the encouraging words and example of a true-hearted and devoted mother gave them strength and courage for the battle of life.

Attending the brief terms of the district school, and, as soon as age and strength admitted, engaging in manual labor in the mills and on the neighboring farms to aid in the family support, at the age of sixteen young Edgar had come to be a sturdy and independent youth, with an ambition to accomplish something for himself in the great world of action; and with only his two hands, a clear head, and an honest purpose as stock in trade, he set forth in the spring of 1873 to "seek his fortune," as the saying goes. He found his way to the city of Manchester, then as now a pushing, ambitious municipality, full of life and energy, but with scarcely half the population and business which it now boasts. He sought and obtained employment as an apprentice in the printing business in the Manchester *Union* establishment, then under the proprietorship of Messrs. Campbell and Hanscom. Here he diligently pursued the work of mastering the "art preservative of arts" for some two years, when, by accident, as it were, came what proved to be the opportunity for advancement which he had hoped for only in the indefinite future. He was given one evening, by Captain Hanscom, a ticket to a lecture, with the half-joking

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\* The Knowltons were among the early New England settlers, the progenitors of this family being located in Ipswich, Mass., as long ago as 1642. Col. Thomas Knowlton, of Revolutionary fame, killed at the battle of Harlem Heights or White Plains, was of the same stock, as was also Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, who fell at Wilson's Creek in the late war, his mother being a Knowlton of the Ipswich line.





remark that he might make a report of the same if he chose. The lecture was attended, and the next morning a comprehensive report of it was on the editor's desk,—a report which demonstrated an unsuspected ability in that line on the part of the young printer, which secured him other assignments of the kind, and, shortly, a regular reporter's position, which was so satisfactorily filled that ere long, when circumstances necessitated a change in that respect, he was promoted to be city editor of the *Union*, a position which he held for several years, until the sale of the paper to Stilson Hutchins in the fall of 1879, and its change to a morning journal, and in which he was continued under Mr. Hutchins's proprietorship, doing no small part of the work which started the *Union* on its prosperous career as a live New Hampshire morning newspaper.

In June, 1880, at the earnest solicitation of a cousin, Hon. O. W. Cutler, subsequently U. S. collector of customs at Suspension Bridge, proprietor of the Lockport (N. Y.) *Daily Union*, Mr. Knowlton severed his connection with the Manchester *Union*, and went to Lockport to take editorial charge of that paper, and conducted the same vigorously and with marked success through that campaign year; but, greatly preferring New Hampshire as a place of residence, and receiving a flattering and urgent invitation from Col. John B. Clarke to take a position in the city department of the *Daily Mirror and American*, he returned to Manchester and accepted the same in January, 1881, and continued the engagement until the fall of 1884, when he resumed his old position as city editor of the *Union*, which he held until February, 1890, when he resigned to accept the office of secretary of the Manchester Board of Trade, to which he had been called by the unanimous voice of the members of that new and enterprising organization formed to promote the business interests of the Queen City.

In his extended period of newspaper work in Manchester, which has by no means been confined to the service of the *Union* and the *Mirror*, as he was for several years the regular correspondent of the Boston *Globe* in that city, and has also written much for other papers, Mr. Knowlton has been brought into closer relationship with the Manchester public, and has formed the personal acquaintance of a greater number of the people than any other man in the

remark that he might make a report of the same if he chose. The lecture was attended, and the next morning a comprehensive report of it was on the editor's desk—a report which demonstrated an unimpaired ability in the line on the part of the young printer, who secured the other assignments of the kind, and, shortly, a regular reporter's position, which was so satisfactorily filled that he long, when circumstances necessitated a change in the respect, he was promoted to be city editor of the *Advertiser*, position which he held for several years until the whole paper to *Stanton Hutchinson* in the fall of 1870, and a change to a morning journal, and in which he was named under Mr. Hutchins's proprietorship, being no small part of the work which started the *Advertiser* on its present career as a New Hampshire morning newspaper.

In June, 1880, at the earnest solicitation of a number of O. W. Carter, subsequently U. S. editor of *Advertiser* and *Suspension Bridge*, proprietor of the *Advertiser* in the State of Maine, Mr. Knowlton severed his connection with the *Manchester Union*, and went to Lowell to fill the editorial chair of that paper, and continued the same until, only and with modest success, though that campaign was but greatly pastering New Hampshire as a place of business and receiving a glowing and urgent invitation from Col. John B. Carter to take a position in the city department of the *Lowell Times* and *Advertiser*, he returned to Manchester and accepted the same in January, 1881, and continued the management until the fall of 1882, when he resumed his old position as city editor of the *Advertiser*, which he held until February, 1885, when he resigned and accepted the office of secretary of the Manchester Board of Aldermen, which he had been called by the corporation to fill, and to promote the business interests of the *Manchester Union*. In his extended period of newspaper work in Manchester, which has by no means been confined to the service of the *Union* and the *Advertiser*, as he was for several years the regular correspondent of the Boston *Globe* in that city, and has also written much for other papers, Mr. Knowlton has been brought into close relationship with the Manchester public, and has formed the personal acquaintance of a greater number of the people than any other man in the



city, and his uniform courtesy and his constant interest in every measure, movement, or enterprise tending to advance the welfare of any class of people, any worthy institution, or of the city at large, have won him a measure of personal popularity certainly never excelled in any New Hampshire community. This was evidenced in an emphatic manner by his election upon the Democratic ticket as a member of the state legislature from ward six, in the fall of 1886, when he received a majority of seventy-six votes in a ward ordinarily Republican by nearly 200. Still more emphatically was it shown in his nomination and election for mayor in 1890, when he received 1,460 out of a total of 1,517 votes cast in the Democratic nominating caucus, and carried the city by a plurality of 132 votes over Thomas W. Lane, the Republican nominee, long chief-engineer of the city fire department, admittedly the most popular Republican in Manchester and nominated because of the fact,—and this, too, when the Republicans carried the city by over 600 plurality for Col. Tuttle, their gubernatorial candidate.

Shortly after assuming the duties of the mayor's office, in January, 1891, Mr. Knowlton resigned the position of secretary of the Board of Trade, to which he had given his best energies for nearly a year, and in which he had accomplished much for the advancement of the material prosperity of the city of his adoption. The care and application requisite to the proper discharge of the mayor's duties in a city like Manchester are enough to tax heavily the mental and physical powers of the most intelligent and robust. With the annual receipts and expenditures of the municipality aggregating nearly a million of dollars, every item of which has to pass his inspection, with his regular service in connection with the board of aldermen in city legislation, and his manifold duties as the chief administrative officer of the city, directing the police and looking after the general machinery of the municipal government in all its details, and attending incidentally to the work of the various boards of which he is a member by virtue of his office, being *ex officio* president of the school board, member of the board of overseers of the poor, of the board of water commissioners, trustees of the city library, and of the trustees of the Elliot hospital, of which latter board he is president by election,—it is manifest to all that Mayor Knowlton holds





a position that is in no sense a sinecure. He is necessarily, as well as naturally, a worker. Yet amid all his duties and all the annoyances to which he is unavoidably subjected, he maintains the same courteous bearing and genial manners that contributed so greatly to his success in his newspaper work; and although in the independent administration of his office he has necessarily gone counter to the wishes of personal friends at one time or another, he retains in the highest measure his hold upon public confidence and regard, and in the second year of his term is no less popular than at the start.

As mayor, he has been instrumental in the inauguration of many reforms, prominent among which is the removal of hanging and projecting signs along the city streets, a measure which although encountering strong opposition in some quarters, is now generally conceded to have greatly improved the appearance of the city while working disadvantage to none. He was also largely instrumental in securing the passage of the act by the last legislature empowering the city board of water commissioners to take whatever measures, including the condemnation of property, which should be deemed necessary, in their judgment, to preserve the purity of Lake Massabesic, whence is obtained the water-supply of the city. He has been specially zealous in the prosecution of measures looking to the preservation of the public health, and insuring all practical means of recreation for the children of the city, the flooding of the parks this winter, to provide convenient opportunities for skating, being a popular measure taken upon his suggestion.

As a citizen, he has ever been earnestly interested in all practical agencies to advance the material and educational welfare of the people. He has given hearty encouragement to all movements tending to promote the ownership of homes by the workingmen of the city, and is a director of the Citizens Building and Loan Association. He has also been instrumental in furnishing popular and instructive entertainment for the masses, and in one season took the entire risk and labor involved in furnishing a first-class course of lectures, in which the ablest speakers in the country appeared.

Mr. Knowlton is an ardent lover of nature, and long before Lake Sunapee became a popular resort was wont to spend his summer vacation camping upon its romantic





shores. Indeed, his letters upon its beauties in the *Union* and the *Mirror* contributed largely toward bringing it into public notice. He is an enthusiast in athletic sports, and in base ball, polo, and rifle shooting has been both active and skillful. He is a prominent member of various social and fraternal organizations, his connection embracing the Knights of Pythias, Ancient Order of United Workmen, Improved Order of Red Men, Royal Society of Good Fellows, and Patrons of Husbandry. He is liberal in his religious ideas, and is an attendant upon the services of the First Universalist Church of Manchester, although not a member of the church organization.

From boyhood Mr. Knowlton has been an uncompromising Democrat, and has been active in advancing the interests of his party. He has served several years upon the Democratic city committee, and is an active member of the Granite State Club. That his party and the people have further honors in store for him in the near future is ardently believed by his many friends.

Mr. Knowlton married, November 2, 1880, Miss Genevieve I. Blanchard of Nicholville, N. Y., by whom he has two daughters,—Bessie Genevieve, born April 2, 1885, and Belle Frances, October 3, 1887. His residence is at 533 Lake avenue. His brother, George H., who graduated with distinction from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, is also a resident of Manchester, where he has been engaged in the drug business for several years.

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### SONNET.

BY HENRY ROBINSON.

I mused of earthly sway, of wealth and fame,  
 In pleasing fancy, my lone mind to please.  
 Yet 't was indeed not wholly false and tame :  
 An angel took my hand, my heart to ease,  
 And bade me, with soft words of tender love,  
 In one brief space of mortal time to see  
 Of what, in that celestial realm above,  
 Of empire, wealth and fame is there for me  
 In Paradise. And lo ! a wondrous sight !  
 A throne we saw, a crown, a harp of gold !  
 Through pearly cities wended our swift flight,—  
 Forever mine, command and wealth untold !  
 I 'woke from dreamland then, in which I sat,  
 Where purred against my hanging hand—the cat.





## RAMBLES ABOUT A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

RAMBLE NUMBER XXXIII—Concluded.

Daniel Floyd's prominence and worth are shown by the number of offices he was chosen to by his fellow-citizens. There was no wire pulling or bribery of voters in those days, and the mere fact of a man's being elected to office was proof of his capability and his popularity. In the fall of 1774, after the incorporation of the town, at the first town meeting, he was elected chairman of the first board of selectmen. At the next annual town meeting he was chosen moderator and was repeatedly elected to that office. In August, 1775, Daniel Floyd, with his father-in-law, Daniel Annis, and Captain Francis Davis, were chosen a committee of safety. He appears, also, to have been the enrolling officer for Warner, and was commissioned as captain. We copy the following from Dr. Bouton's *Provincial Papers*:

### "ROLL OF CAPTAIN DAN'L FLOOD'S COMPANY, 1776.

"Daniel Flood, captain; Thomas Rowell, first lieutenant; Philip Flanders, second lieutenant; Joseph Currier, ensign; privates, Abner Chase, Abner Watkins, Christopher Flanders, David Bagley, Daniel Currier, David Annis, Ebenezer Eastman, Ezra Flanders, Edmund Sawyer, Francis Davis, Jr., James Palmer, Isaac Chase, Isaac Waldron, Jr., Jonathan Gould, Joseph Foster, Jonathan Fifield, James Flanders, Jonathan Smith, John Palmer, Moses Call, Moses Clement, Nathaniel Trumbull, Richard Goodwin, Robert Gould, Stephen Edmunds, Samuel Trumbull, Thomas Annis, Wells Davis, Zebulon Davis, Theophilus Davis.

### "GONE INTO THE SERVICE.

"Jacob Waldron, Jacob Tucker, Isaac Walker, David Gilmore, Daniel Young, Hubbard Carter, Moses Clark, Paskey Russey.

### "ALARM LIST MEN.

"Daniel Annis, Daniel Flanders, Daniel Annis, Jr., Francis Davis, Isaac Waldron, Joseph Sawyer, Jonathan Palmer, Jacob Hoyt, Nehemiah Heath, Parmenas Watson, Wm. Kelley, Benj. Currier, Samuel Roby, Seth Goodwin.





"Sir: I have sent you a return of my company according to your orders. We mustered and cannot make out to chuse any serjeants as yet; as for firearms we have not got half enough, and where to get them we know not. Our men saith they cannot get guns for they are not in the Country, and shall see you next week.

"DANIEL FLOOD.

"To Major Chandler in Hopkinton."

In Hammond's *Town Papers* is the following :

"WARNER, July the 8th, 1780.

"Pursuant to orders dated July the first for to raise five men out of my company, and according to orders, I have proceeded, have raised four men for to joyn the army at Amherst by the 12th day of this month, as follows: John Palmer, Nathaniel Trumbull, Israel Rand, Simon Palmer. I have also draughted Ebenezer Eastman for to go to Haverhill, in Coos, and ordered him to be at Concord by the tenth of this instant month to pass muster and then to proceed on to Coos, there to remain till further orders.

"DANIEL FLOOD.

"To Col. Thomas Stickney in Concord."

Up to the sightly, commodious habitation of Captain Daniel Floyd, one day in December, 1777, thronged a promiscuous crowd. They came down from the west and north, from Newbury, Sutton, and Andover; they climbed up on the south from the scattered farm houses of our own township—the legal voters of these classed towns—to elect a representative to the general court at Exeter. The doors of the hospitable old house were thrown wide open. Mrs. Floyd and her young daughter and two or three helpful neighbors were busy as bees cooking food and setting it before these hungry visitors. Never before nor since, except possibly on some of the later muster days, did Denney hill see such a crowd. On that day Daniel Morrill, who lived on the Charles H. Couch place, was elected representative.

The following year the master of the house, Daniel Floyd himself, was elected as the third representative from Warner. He attended three sessions of the legislature. It was in the midst of the gloomy Revolutionary period, and





there was a demand for extra legislation. Floyd was a strong man in the assembly; he had large abilities, good common sense, and was accustomed to public speaking. Warner had no need to be ashamed of her representative, even among the Weares, Gilmans, and Livermores, the giants of those days.

In 1782, at a meeting holden Nov. 26th, Captain Daniel Floyd was elected with four others, viz., Joseph Sawyer, Francis Davis, Daniel Morrill and Tappan Evans, as a committee "to peruse the new plan of government and make their report at the adjournment of this meeting." He probably was in office more than any other man in town of his day and generation. The last year of his life he was collector of taxes for his fellow-townsmen. Captain Floyd died at his home in 1805, in the 67th year of his age. He was buried in the old cemetery by the parade, where so many of the early settlers found a resting-place.

Daniel Floyd was undoubtedly the strongest man, physically, of all the early settlers of our township. His physique was magnificent. He was over six feet in height, broad shouldered and deep-chested, and with the limbs of a Hercules. For several years after the settlement of the town the nearest grist-mill was at Concord where the St. Paul's School now stands, and the settlers used to carry their grists to that place upon their backs in summer, and in winter drew them upon hand-sleds over the snow. The other settlers were accustomed to take a bushel at a time upon their shoulders, but the sturdy captain invariably carried two bushels. It is related that, on one occasion, in a spirit of bravado, he placed a heavy pole on one shoulder to balance the two bushels of meal on the other, and carried it a long distance. When at last he threw the pole away, he said to a neighbor with him (it was his brother-in-law, Reuben Kimball), "I have the advantage of you now, for my load is so much lightened that it does n't seem as though I was carrying anything." We might as well state now that the original family name was Flood, but in 1814 it was changed to Floyd. To avoid any confusion, I have confined myself to the later orthography altogether.

Captain Floyd had two brothers who settled in town a little later than he did, Richard and Amos Floyd, the latter a soldier of the Revolution. Both of them lived for a





time on Denney hill. Amos occupied the log cabin built by his brother Daniel on the southern slope of the hill, and his family lived there all through the Revolutionary war. His grandson vouches for the following bear story: *Ursus Americanus* was a frequent marauder in the early days of settlement, and one day one of those animals visited Denney hill. The settler was away from home, but faithful Tray guarded the premises in his absence and drove the bear up a tree. Bear meat was a valued delicacy among the pioneers, and this one being large and fat, Mrs. Floyd determined not to lose what promised to be so valuable an addition to her larder. She therefore built a fire under the tree to keep Bruin from coming down, replenishing it from time to time till her husband returned home. A shot from the old queen's arm then brought the animal down.

Amos Floyd left town in May, 1811, and went to Ohio, where he died in 1815 or 1816. He was the father of at least two sons, Amos, Jr., and Daniel. The latter was a captain in the militia and a famous house carpenter. He built the Runels house at the lower village, the Martha Hutchinson house, and later the buildings on the Reuben Clough place, and lived in each one for a number of years. Daniel was born on Denney hill in 1782. He died in Derry, N. H., in 1867, in his 85th year. His son Daniel still lives in Lowell, Mass., at an advanced age.

The home of Richard Floyd was a little south of his brother's, still further down the hillside. If one walks down the road to the south-east corner of Frank Bartlett's field, not a rod from the wall he will observe a slight rise of ground with a depression in the centre. That is the site of the old Artless house where Richard Floyd lived a hundred years ago. The foundation is plainly visible. Richard went away from the hill in the early part of the century, and was living at Portsmouth in 1812, and probably died there.

To return to the original Captain Floyd. He was survived by a widow and several children. His oldest son, Nathaniel, succeeded him on the Denney hill farm and as collector of taxes. He was born Jan. 25th, 1765. The other children were born as follows: Achsah, May 29th, 1768; Elizabeth, May 5th, 1773; Daniel, Dec. 6th, 1775; Rachel, April 25, 1778; Dorcas, March 31st, 1785. I have not





been able to gather much information regarding them. Daniel Floyd, Jr., was a well-known citizen of the town for many years, but was drowned in the Pemigewasset river in the early part of the century. The daughter Rachel, named for her mother, was a famous rustic belle and a fine singer. She married Enoch Osgood, a brother of Jacob, the celebrated Osgoodite preacher. After Mrs. Floyd's death the sons left town and their fine patrimony came into the possession of Captain John Denney, whose name has clung to this pleasant eminence.

Denney was by birth an Englishman, and had been a sea captain. His old log-book was preserved for many years at the home of his neighbor and brother-in-law, Moses F. Colby, but was finally sold by accident among a lot of paper rags, and was lost. The captain was a man of means, but his putative wealth was probably greater than his real. He was the reputed possessor of an iron box which was believed to be filled with gold ingots and jewels. In his parlor he had a collection of family portraits, done in oil and magnificently framed, that were the wonder of the neighborhood. He was largely interested in the sheep business, and introduced the first merino sheep into town. The Captain Denney farm embraced the whole hill, including the Reuben Clough pasture, the site of the old training-ground, the Robertson pasture on the south slope, the Bartlett field, and the pasture owned by Frank Mitchell just below, as well as what A. D. Farnum now owns. He built a big barn for his sheep a little south of his other buildings and close to the road. It is said that he lost money in his sheep industry.

Captain Denney was a man of middle size with the characteristic full flesh and red face of the Englishman. His air was that of a person whose habit it had been to exercise authority. He had a peculiar rolling gait, such as usually characterizes sailors, acquired by long confinement to a ship's deck. A singular fatality attended his family.

Captain Denney's first wife was Anne Morrill, sister of Abel and Dolly Morrill of this town. She died June 19th, 1813, in the 37th year of her age. She had two children, both boys. The oldest, John W. Denney, died April 8th, 1823, aged 14 years and 4 months. The youngest, Na-





*47th & 88 missing in original*

thaniel, died April 14th, 1812, aged 5 months. For his second wife the captain married Gertrude Davis, a daughter of Wells Davis, who lived at the Pratt place. They had three children, Judith, Caleb and Jane. The latter was the village belle and was betrothed to Henry George, son of Major Daniel George, who lived at the lower village, but she died, before the marriage-day, of that dreaded scourge of New England, consumption. She was 24 years old. Her brother and sister also died young; Caleb in 1839, aged 23 years, and Judith in 1841, aged 26 years. Captain Denney died in 1817, aged only 42 years, and his widow, after a number of years, removed from the hill and spent the remainder of her days in the little brown cottage on the cross street where I first started on my "ramble." It was at this place where her children died. She survived them many years.

Of the occupants of the old Floyd place since the Denneys left much need not be said. Elijah Eaton lived there a number of years. His widow died at the tin-shop tenement not many years ago. Their daughter, Mrs. Fanny Eaton Tyler, is still living in our village.

From 1841 to 1849 the place was owned and occupied by Dudley Bailey, whose daughter Martha married Harrison D. Robertson, who is still living. Mr. Bailey died in 1849. Then Joshua Sawyer owned the place a few years. In the summer of 1855 Gardner Davis came from Woburn, Mass., and purchased the large farm. Mr. Davis was the oldest son of John Davis, who lived near Bradford pond, a brother of Calvin and Harrison Davis. He died on the 22d of March, 1875. Two children survived him, viz., Almeda, who married Frank Bartlett and lives near the old homestead, and Henry A. Davis, who resides in Henniker.

Mr. Davis's widow kept the place a few years, and then sold to Abner D. Farnum, who took down and sold the old buildings. The old Floyd barn was destroyed by fire in September, 1856. It was believed to have been the work of an incendiary, and created a good deal of talk at the time. In the ruins was found the body of a dead horse, on whose feet were shoes the like of which were not made in this vicinity. The common belief was that some fugitive from justice changed horses in the night, and to hide the evidence of his crime set the barn on fire. Nothing





## REV. A. J. GORDON, D. D.

BY MARION HOWARD.

A scholarly, intellectual, and faithful pastor is not always a man of great personal popularity, but in the case of this noted clergyman there is no question as to the fact.

Rev. Adoniram Judson Gordon of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, is a thoroughly good, wholesome, big-hearted, Christian man, and a remarkably fine preacher. He was born in New Hampton, N. H., April 19, 1836, of a godly parentage—John Calvin and Sallie (Robinson) Gordon. He was named after Dr. Adoniram Judson, the well-known American missionary, who did noble work in Burmah more than half a century ago. During his boyhood days he was surrounded by the best and most gracious influences. At the age of sixteen he was converted to the Baptist faith.

He early settled upon the ministry as his chosen profession, and took his degree at Brown University in 1860, and at Newton Theological Seminary three years later. While pursuing his college course much of his time was spent about the farm, and it is to this outdoor work that he attributes the physical development which has stood him in good stead throughout the strain and stress of working life covering a quarter of a century.

Dr. Gordon's first pastorate was at Jamaica Plain, whence he came to the Clarendon street church in 1870. Last year Dr. Gordon celebrated his twenty years' pastorate, and his sermon on that occasion will long be remembered.

A paper read by Dr. Gordon before the Backus Historical Society, and published in the *Watchman* of July 17, 1890, covers a complete story of his connection with the church, now called "Dr. Gordon's." Under his guidance this church has become especially noted for the large and important temperance and evangelical work which it has so nobly carried on.

Dr. Gordon was instrumental in the formation of the Boston Industrial Home, which has been successful in helping young men toward sobriety and self-support, and is interested in all reforms. He is ably assisted and sustained





in his work by his wife, who is a native of Providence, R. I. Mrs. Gordon shares with her husband many of the honors conferred upon him, and is a perfect type of noble womanhood. Their family consists of six children, the eldest, a daughter, being married, while one son is a recent graduate of Harvard College.

Personally, Dr. Gordon is a singularly attractive man. He is tall and portly, with a well-knit frame and finely shaped head, indicative of true intellect. His face is smooth, and he has a mouth whose downward curves and firm lips show energy and force; yet a smile shows the sunniness and sweetness of the man's nature. A wealth of gray hair adorns his head, and, "take him all in all," he is every inch a man and a typical Christian.

Dr. Gordon is the editor of *The Watchword*. He has published many valuable books, which have been widely read on both continents, notably "The Ministry of Healing," "In Christ," and "Grace and Glory." His latest publication is entitled "First Thing in the World, or the Primacy of Faith."

At the gathering of the "United Conference on Foreign Missions," in London, Eng., June, 1888, Dr. Gordon so ably represented America as to attract wide-spread attention and to command the immediate respect of all with whom he came in contact. "The Christian Portrait Gallery," a fine work published in London the following year, contains a biographical sketch, with a fine portrait, of this worthy son of New Hampshire. Many beautiful tributes are paid by the author to both Dr. and Mrs. Gordon for their noble utterances and work, both at home and abroad.





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## MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

### THE CHORAL SOCIETY.

It is a matter of regret that no cities or large towns in New Hampshire, except Concord, Laconia, and Berlin Falls, can claim such an organization as a choral society or vocal club. There is no reasonable excuse for such a state of affairs. The one great difficulty, which is painfully apparent to everybody, is the lack of unity among local musicians. Music teachers and performers seem to live in a little world of their own, entertaining and educating only a small class of the community, whom they call pupils. They allow petty jealousies to come into their work, and the consequences are that pupils are taught everything on the narrow-gauge plan, and the art and community both are sufferers. There should be in all our larger towns ladies and gentlemen, who are neither teachers nor performers, who are lovers of music and have the best interests of the place at heart in the sense of education and accomplishment, who should form an organization, ignoring as officers or working members all such as have proven themselves unworthy through narrowness of spirit or selfish motives, and teach these pretended believers that music as an art is as broad as the heavens and too grand for such conception or purposes; then hold weekly meetings, under competent direction, rehearsing such music as can be mastered by the chorus, giving entertainments from time to time, leading the public on and up, step by step, as they as an organization progress, until the mighty works of the masters may be performed and understood. In this and in no other way can a city, town, or state put itself on record, in a musical sense. Concord, Manchester, Nashua, or any town may take pride in and boast of an orchestra or military band which is exceptionally fine, but this has nothing whatever to do with musical education or refinement among the people. These organizations are speculative, catering largely to the heels and not to the heads and hearts of the people.

We trust it is not too much to hope for that the time is not far distant when something will be done to awaken the profession and the public from a sleep which has brought





misery to the cause, and robbed the people of much that is beautiful.

#### THE LITTLETON FESTIVAL.

We understand the twenty-fourth annual festival of the Littleton Musical Association to have been a financial success this year. From an artistic standpoint we are unable to speak, as those who should have the best interests of the cause at heart took no pains to give the desired information. It is apparent, however, to all music-lovers throughout the state that as an educator the Littleton festival falls short of its mission. If they would advertise a series of entertainments, then we should not feel called upon to censure; but with the word "festival" we associate all that is grand in effort and purpose, where the works of the masters may be performed for the good of mankind, and where the student may receive education and encouragement.

With a world of beautiful music at the command of the committee, and great artists in the field, there seems to be no good excuse for this state of affairs. We hear that they intend to make a great effort next season in the right direction. Let us hope so, and wish them "God speed" in every good undertaking.

#### SCHUBERT CLUB MUSICALE.

The Schubert Club of Laconia gave a musicale on Thursday evening, Feb. 4th, at the South church. There was a good attendance, and the programme evidently gave great satisfaction.

The club rendered in a very creditable manner "Who Knows what the Bells Say," by Parker, "Among the Lilies," by Czibulka, and a part song, "The Spring's Free Sunshine Falleth."

Miss Lena Durrell, Miss Edith Cate, Mr. J. B. F. Bell and Mr. Putnam contributed songs, Mrs. C. K. Sanborn and Mrs. Eben Hoyt, Miss Mary Susie Tilton and Mr. Bell appeared in duets, and a male quartette by Messrs. Bell, Putnam, Proctor, and Plummer, gave great pleasure to the audience. Mrs. Lougee and Miss Laura Hibbard performed the overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," arranged for piano for four hands. A Meditation, for two violins, cello, and piano, by Messrs. Merrill, Duffee, and Judkins, and Mrs. Lougee, and two violin solos by Mr.





Blaisdell, constituted the instrumental numbers, and were received with marked favor.

We believe this example of the Schubert Club, to give an entertainment wherein the individual members can take part, to be worthy the attention of societies throughout the state, as it inspires confidence in amateurs, and the public soon learn to realize and appreciate their resources in this direction. Rehearsals on Planquette's opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," will begin at once, and will be performed in early spring to close the season with.

#### LISBON FESTIVAL.

The seventh annual festival of the Lisbon Musical Association occurred the week of Feb. 8th. The chorus, which numbered one hundred and thirty voices, was exceedingly fine. They have improved from year to year until it is a pleasure to listen and feel the earnestness of their united efforts. The music performed this year was "The Feast of Adonis," by Jensen, "The Sirens," for female voices, by Harry Brooks Day, who, by the way, is a New Hampshire boy of much promise, four part songs, by Mendelssohn, two male choruses, "Marie," by Jansen, and "Veni Spiritus Sanctus," by Kreutzer, the Miserere scene from *Il Trovatore*, and some church music. The attendance was good. The assisting artists were Minnie Stevens Coffin of Boston, soprano, Thos. H. Cushman of Boston, tenor, Mr. Frank Reynolds of Boston, elocutionist, the Crescent Male Quartette of Concord, consisting of Messrs. Conant, Os-good, Bartlett, and Scribner, Martha Dana Shepard, pianiste, of Boston, and Blaisdell's Orchestral Club of Concord. The music throughout was of a high order and gave great satisfaction. The management are musical people whose ambition is to do good and help put us on record as a musical state second to none.

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The following music has been decided upon for the first annual festival of the Concord Choral Union the last week of April: "The Feast of Adonis," by Jensen; "The Daughter of Jairus," by Stainer. From Wagner's compositions, "Hail, Bright Abode," from Tannhauser, "Rhine Maidens' Chorus," from *Götterdämmerung*, "The Prayer and Finale," from *Lohengrin*; and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and the "Symphony in B Minor," by Schubert.



Blaisdell, constituted the instrumental numbers, and were received with marked favor. We believe this example of the Schubert Club, to give an entertainment wherein the individual members can take part, to be worthy the attention of societies throughout the state, as it inspires confidence in amateurs, and the public soon learns to realize and appreciate their resources in this direction. Richardson on Wagner's opera, "The Ring of the Nibelung," will begin at once, and will be performed in early spring to close the season with.

# LISBON FESTIVAL.

The seventh annual festival of the Lisbon Musical Association occurred the week of Feb. 8th. The concert, which numbered one hundred and thirty voices, was exceedingly fine. They have improved from year to year and it is a pleasure to listen and feel the earnestness of their vocal efforts. The music performed this year was "The Feast of Abasco," by Jensen, "The Storm," for female voices, by Harry Brooks Partridge, by the way, is a New Hampshire boy of much promise, four part songs by Mendelssohn, two male choruses, "March," by Jensen, and "Veni Spiritus Sanctus," by Kautsky, the latter scene from H. T. Torvalds and some church music. The attendance was good. The assisting artists were Misses Stevens Coffin of Boston, soprano, Thos. H. Cushman of Boston, tenor, Mr. Frank Reynolds of Boston, eloquentist, the Crescent Male Quartet of Concord, consisting of Messrs. Conant, Osgood, Bartlett, and Scribner, Martha Davis Shepard, pianist, of Boston, and Blaisdell's Orchestral Club of Concord. The music throughout was of a high order and gave great satisfaction. The management and musical people whose ambition is to do good and help put us on record as a musical state second to none.

The following music has been decided upon for the first annual festival of the Concord Choral Union the last week of April: "The Feast of Abasco," by Jensen; "The Day after Tomorrow," by Scribner; From Wagner's compositions, "Hail, Bright Astarte," from "Lohengrin," "Ride of the Valkyries," from "Götterdämmerung," "The Prayer and Finale," from "Lohengrin," and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and the "Symphony in B Minor," by Schubert.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

### HON. OSSIAN RAY.

Hon. Ossian Ray, born in Hinesburg, Vt., December 13, 1835, died in Lancaster, N. H., January 28, 1892.

Mr. Ray was educated in the academies at Irasburg and Derby, Vt., and studied law with Jesse Cooper in the former town. He settled in Lancaster, and commenced legal practice, as a partner of Hon. Jacob Benton, in 1857, and ever after resided in that town, soon attaining prominence at the bar, and in political life as an active Republican. He was solicitor for Coös county from 1862 till 1872, represented Lancaster in the legislature in 1868 and 1869, was U. S. district attorney for New Hampshire from February, 1879, to December, 1880, and a representative in congress from December, 1880 (filling Maj. E. W. Farr's unexpired term), till March, 1885. He ranked high among the brilliant lawyers of northern New Hampshire, and was a faithful public servant in the various offices which he filled. Mr. Ray was twice married, first to Alice A. Fling of Stewartstown, and after her decease to Mrs. Sallie E. Burnside of Lancaster, and had two children by each marriage.

### HON. JOHN J. MORRILL.

Hon. John J. Morrill, born in Gilford, August 3, 1816, died in the same town, and in the very room where he was born, January 21, 1892.

He was a son of Captain Barnard Morrill, and was educated at Gilmanton and New Hampton academies. He carried on extensive farming operations, and was also engaged in lumbering and tanning. He was a leading Republican, held various town offices, and was a member of the Executive Council in 1872 and 1873. He had also been prominently mentioned for congressional and gubernatorial nominations. April 3, 1845, he married Nancy Sanborn, by whom he had three sons, one of whom, John B., survives.

### HON. W. H. H. MASON, M. D.

Dr. William H. H. Mason, born in Gilford, December 14, 1817, died in Moultonborough, January 29, 1892.

Dr. Mason was educated in Wolfeborough and Gilmanton





academies, studied medicine with the famous Dr. Andrew McFarland, graduated from Dartmouth Medical School in 1842, and commenced practice as a physician in Moultonborough the same year. He won distinction in his profession, and took great interest in public affairs. He was moderator of the Moultonborough town-meeting for twenty-three successive years, represented Moultonborough in the legislature in 1859-60-62 and 1869, and the sixth district in the state senate in 1864-65. He was also a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1876. He was for ten years an active member of the State Board of Agriculture, and for several years before his death one of the trustees of the N. H. Asylum for the Insane. Politically, he was a Democrat.

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#### ALSON L. BROWN.

Alson L. Brown, born in Bristol, April 9, 1827, died in Whitefield, January 24, 1892.

He was brought up in the lumber business from boyhood, and after attaining his majority was associated with his father in that industry, his brother, Warren G., acquiring the interest of the latter in 1864, when the subsequently famous firm of A. L. & W. G. Brown was formed. In 1872, the firm removed to Whitefield, and established the business which afterwards developed into Brown's Lumber Company, of which the deceased had been the president from its organization, and which carried on more extensive operations than any other concern of the kind in the state, with a single exception. Mr. Brown was a Republican in politics, represented Whitefield in the legislature in 1881 and 1882, also in the Constitutional Convention of 1876, and was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in Chicago, in 1880.

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#### HON. JOHN L. HADLEY.

Hon. John Langdon Hadley, born in Weare, February 19, 1810, died in his native town January 17, 1892.

His home had been in Weare nearly all his life, and his occupation that of a farmer. He represented his town in the legislature in 1834-35-36-37-38, and again in 1846-47-48, in the meantime having served four years as register of deeds for Hillsborough county, at Amherst. In 1849-50 he was a member of the executive council, and in the latter





year was chosen secretary of state, serving five successive years. October 1, 1839, he married Elizabeth L. Cilley, by whom he had five children, three of whom survive him. He was a man of large influence in his town and section, a Democrat in politics, and a Congregationalist in religion.

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REV. WILLARD SPAULDING, D. D.

Rev. Willard Spaulding, born in Lempster, N. H., January 28, 1822, died in West Peabody, Mass., February 11, 1892.

He was reared on a farm, received a common-school and academical education, and being possessed of oratorical gifts and a taste for public speaking, as well as a strong religious nature, he early commenced studying for the ministry, and was ordained as a preacher in the Universalist denomination, in which faith he was reared, at the age of twenty-one years. His first pastorate was at West Cambridge, now Arlington, Mass. He was subsequently located at Methuen and Newburyport, and was settled as pastor of the First Universalist Church, at Salem, in 1859, where he remained through a most successful pastorate of ten years. He then purchased a farm in West Peabody, to which he retired; but afterwards preached for a time in New Orleans, and also in Cincinnati, and even to the very close of his life temporarily occupied pulpits in various places. He was a most earnest and persuasive speaker, and an enthusiastic supporter of the anti-slavery, temperance and labor-reform causes, and was the temperance and labor candidate for congressman in the seventh Massachusetts district in 1886.

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Other citizens or natives of New Hampshire, attaining distinction in different walks of life, recently deceased, some of whose careers it is hoped to note to some extent in these pages hereafter, include David Whiting, a well-known and successful business man of Wilton, born August 26, 1810, who died January 11, 1892; Hon. Walter A. Wood, head of the great mowing and reaping machine works at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., born in Mason, October 23, 1815, who died January 15, 1892; James T. Furber, general manager of the Boston & Maine Railroad, born in Somersworth, June 5, 1827, who died in Lawrence, Mass., January 27, 1892; and Dr. Leonard French of Manchester, born in Bedford, November 11, 1817, who died February 13, 1892.





The

GRANITE  
MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

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CONCORD, N. H.:

H. H. METCALF,	} Publishers.	{ Subscription, \$1.50 per Year.
A. H. ROBINSON,		

15 CENTS PER COPY.

Printed by N. H. Democratic Press Co.

Entered at the Post-Office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.

HISTORY

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Concord Safe Deposit Vaults.

The First National Bank of Concord, N. H., has established the Concord Safe Deposit Vaults in the United Bank Building, 20 North Main street (corner of Depot), within three minutes' walk of the Railway Passenger Station. These vaults are provided with every approved convenience and device for safety, including automatic electric connection with the police station. Customers will find that nothing has been omitted which could add to their security or comfort. Ventilation and light are abundant. Convenient coupon rooms adjoin the vaults.

Apartments for the sole use of ladies are provided.

Customers' safes range in capacity from 240 to 3960 cubic inches, and will be rented at from \$8.00 to \$75.00 a year. Customers have direct access to their safes and unlock and lock them themselves. Coupons of customers will be cashed, or credited to their accounts in the banking department, if desired. Silverware and other valuables received in the owners' trunks or packages for safe storage.

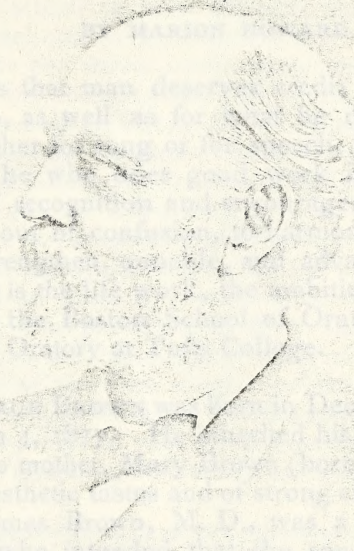
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invited to become such. . . .



## THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV. APRIL 1882. NO. 4.

## PROF. MOSES TRUE BROWN.



True it is that man does not know what he causes others to do, so well as he knows himself. The vocal act, either in a low or in a chaotic condition, and he knows that this direction is deserving of the highest praise is best. To bring order to the confusion of the present elements, to strengthen the foundation of his profession of elocution and the foundation of Prof. Brown, principal of the Granite State Oratory, and Professor Emeritus of the Granite State University.

Moses True Brown, of New Hampshire, March 18, 1818, was a man of eloquence from his youth. He was a woman of decided artistic taste, a woman of strong convictions. His father, Thomas True, M. D., was a physician of wide reputation, who intended that the son should follow the medical profession, so he had took up the study of medicine, but discontinued it at the death of his father, a few years later.

He was the second of five children, and received his early education in the public schools of Manchester. He had fixed for college, his purpose being to enter the junior class at Dartmouth, but his father's death necessarily changed his plans, and he engaged in teaching, the only means of earning an inheritance of courage, and he was graduated from the Granite State University of the North.

With regards,

Moses True Brown.





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV.      APRIL, 1892.

NO. 4.

PROF. MOSES TRUE BROWN.

BY MARION HOWARD.

True it is that man deserves credit for what he causes others to do, as well as for what he does himself. The vocal art, either for song or for speech, is in a chaotic condition, and he who does good work in that direction is deserving of recognition and encouragement, at least. To bring order out of confusion, to harmonize discordant elements, to strengthen, ennoble, and advance the profession of elocution is the life work, the ambition of Prof. Brown, principal of the Boston School of Oratory, and Professor Emeritus of Oratory at Tufts College.

MOSES TRUE BROWN was born in Deerfield, New Hampshire, March 4, 1827. He inherited his aptitude for elocution from his mother, Mary Brown (born Moore), a woman of decided æsthetic tastes and of strong characteristics. His father, Thomas Brown, M. D., was a physician of wide reputation, who intended that the son should follow the medical profession, so the lad took up the study of medicine, but discontinued it, on the death of his father, a few years later.

He was the second of five children, and received his early education in the public schools of Manchester. He had fitted for college, his purpose being to enter the junior class at Dartmouth, but his father's death necessarily changed his plans, and he engaged in teaching, the only resource at his command being an inheritance of courage, energy and brains. He taught two terms in the ungraded schools at Manchester, and was then engaged as principal of the North Grammar School, the largest in the city,





which he conducted with much success. While here, he met the eminent teacher of elocution, William Russell, the collaborator of James E. Murdoch—two names that shine the brightest in the American elocutionary firmament.

Prof. Brown's enthusiasm for the art dates from that event. William Russell had in him a most devoted student, who has through a long career made the art of expression prominent. From the Manchester school he was called to the high school at New Britain, Conn.; next to the head of a grammar school at New Haven; then to the superintendency of schools at Toledo, Ohio.

To pass over the many useful years spent in teaching and studying, we come to his call to the professorship of oratory at Tufts college in the fall of 1866, which chair he still holds. Well do we know how faithfully and earnestly Prof. Brown has labored in his chosen calling. Many graduates of Tufts college have reason to be grateful to their devoted teacher for his painstaking efforts in their behalf.

In 1884 Prof. Brown became principal of the now famous Boston School of Oratory, succeeding Prof. Robert R. Raymond, who was preceded by Prof. Lewis B. Monroe. This he considers the culminating work of his life.

At a meeting of the New England Association of School Superintendents, shortly after the assumption of his new duties, the keynote of his elocutionary campaign was sounded in the following extracts from his speech:

"Reading for expression reacts upon silent reading and gives clearness of definition to the thought. . . . Expression is living manifestation, and in the last analysis all expression rests in the motion or gesture of the body or its special instruments. . . . Teachers of reading are mainly engaged in teaching how to get the thought, and there is serious neglect of teaching how to give the thought to others. The first process is that of analysis; the second process is that of synthesis. . . . Pupils, from the kind of teaching now most in vogue, articulate words without the slightest evidence of feeling. . . . Teachers are busy with the head to the neglect of the heart. More men think than feel. More men write well than speak well. Our fine art of conversation has run to type. Reading is a lost art. Let the teacher lead out and make expression the threefold nature of the child. Then shall reading, with musical voice and chest action, make glad the ear and eye and heart."

He is also an author, and is widely known through his book—"The Sympathetic Philosophy of Expression." It is not alone a valuable text-book for the special student,





but most valuable to the reader as well. It has been recognized, not only by prominent teachers of elocution, but by eminent philosophers like Herbert Spencer and John Fiske, also by the Rev. Francis T. Russell, son of the distinguished William Russell, whose own elocutionary attainments qualify him to speak authoritatively.

Prof. Brown believes firmly in the philosophy of Delsarte, and is an eminent exponent of the system. He says,—“If Darwin made the science of expression possible, Delsarte made the art an inspiration and a delight.” He further says,—“The simple term ‘elocution’ has given way to the complex term ‘expression’; and this in strict accord with the ever-operative law of evolution. Always, progress is from simplicity toward complexity. So, from the training of the voice, with a crude technique for gesture, the modern teacher trains the whole body, as the instrument of the soul, along the three lines of voice, pantomime, and speech.”

Prof. Brown considers “poise” a psychic necessity in art, and it is gained through the Delsarte drill.

Repose is, he says, acquired by exercises called “devitalizing,” and “vitalizing,” and these lead to ease, harmony, and precision, the three essentials to grace. To “devitalize” is to withdraw the will from any given portion of the body. The body then becomes plastic—the instrument, really, waiting for the soul to enter and inform it.

In the mind of Prof. Brown a beautiful instance of this was in the Galatea of Mary Anderson. As she stood as the statue—an exquisite example of plastic art—and at last awakening to the words of Pygmalion,—the thrill of life begins to quiver through her form, the illustration of the finer possibilities of Delsartian art, the most perfect on record. The philosophy that teaches not only grace of motion, but economy in vital force, is the most important act in life.

The work, then, of the Boston School of Oratory, under Prof. Brown’s admirable guidance, is to teach the direct manifestations of the soul through the body, and the training is of inestimable value especially to the young.

Trained veteran as he is, in the prime of physical vigor and mental activity, he challenges the freest and most critical discussion.





The Boston School of Oratory does not design to fit students directly for the stage; yet many of its graduates are called upon frequently to direct the rehearsals, or to take part in private theatricals. Weekly recitals are held at the school, to which friends are invited.

The Swedish system of gymnastics is in use, and is open to all students free. Prof. Brown examined the various systems of physical culture, and decided upon the Ling, as represented in the theory and practice of Baron Nils Posse. This department is in charge of a graduate from the Posse school, which is located in the Harcourt Building, Irvington street.

Prof. Brown's School of Oratory is at 7<sup>a</sup> Beacon street, in the very heart of the city, and occupies Pilgrim hall and adjacent rooms in the building of the Congregational house.

The professor is usually to be found in his cozy office, when not on duty, and is sure to be always cordial and a most interestingly earnest man to meet at any time. Politically, Prof. Brown is a non-partisan Republican, with Mugwump tendencies; in religion, a Unitarian of the advanced type. He is an active member of the New Hampshire Club, in which he takes a great interest.

Prof. Brown was united in marriage July 29, 1864, with Miss Cora Bonney of Sandusky, O., a talented young teacher, in whom he has ever found a true and sympathizing helpmeet. They reside in pleasant, sunny apartments at the Buckingham, Back Bay district. Their home is the abode of comfort and refinement. Being socially inclined, they are very popular and are cordially welcomed in Boston's cultured society. Mrs. Brown is personally a charming woman to meet. She is tall, fair, and with a fine physique. Her exquisite taste in dress is rivaled only by her winning graciousness of manner. She is something of an artist, and her beautiful home is adorned with many choice paintings from her brush and articles of dainty needlework.

Prof. Brown will go abroad the coming summer for much needed rest and recuperation, but more particularly to study the English and French methods of teaching expression. He will remain about three months, returning in time for the fall session of his school.





101.  
RAMBLES ABOUT A COUNTRY TOWN.

RAMBLE NUMBER XXI.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

A pleasant suburb of Warner village, two miles at the west, is the little hamlet of Waterloo. It takes its name, according to some, from the village of Waterloo in Central New York, whose sylvan beauties are said to have fascinated the imagination of one of the early residents of what was formerly "Bean's Mills." There is another story told, however, to the effect that the name was applied in honor of, or in regret for, the battle of Waterloo. Some time in the fall of 1815, just after the close of our second war with Great Britain, there was a "raising" in the little hamlet around the "Great Falls." All the men and boys of the village and the surrounding region were assembled, after the fashion of the time, to put up the frame of what is now the John P. Colby house. As the last band went up who should ride along but Thomas Hackett, in his yellow gig, carrying the mail and news from the lower village post-office to the adjoining town of Bradford. [This Hackett built and lived in the present McAlpine house. He was a lame man, and for several years carried the mail to Bradford and to Sutton. His yellow gig was a familiar sight to the people of that generation.] When asked what was the news, Hackett answered, "Old Bony has been beaten by the British at Waterloo, and he is dead beat, too. Here's Squire Bean's paper—will tell ye all about it."

It was the old *New Hampshire Patriot*, then edited by Isaac Hill. The account was read by Philip Colby, Jr., son of Hezekiah Colby, an early settler. After he had finished reading he exclaimed, "It is too bad the British licked him, I swany. But the world will remember him. So hurrah for Waterloo!"

From that time the little borough has been known by the appellation that recalls the downfall of the "man of destiny."

Waterloo is charmingly situated, and its picturesque surroundings are attracting lovers of the beautiful to it as





residents. It is already distinguished as a hamlet of villas, among which may be named those of Senator William E. Chandler, Ex-Gov. N. G. Ordway, Rev. John C. Ager of Brooklyn, Marshall Dowlin of Lawrence, Mass., and the Swiss-looking cottage of Mrs. Walter Harriman and her son, W. C. Harriman. But we will not stop to describe any of these patrician residences: it is a humbler home that we are interested in to-day.

The traveller on the Concord & Claremont Railroad, as he stops at the little station at Waterloo, will see at the south, far up on the northerly slope of the Mink hills, but in plain view, a low, unpainted set of farm buildings. This range of buildings is a landmark for miles around. They are remote from the public highway, near the centre of a hundred-acre farm, and from their elevated site look down upon the long stretch of valley below. If we follow the railroad track or the highway, we can look up and see the brown roofs for a long distance. The site is particularly noticeable, and often the question is asked by strangers, "What buildings are those perched upon the hillside?" The answer they receive is, "That is the former home of Jacob Osgood, the founder of the Osgoodites." So the ancient dwelling has a history to tell, and from the old gray house, with its weather-beaten clapboards and its moss-covered shingles, we will evoke to-day its story of the past.

All of these houses have a story to tell. Many interesting facts and romantic incidents are inevitably interwoven with any of the dwellings around us, this stretch of highway, or that bit of landscape. History is all around us, but it would require more time in the telling than we can well spare in this hasty sketch. In fact, from almost any point that might be taken, threads wind off into a mass of stories and traditions far too wide-reaching to be more than hinted at when one is only making a little "*Ausflug*," as the Germans would say, and our "excursion" must be confined, at this time, to that farm-house on the terraced hillside and the paths that lead to it. Some other day we will pause before these other doors and listen to the stories they will gladly tell us.

We turn at the corner and go down the hill, passing over the railroad track and through the covered bridge, keeping on up the rising ground to the corner of the cemetery,





where we turn to the left again. It is "in the boyhood of the year," and the song birds are pouring forth melody from the hedges and the woods on every side. Nothing can be lovelier than this May day. The fields lie fresh and green, and the orchards are one mass of purple and rosy bloom. The air is pure and balmy; cattle feed leisurely in the pastures. As I pause and gaze back at the river and the meadows below me seeming to slumber in the heat, the whole scene has a pastoral beauty, a dream-like quiet. It bore no resemblance to an English landscape, but I could not help wondering if Lancelot and his liege mistress themselves found a lovelier nook or a more romantic view than those we found.

There was no thought of sadness from the adjacency of the little graveyard. It is always sad to stand in the presence of death: there is a solemnity in the burial of the dead that profoundly affects one, but a cemetery is not necessarily mournful; it need not induce even seriousness. They are restful spots, a place wherein to dream, sacred, indeed, but not sad. It would be hard to find any lovelier resting-place than this little square, walled enclosure where the fathers sleep. Trees and shrubbery afford plenty of shade; the green mounds are dotted with flowers, and the birds sing here the season through,—a sweet, calm, holy spot.

This little graveyard lying on the hillside is not an ancient burial-place. The "forefathers of the hamlet" do not sleep there. It was not laid out until after many of them were gone. The oldest tombstone in the lot dates back only sixty years. It is the "village graveyard" to-day, and a greater number sleep there in the "city of the dead" than in the village of the living; but for many years after the settlement of the "Mills" the dead were carried for burial either to the ancient cemetery at the parade, or to the old graveyard in the village back of Union hall.

We leave the quiet "God's acre" behind us and move on up to still higher ground. A long, high hill is before us. On one of its lower ridges, on the right-hand side of the road, stands a small set of buildings, the house painted white (until within a few years it was wood-colored). This house is some over one hundred years old. The barn is not as old. John Davis, a later proprietor, tore down the





old barn and built the present structure somewhere about 1845. In the spring of 1789, Philip Osgood came to Warner from South Hampton, dug a cellar, and built this house over it. He was then 45 years old, a thrifty, well-to-do man, with a family.

The old home of the settler overlooks a wide prospect of valleys and hills. Old Kearsarge stands at the north, the giant sentinel of the landscape. The river is in full view, sweeping down through the nearer valley, and beyond are the towers and roofs of villas set against the dark green background of the woods. The outlook must have been different in those early years after the Revolution. The hills and valleys were the same, but the only buildings in sight were the saw and grist mills of Nathaniel Bean in the valley below and the pioneer's residence on the higher hillside. All around were the waving green woods.

Mr. Osgood's nearest neighbor, after the Beans, was Samuel Eastman, who lived higher up on the hillside to the west, near the present Scott Davis place. The distance was about half a mile through the fields, no highway ever being laid out to this upper farm. The Eastman homestead embraced a sixty-acre lot, which held out seventy acres. Later, other acres were added to the farm. It was on the northern slope of Monument hill, a fertile but somewhat rocky farm that overlooked the whole sweep of the valley of Warner river for miles. Mr. Osgood subsequently purchased this upper lot, and though he never lived there, one of his sons did.

Philip Osgood lived at the place he first settled for the remainder of his life. His farm not only embraced the present Jacob Osgood farm but also the adjoining farm now owned by John H. Dowlin. The buildings stood about in the centre of his farm, and a fine spring issued from the hillside in close proximity with the house. That spring is in existence still and is one of the pleasant and romantic features of the ancient homestead. The water is pure and cold, and as it gushes from the hillside and falls into the basin below, overshadowed by the bending boughs of shade trees, it presents an enchanting picture. As one drives past it in the droughty summer-time the scene summons up delightful visions of fairy wells and flashing water-falls,





Castalian founts, and "Shiloh's brook that flowed fast by the Oracle of God."

Mr. Osgood died in the house that he built, in 1825, at the age of eighty-one years. He was a tall, heavy man, six feet high, bony and strong, of a fair complexion and blue eyes. His hair was scarcely gray at the time of his death, but the top of his head was bald. His remains rest in the old cemetery in the village at the rear of Union hall. Mrs. Osgood outlived her husband by nine years, and died at the same age. She was formerly *Mehitable Flanders*, and was a cousin to *Zebulon Flanders*, who settled at the North Village. She is remembered by persons now living as a corpulent woman, with marked characteristics. Her grave is beside her husband's.

The old house, after their death, was the home of two of their sons, Tappan and Philip Osgood, Jr. In 1838 John Davis came in possession, and lived there until he died, in 1885. This John Davis was a grandson of Gideon Davis, who settled the next farm beyond, where Moses Davis now lives. He was the father of R. A. Davis of this town, and was a farmer and speculator. The farm was bought the year of Mr. Davis's death by Jacob Osgood, who moved down from his father's place on the hill, and who still resides in the house—the original cradle of the Osgood family in this town. The present occupant has somewhat brightened up the old house with a coat of white paint and substituting large window-panes for the original seven-by-nine glass.

Philip Osgood and his wife *Mehitable* were the parents of five sons and two daughters, namely, Levi, Jacob, *Nehemiah*, Philip, Jr., Tappan, and Betsey and Miriam. Joseph Osgood and Enoch Osgood were Philip's sons by a previous wife, and, of course, were older. In "*Harri-man's History of Warner*" Caleb Osgood is enumerated among the sons of Philip. But this was not the case; Caleb was Enoch Osgood's son and a grandson of Philip. Enoch Osgood lived on the John H. Johnson place, on the Slaughter brook road, and his brother, Levi Osgood, lived on the adjoining farm, now known as the Charles Flanders place. Levi Osgood married Miriam Barnard, a sister of Thomas Barnard, father of the late J. O. Barnard. He committed suicide, by cutting his throat, more than sixty years ago. He had seven daughters, the only





surviving one being Mrs. Miriam Cheney, who is now (1892) in the 92d year of her age. Enoch Osgood, as stated in another "Ramble," married Rachel Floyd, a daughter of Captain Daniel Floyd. His son Caleb married Ruth Davis, daughter of Robert Davis. Their children were Imri, Henry and Horace Osgood, and Mrs. Isaac Waldron, who are the great-grandchildren of Philip Osgood, senior.

Nehemiah Osgood enlisted in the U. S. army, in the war of 1812, and died, a young man, at Plattsburg, N. Y. Jacob Osgood, the most noted of all the sons of Philip and Mehitabel Osgood, was the founder of that sect of religious enthusiasts known as the Osgoodites, who made some noise in the world between fifty and eighty years ago. Jacob was born in South Hampton, N. H., in 1777, and consequently was a boy of twelve years when he came with his father to Warner. Before he was twenty-one years old he married Miriam Stevens, a daughter of Jonathan Stevens, one of the early settlers of Sutton. She was born at the Littlehale place in that town, September 12, 1779. There was a large number of children in the Stevens family, among them Wadleigh and Richard Stevens, both residents of Warner in after years. Jonathan Stevens himself lived in town for a while, and finally died here, at the age of 96 years. He gave his name to Stevens brook, one of the noted trout streams of our township.

Soon after his marriage, probably in 1800 or 1801, Jacob Osgood purchased of his father the farm that had been settled by Samuel Eastman, up higher on the hillside, and went there to reside. The house stood a hundred rods to the south of the present buildings, still farther up on the hillside. It was a frame structure, built by Mr. Eastman some fifteen years before. No log cabin ever stood on the farm. The foundations of this earlier home of the pioneers are still traceable in the upper field of the homestead. In 1810 Jacob Osgood built the present barn on the place, and in 1812 the present house. The family moved into the new house in October of the latter year, when one of their children (John) was an infant. The house was never painted, and remains unchanged after a period of eighty years.

We follow the narrow carriage-road up through the fields





to this hillside residence. It is not a town highway but a private way, no better than a sled-path through the woods. Blackberry and raspberry bushes border the way; ferns and jack-in-the-pulpits grow in the shade of the rocks, and here and there the emerald sward is spotted with clumps of the delicate *Houstonia*, which look like patches of newly-fallen snow. The view widens as we ascend to higher ground, and the landscape below seems framed like a picture by the surrounding hills. There lie the broad, green intervalles, looking fit haunts for Titania's fairy feet, and there flows the placid tide of Warner river, mirroring the turrets of the Ordway villa and the lofty trees of the adjacent park. There had been a heavy fall of dew, and the spiders had woven their webs of gray patches like gossamer-lace all over the springing grass by the wayside, and a light cloud veiled the brow of towering Kearsarge, like that on Sinai when the prophet came down from its rugged height from his communion with God.

The old house, low, unpainted, with its ragged chimneys, looks its eighty years. Its site is a noble one, however, and its surroundings are pleasant and romantic. A short distance beyond the buildings a little brook ripples along its rocky channel down the hillside. In one place its waters are dammed, making a deep, broad pool.

In his early years of residence on the hill Jacob Osgood caught a loon, separated from its mates and driven out of its course by a storm, and this dam was for some time the home of the strange, feathered guest. Up farther on the hillside are visible traces of that earlier home—the rocky foundations, the clumps of rose bushes, descendants of those set out by the settler's wife in those first years after the Revolution. What memories do they not call up of that old time and the experiences of those pioneers. The ancient ruins could tell many an interesting tale, and many poor and humble disciples have bent their knees here in reverence, for in this place was organized a church. In the cottage that once stood over these ruins was held the first Osgoodite meeting more than eighty-five years ago.

Jacob Osgood was a religious devotee and enthusiast. There was but one organized church in town, the Congregationalist, and both Osgood and his wife attended meeting regularly on Sundays. They had fine voices and sang





in the choir. When he was twenty-six years of age he experienced conversion and joined the Freewill Baptists, with whom he took an active part for several years. The "Free Willers," as they were sometimes called, were quite numerous at that time, though they never had a church in town or a settled minister. One of their sanctuaries was the old school-house under the hill in the Burnap district, and services were regularly held there for years. Jacob Osgood was an ardent and zealous worshipper, but he was also a strong, self-willed man, and headstrong where he thought he was right. He had a gift for public speaking, and was noted for his power of repartee. Some of his ideas were not approved by the large body of Freewill Baptists, and, as he claimed to be inspired to preach, he left that body and organized a church after his own standard. At one time he had forty or fifty followers in Warner, including a number of well-to-do and intelligent people. Among these were Nehemiah Ordway (father of Hon. N. G. Ordway), Isaiah Flanders, Hezekiah and Chellis Colby, Samuel Ordway, Thomas Hackett, Isaac Hoyt and others. Later Sally Bradley, Dolly Davis and Charles H. Colby were well-known disciples. In Canterbury there were about thirty families, led by Josiah Haynes, and there were scattered followers in Sutton, Bradford, Gilford and Gilmanton. For some thirty or forty years the sect continued to flourish in Warner.

The Osgoodites were opposed to going to law, performing military duty, and supporting preachers. They also claimed to be possessed of special power from the Almighty, and by prayer could heal the sick, cause rain to fall in time of drought, and other miraculous things. In the "Life and Experiences of Jacob Osgood," written by his disciple, Charles H. Colby, the following is gravely recorded as an illustration of the godliness of the modern saint: "In the fall of 1832 the frost begun to come early, and killed much corn and other things. The snow was deep, it was said, on the White mountains in dog days. Brother Osgood prayed to God to keep the the frost off his farm, and God had respect unto his prayer. The frost did him no harm that year.

"Up to the line the frost was seen,  
But on his farm all things were green."





At another time, when a great drought prevailed (in 1840), "Brother Osgood prayed for rain in the meeting and it soon begun to come in plenty." The historian then naïvely records that after this, whenever "Brother Osgood went to Canterbury, in a drouth, the people expected rain."

Mr. Osgood and his lieutenant, Nehemiah Ordway, often journeyed into other towns to preach, and these itineraries were sometimes quite successful. Their preaching was earnest and from the heart, and though they used the plainest language, often bordering upon coarseness, nothing reprehensible ever occurred at their meetings. The Osgoodite meetings never consisted of more than one service, and that was peculiar, all the worshippers taking part, and prayers, exhortations and songs following each other without an regularity. Osgood, who was a large, heavy man, weighing over 300 and sometimes as much as 350 pounds, always preached, prayed and sung, sitting in his chair, keeping his eyes closed the whole time and one hand on the side of his face. After every one had said something and there was a lull, Elder Osgood would abruptly close the exercises by saying,—“If there's no more to be said, meeting's done.” Their services were generally held in their own homes or in school-houses.

Brother Osgood was a powerful singer and so were several of his followers. Their singing attracted many hearers. I can remember attending an Osgoodite meeting as late as 1860. This was after Osgood's death, and Nehemiah Ordway was the ruling elder. Samuel Ordway, Charles H. Colby, Sally Bradley and others were present. They all prayed and sung. Their spiritual songs were of their own composing. Osgood wrote two or three himself, but their great poet was Nehemiah Ordway. Samuel Ordway and Charles H. Colby also composed a few verses. Some few of them were not without merit, as the following stanzas, selected at random, will show :

“Ye soldiers of Jesus, pray stand to your arms,  
Prepare for the battle, the gospel alarms;  
The trumpet is sounding, come soldiers and see  
The standard and colors of sweet liberty !

“March forward to battle, the trumpets do sound,  
The watchmen are crying fair Sion around;  
The signal for victory, hark ! hark ! from the sky—  
Shout ! shout ! ye brave soldiers ! the watchmen all cry.”





One of their hymns, entitled "The Fox Hymn," began thus :

"It is enough to make one stare  
To see professors curl their hair;  
Oh, how they love to make it shine!  
This little fox will spoil the vine."

Another was called the "Shaking Hymn," of which we give the first stanza :

"I'll shake old Daniel Webster,  
And with him Henry Clay;  
And then I'll take old Tippecanoe  
And shake him out of the way.  
Unto glory I will go,  
Unto glory I'll go, I'll go, I'll go,  
Unto glory I will go."

A favorite one began as follows :

"Lord of glory, we do love Thee,  
We will keep thy good commands;  
We will worship and adore Thee,  
We will sing and clap our hands.

CHORUS—I'm bound for the kingdom—  
Will you go to glory with me?  
Hallelujah! O hallelujah!  
I'm bound for the kingdom—  
Will you go to glory with me?  
Hallelujah! O praise ye the Lord!"

Many of their songs were full of local allusions and "hits." As has been said, the Osgoodites were opposed to bearing arms, and the leaders were frequently fined and imprisoned for refusing to obey the laws. Osgood and both the Ordways were in prison at one time over a year for this cause. Very naturally their poetry reflected some of this spirit of resistance to what they called "tyranny." They were bitter in their attacks upon the clergy, whom they termed "Pharisees" and "Priests of Bel." Lawyers they hated nearly as bad, and doctors were an abomination to them. They had nicknames for several localities: Waterloo was "Dog Street;" the centre village they called "Little Hell." With all their peculiarities, however, they were an honest, upright people in their dealings with others, and there is no doubt that they were sometimes





dishonorably treated by officers of the law. The sect has practically passed away, only a few of the disciples being left.

Jacob Osgood himself was a man of the warmest sympathies, and was proverbially kind and generous to those who were poorer than he was. In the winter of 1836-7 hay and corn were very high, owing to the fact that the previous season had been both dry and cold. Many cattle died from want of food in Warner, for people could not afford to pay the great prices. The Osgood farm was a productive one, but instead of making money from his unfortunate neighbors, Mr. Osgood gave away what he could spare of his crops. Sometimes for months at a time a poor person would find entertainment at his house. His neighbors loved and respected him, even those who had no sympathy for his doctrine.

Mr. Osgood died at his home on the hillside, November 29, 1844, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. His wife survived him thirty-seven years, living to be one hundred and two years old. On her hundredth birthday her friends and relatives made a great celebration, and nearly all the town turned out to honor their well-preserved centenarian. She preserved her faculties to the last, and died in 1882. She and her husband lived together forty-seven years, and had eight children—three sons and five daughters. Their names, in order according to age, were as follows: Rhoda, Cynthia and Sophronia, Noah, John, Polly, Jacob and Hannah. Her first child was born June 1, 1797, before she was eighteen years of age. Her last child was born December 17, 1825, and married C. G. McAlpine in 1844. The only children now living of Jacob and Miriam Osgood are John and Jacob, Jr., both highly respected citizens of this town.

We came home across the hills and pasture lots and sat down to think of Johnson's "Journey of a Day," when "Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning," etc. But our journey had not been like his.



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Mr. Osgood died at his home on the hillside, November 20, 1844, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. His wife survived him thirty-seven years, being to be one hundred and two years old. On her hundredth birthday her friends and relatives made a great celebration, and nearly all the town turned out to honor their well-preserved centenary. She preserved her faculties to the last and died in 1881. She and her husband lived together forty-seven years, and had eight children—three sons and five daughters. Their names, in order according to age, were as follows: Rebecca, Cynthia and Sophronia, Noah, John, Polly, Jacob and Hannah. Her first child was born June 1, 1797, before she was eighteen years of age. Her last child was born December 17, 1825, and married C. G. McAlpine in 1844. The only children now living of Jacob and William Osgood are John and Jacob, Jr., both highly respected citizens of this town.

We came home across the hills and passed John and sat down to think of Johnson's "Journey of a Day," when "Oleah, the son of Abraham, left the caravan early in the morning," etc. But our journey had not been like his.

## EARLY HISTORY OF CLAREMONT.

BY MAJOR OTIS F. R. WAITE.

[Abstract of a Paper read at a Meeting of the New Hampshire Historical Society, at Claremont, on September 29th, 1891.]

The early history of Claremont is not unlike that of other towns in New Hampshire. The privations and hardships endured by the first settlers here were about the same as those experienced by all who started out in early days to subdue the forests and make for themselves and those dearest to them homes in the wilderness. But it is well for us to contrast our times and circumstances with those of our ancestors a century and a quarter ago.

The first settlement in Claremont was made in 1762, by Moses Spafford and David Lynde. On October 26, 1764, a township by this name, six miles square and containing 24,000 acres, was granted by George III, through authority delegated to Benning Wentworth, governor of the province of New Hampshire, to Josiah Willard, Samuel Ashley, and sixty-eight others, a considerable number of whom came from Connecticut. It received its name from the country seat of Lord Clive, an English general.

The conditions of the grant were that every grantee, his heirs or assigns, should, within five years, for each fifty acres contained in his share, cultivate and improve five acres, and continue to improve and settle the same.

That all pine trees within the township fit for masts for the royal navy be carefully preserved for that use, and none to be cut or felled without the crown's special license for doing so first had and obtained, under a penalty of forfeiture of the right of the offending grantee, his heirs and assigns, and other punishments prescribed by Parliament; to pay for ten years, annually, for each share, the rent of one ear of Indian corn, when lawfully demanded; and from and after the expiration of ten years, one shilling, proclamation money, for every hundred acres held by each proprietor, at the council chamber at Portsmouth. This was to be in lieu of all other rents and services whatsoever.

This grant was divided into seventy-five equal shares. Governor Wentworth reserved to himself five hundred





acres, which were accounted two shares; one share for a society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, one share for a glebe for the Church of England, one share for the first gospel minister, and one share for the benefit of schools.

The first meeting of the grantees was held at Winchester, on the 2d day of February, 1767. The first town meeting was held on the 8th day of March, 1768, at the house of Captain Benjamin Brooks. There were twelve families in town. Ten voters were present.

In the spring of 1767 Benjamin Tyler, a mill-wright and an ingenious and enterprising mechanic, came from Farmington, Conn., to Claremont, on foot. In March of that year the grantees voted him two acres of land on Sugar river for a mill yard, with the privilege of the stream, on condition that he build a mill or mills, and keep them in repair for ten years. That summer he built the first dam across that river at West Claremont, in the same place where the Jarvis and Coy dam now is, and then returned to Farmington. The next March he brought his wife, six children, and his household effects here on an ox sled. There being no roads, he came on the ice of Connecticut river from Bellows Falls. He was delayed at Montague, Mass., several days, by a snow storm, and in the time made a pair of cart wheels for the tavern-keeper, to pay for his entertainment.

In the summer of 1768 Mr. Tyler built, in connection with his dam, grist and saw mills on the north side of the river. At the raising of the frame of the grist mill, which was no common event, the settlers in the vicinity were present to help, some of them coming twenty miles. He was one of the selectmen in 1768 and in several subsequent years, and held other offices in the town.

In 1769 the settlement of the town had so far progressed that husbands who had provided cabins sent for their wives and children, and single men began to consider the subject of matrimony. Barnabas Ellis and Elizabeth Spencer were the first couple married in Claremont according to the usages of civilized society. There being no one in town empowered to perform the ceremony, the Rev. Bulkley Olcott of Charlestown was sent for to officiate. Mr. Ellis was one of the early settlers. He filled several town





offices, was lieutenant in the Continental army, and was with Ethan Allen's expedition against Forts Ticonderoga and Crown Point, in 1775.

Rev. George Wheaton was called to settle here in the gospel ministry, agreeably to the Congregational or Cambridge platform, and was ordained on February 19th, 1772. He died in June, 1773, at the age of twenty-two years.

Rev. Augustine Hibbard, the second gospel minister over the Congregational church and society, was ordained on the 18th of October, 1774, and continued eleven years. During the Revolutionary war he was ardently devoted to the cause of liberty. In 1777, he was appointed chaplain on Colonel David Hobart's staff, and subsequently of General John Stark's brigade, and was in the battle of Bennington, on August 16th of that year.

In 1773 the Rev. Ranna Cossit commenced his labors as rector of the Episcopal church at what is now known as the West Parish, and continued about twelve years. He was a firm and outspoken royalist, which did not accord with the sentiments of a large majority of his society, by reason of which his pastorate did not result in much good.

That year the frame of the Episcopal church—known as Union Church—at West Claremont, was erected and the building partly finished.

The Rev. Daniel Barber succeeded Mr. Cossit. After a pastorate of nearly twenty-four years, Mr. Barber made a public confession of having embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and was dismissed in 1818.

In 1823 the Rev. Virgil H. Barber, a son of the Rev. Daniel Barber, having become a Roman Catholic priest, bought land and commenced the erection of a church, with school rooms and a dwelling connected with it, on the opposite side of the way from Union church. A school was kept up there for several years, and the building was used for a parish church until 1866, when the new Catholic church in the village was ready for occupancy.

The first mass in Claremont—and believed to have been the first in New Hampshire—was performed by the Rev. Dr. French of New York, at the house of the Rev. Daniel Barber, in 1818.

In 1785 a Congregational meeting-house was built, about three quarters of a mile east from Claremont Junction. It



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was taken down and its timbers and boards removed to the village in 1790, put together again, and was occupied for religious services and for town meetings until 1835, when the new Congregational church, on Pleasant street, was built. It has since that time, with various additions and improvements, been the town hall.

The settlers here were not molested by the savages. A solitary Indian, of immense size, by the name of Tousa, who was said to have been chief of a tribe, and was known to have been conspicuous in the bloody raids into Charlestown, Keene, and other places, lingered about the west part of the town, and claimed certain territory there as his hunting ground, on which he mostly stayed. He had frequently warned the white hunters not to trespass upon his ground, and they had generally heeded his warning. He was present at the raising of the frame of Union church in 1773, and expressed great indignation at the erection of so large a building, seeming to regard it as an encroachment upon his rights. He became crazed with too much fire-water, was boisterous, and loudly threatened to shoot any white hunter who should intrude on his territory. One Timothy Atkins, a full match for Tousa in size and strength, between whom and the Indian a bitter enmity had long existed, hearing these threats, determined to hunt on the forbidden ground. One morning he went off in that direction alone, with his gun heavily charged, after which Tousa was never seen or heard of, and his sudden disappearance was a mystery. In 1854 Josiah Hart, now living, in digging on the territory which had been claimed by Tousa as his hunting ground, unearthed a skeleton, which from its great size, was believed to be that of the last Indian habitue of Claremont.

In 1775 it was the general belief that, by reason of the oppressive acts of the British Parliament, war with the mother country was inevitable. Much the greater part of the people of Claremont were in favor of open hostility with England, while some regretted the existence of the difficulty, and a few avowed themselves firm royalists, labored to furnish aid and comfort in various ways to the king and his army, and were denominated Tories.

In 1776 sixteen citizens of Claremont were serving in different capacities in the Continental army. Joseph Waite,





who had won distinction in the French and Indian war and also as captain in Rogers's famous corps of rangers in 1759, commanded a regiment raised for the purpose of invading Canada. He died of wounds on September 13th, 1776.

Samuel Ashley, one of the grantees of the town, was a volunteer aide on General Stark's staff, with the rank of colonel, and was in the battle of Bennington. On July 21st, 1777, twenty-three Claremont men enlisted in Captain Walker's company of Colonel David Hobart's regiment, and all of them participated in that famous battle.

During the Revolutionary war a number of others enlisted and fought on the side of liberty. Quite a number of men, suspected of being friendly to the British, left town, going to Canada and elsewhere.

No favor was shown by the mass of the people to the tories or those suspected as such, and suspected persons were in imminent danger of the loss of liberty, and even life itself, without the formality of legal proceedings. A small company of resolute men determined to rid the town of all Tories. During the war secret agents of the British were scouring the country, picking up whatever information they could, and communicating it to their employers. Scattered along the route from New York to Canada were certain places of rendezvous, where any one of them on his mission might safely be concealed and find means of communication with his compatriots in this neighborhood. About one mile below Claremont village, near Sugar river, is a place famous in Revolutionary times as a resort for Tories, and has since been known as "Tory Hole." So perfectly was this spot adapted to the purposes of its occupants that for a long time they had assembled there without exciting the least suspicion of the active and vigilant colonists. The Tories in the neighborhood conveyed there provisions and whatever might be needed by the transient visitors to the place. One night in the autumn of 1780, a man with a huge pack on his shoulders was seen passing along the road in the vicinity, whose singular movements attracted attention, and he was closely watched. He turned into the woods and was instantly out of sight. Information of the fact was circulated, and quickly several men assembled at the spot, the ground was reconnoitered and the secret





discovered. The night was very dark and further search was postponed until daylight next morning. A watch was posted by the path, with instructions to seize or shoot any one who should attempt to pass. Before sunrise a party assembled and renewed the search. As they approached the rendezvous two men suddenly started up and ran toward a ravine in a dense forest. They were tracked, however, to the Connecticut river, where they swam across. The pursuers fastened their guns upon their backs, swam the river, found the tracks of the fugitives and followed them to the top of Ascutney mountain, where they were discovered asleep. They were captured and gave their names as Johns and Buel. Having arms with them they could not be treated as spies, and were therefore held as prisoners of war. They were taken to Charlestown, from there to Boston, and afterward exchanged. Soon after this one Kentfield was pursued from Tory Hole into Vermont, but he returned in a few days, was captured, taken to Charlestown, where he was confined for some time, and as he could not be convicted as a spy, was released, joined the Continental army, soon deserted, was apprehended and hung.

Elihu Stevens came to town in 1775. He was a justice of the peace, an ardent Whig, and was frequently called to sit at the examination of persons arrested on suspicion of being Tories. His prejudices against that class were very strong, and persons complained against were oftentimes held by him on very slight proof. His presumption in all such cases was in favor of guilt. Most of those held by him were acquitted by the higher tribunal.

One William McCoy had been long suspected of Toryism, without anything being proved against him. One evening he was seen going toward Tory Hole in company of a stranger, was arrested, and taken before Mr. Stevens for examination. He found McCoy guilty of treason and ordered him to be confined in the jail at Charlestown, to await trial at the next term of the supreme court.

Oliver Ashley of Claremont was a member of the first provisional congress, which assembled at Exeter on May 17, 1775. He was an ardent Whig and very active in devising means for the defence of the colony. In December of that year Captain Joseph Waite was chosen a representative of Claremont in the provisional congress.





At a town meeting held on the 15th of June, 1775, Captain Joseph Waite, Ensign Oliver Ashley, Thomas Gustin, Asa Jones, and Jacob Roys were appointed a committee of safety and invested with almost absolute powers in certain cases. In a sudden emergency they might adopt such measures as they deemed conducive to public safety; take arms and ammunition wherever found, when needed for the equipment of soldiers; arrest and imprison all Tories without warrant, and communicate with the general committee of safety in all matters pertaining to the public welfare.

In March, 1776, the Continental congress recommended to the several assemblies, conventions, or committees of safety of the United Colonies to immediately cause all persons in their respective colonies who are notoriously disaffected to the cause of America, or who have not associated, and refuse to associate, to defend the arms of the United Colonies against the British fleets and armies, to be disarmed. In compliance with this recommendation the selectmen of Claremont made a thorough canvass. Of male inhabitants of 21 years of age and upward, 84 signed a declaration or pledge to defend by arms the American colonies, 16 had taken up arms and were actually in the Continental army, and 31 refused to sign.

Prior to 1778, and until about the close of the war, there were but two school houses in town—one on Town Hill and the other near Union church. The Whigs sent their children to the former and the Tories sent theirs to the latter.

In the war of 1812 Claremont did her full duty. Many of her men entered the army and served for different periods, in different organizations, and at various places.

The war of the Rebellion is of such recent date that the events connected with it, and what each town in New Hampshire did in relation to it during its continuance, are subjects familiar to us all. It is enough to say that Claremont may justly be proud of the part she performed in that great drama. Her men made for themselves and for the town an honorable record. Our quota of troops under all calls, from 1861 to 1865, was 413, and we were credited in the army and navy accounts with 449, or 36 men in excess of our quota. Sixty-seven of our young men were killed in battle or died of





wounds or disease in the service. To commemorate their services and death the grateful people of the town erected a handsome monument in the public park. It is a granite pedestal seven feet high, surmounted by a bronze figure of heroic size of a volunteer infantry soldier at rest. Marble tablets were also placed in the town hall, on which their names, in imperishable letters, are inscribed. In our cemeteries are the graves—some of them yet green—of many others who have died, since their discharge, of wounds or disease incurred in the service during the four years of that cruel war.

In 1787 Josiah Stevens, a son of Elihu Stevens, before named, and father of Paran Stevens, the famous American hotel proprietor, commenced trade with a small stock of such goods as he thought the inhabitants most needed, in a rude building at the north side of the river, about half a mile from where the town hall now stands. He brought a hogshead of molasses and a chest of tea into town, which some of the people declared was a piece of foolish extravagance that would certainly lead to no good. In a few years Mr. Stevens moved his building across the river on the ice, and located it near where the Claremont National Bank building now is. He increased his stock from time to time, built up a large business, was for many years the leading merchant in the vicinity, and in many ways contributed to the growth and prosperity of the town.

For a hundred and twenty-five years Claremont has had a steady and healthy growth, which may be attributed largely to the sterling character of the inhabitants, and her water-power derived mainly from Sugar river, with a fall of three hundred feet in the town, one hundred and fifty feet of which is in the village in a distance of about half a mile. This river is formed by the outlet of Sunapee lake and the confluence of small streams along its course. It is about twenty miles long, and falls 820 feet to where it empties into the Connecticut river. Sunapee lake is nine and a half miles long, from half a mile to two and a half miles wide, and of unknown depth. By an act of the legislature this lake may be drawn down ten feet, when needed by the mills along Sugar river.

We now have two railroads, telegraph and telephone communication, gas and electric lights, aqueducts supplying





abundance of excellent water for culinary purposes and hydrants with pressure sufficient to carry water over the tops of the highest buildings, efficient fire apparatus, good schools, seven churches, prosperous manufacturing establishments, almost all the advantages of a large and thriving village, and a spirit and disposition on the part of the people to keep pretty even pace with the progress of the age.

In addition to all this we claim a kind of proprietorship in Ascutney mountain, an isolated elevation of three thousand feet above the green valley of Connecticut river. Although located in Vermont, it is in plain view from many points in Claremont. Its principal value to us consists in its noble outline and ever varying lights and shades, contributing much to the beauty of the landscape. Those who have lived in sight of it and gone away treasure it as a fond remembrance, and come back with feelings akin to those of the mariner, as he returns at the end of a long and perilous voyage, and sights the cherished landmarks on his native shore.

While the Merrimack turns more spindles than any other river in the world, the Connecticut, which forms the western boundary of the town of Claremont, is fully twice as long and more peaceful and majestic. It is believed that its valley from Long Island Sound to Connecticut Lake, is more fertile, its scenery more quietly beautiful, and its inhabitants more comfortable, contented, intelligent and virtuous than can be found in the same area elsewhere on the face of the earth.

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## THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Shaped of God's finger from the dust,  
Even as Adam was of old,  
That we of fortitude and trust  
Here in thy presence might be told—

Not as by letters carven deep  
Into the Table of the Law,  
But by thine image o'er the steep,  
Speechless, yet waking holy awe.





Eternal teacher ! left to bear  
Among the lofty clouds of heaven  
Unwritten truths wrought with such care,—  
The bread of thought in cold stone given !

Daily cleaving through cloud and mist,  
Calm as 'midst passing rents of blue ;  
By many a sunset's last rays kissed ;  
Kindest of sitters when artists view.

Chasten, rebuke our feeble souls !  
In golden fortitude abide  
Long as the earth in its orbit rolls ;  
Thy mountain gate still open wide !

East Lempster, N. H.

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### SPHINX.

BY F. H. BROWN.

Ye doubts and fears that oft assail my heart  
Concerning what may be beyond the grave,  
Spread out your sable pinions and depart  
To realms Plutonian ! Ye naught avail  
To solve the mighty problem—mortal art  
Reads not the riddle ; and the heart, though brave,  
Yet dreads the pang of death's relentless dart,  
And shudders at thy mystery, O grave !  
Apply our tests of research, logic, skill,  
Cajole the reason, or with doubt contend ;  
Be skeptic, deist, pantheist, and still  
Dissatisfied we are. None comprehend.  
The fact remains—pursue what course we will—  
The sphinx stares at us at the labyrinth's end.

Claremont, N. H., March, 1892.





## MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

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### MUSIC AS TAUGHT IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There seems at the present time to be a feeling of anxiety, and in fact some question among those who have the best interests of the cause at heart, as to whether the work done in our schools is of any real value to the art or the student. Of course there are exceptional cases, but as a rule we take the position, that for the money expended the results are the least satisfactory as compared with all other branches of education. There are various reasons for this state of affairs. Prominent among these may be mentioned that, with few exceptions, school committees know very little, and evidently care less, for the study of music in any form. It is to them a fashionable fad, a whim, which they graciously permit to be imposed upon an unsuspecting people; and, as a cap-stone to their monument of ignorance and indifference, they set apart for each school-room thirty minutes a week for the study of this art, so exacting, so Divine. Imagine the position of a teacher of music who is ushered post-haste into a school-room, confronted by one hundred or more pupils, one fourth of which have no music in their souls, a thirty-minute order to obey, yet asked and expected to instruct in an art and line of thought which is one of the stepping-stones, one of the connecting links between heaven and earth! If you see fit to criticise committees in their official capacity, you are frozen by the information that they simply wish to give pupils a little music as an accomplishment. Why not issue a thirty-minute order for French, German or Latin, which in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred are studied as an accomplishment?

Another evil may be found on the musical side of our subject. Fully fifty per cent. of the teachers who hold positions as such in schools and seminaries are incompetent. In all other forms of education, teachers pass an examination, or hold from colleges or normal schools credentials which vouch for their ability. But with music it is quite the opposite. Some near relative of the principal or some of the trustees wants the position, and is accepted without a question or murmur. The announcement on





the calender is complete. This accepted musical humbug assumes the air of superiority, looks wise and proceeds to business without interference, as no one knows enough to question him.

Such are the supposed musical advantages offered the children of the nation to-day. In the next issue of this magazine we shall offer what seems a remedy in part for this evil, and hope in our humble way to start the ball in motion, and invite others to take a hand in this discussion.

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J. EDGAR McDUFFEE.

The subject of this sketch was born in Rochester, N. H., September 8th, 1863. From childhood he showed unmistakable evidence of a natural love and gift for music, and early began the study of the piano-forte with the best local teachers. Later he studied with Mr. James W. Hill, a native of Salmon Falls, now of Haverhill, Mass.

Harmony and composition were studied with Stephen A. Emery of Boston. His compositions for piano number in all about twenty pieces. In vocal music he has written twelve songs, besides many part songs, hymns, etc., all of which are characterized by serious thought and a most thorough conception of the subject in hand, particularly so in his adaptation of music to words. Without underestimating the work of teachers, much of his knowledge and development is the result of personal investigation, improving every opportunity of listening to the best of music of every form and department.

Last season he traveled extensively throughout Europe for the purpose of hearing great artists and famous organs and organists. As a performer he is refined, his touch delicate and pleasing. He chose music as a profession from a pure love of the art, and has pursued it on that line, aiding in every musical event in his vicinity. He is a painstaking and conscientious teacher, and a man we hope to hear more from in the future. He is especially blessed, as he has every means to gratify his wishes, and while he leads a quiet life in his native village, yet we predict his work will be closely identified with the musical history of our state, and when called to final account we trust will hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant," for making so much of a Divine talent so lovingly bestowed by the Giver of all Good.





Rochester, the "baby city" of New Hampshire, can boast of a mayor who is an accomplished musician. No man in our state has done more to encourage all followers of the "Art Divine" than Hon. Charles S. Whitehouse. His musical library is replete with the works of the masters, ancient and modern. He is one of the executive committee of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association, and has worked zealously to build up that Association and promote its work in the state. On March 9 he occupied with great credit the position of musical director for an old folks' concert in his city.

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The first annual festival of the Concord Choral Union, which will be held the last week of April, promises to be of unusual interest. The music to be performed is to be from the best of masters, and the soloists engaged rank among the most competent in America. They are Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, soprano; Miss Lena Little, contralto; Mr. Wm. Reiger, tenor (probably); and Mr. Heinrich Meyn, basso. Miss Ada M. Aspinwall and Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard are engaged as pianists and accompanists. Blaisdell's Orchestra, of twenty-five pieces, is engaged. Singers from abroad are invited to join the chorus. Entertainment for a limited number may be had upon application to H. C. Bailey, Mrs. M. J. Pratt, or Mrs. F. A. Straw.

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The Æolian Ladies' Quartette of Rochester is composed of the following excellent vocalists: Elizabeth C. Hayes, 1st soprano; Nellie M. Hubbard, 2d soprano; Ella L. Cochrane, 1st alto; Charline M. Abbott, 2d alto. Wherever they have appeared the press speaks in glowing terms of their work. They did excellent work at the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association meeting at the Weirs, last season, and we are happy to recommend them.

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Music lovers of Rochester were especially favored on Tuesday evening, February 9, by a recital by Mrs. I. E. Pearl, a resident soprano of much promise, and Mr. J. E. McDuffee, pianist. The programme embraced selections from the works of Chopin, Schubert, Moszkowski, Wagner and Cowen. There were three numbers for piano by Mr. McDuffee. The press speaks in the warmest terms of praise of the efforts of the two artists.





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## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

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### HON. ROBERT C. CARR.

Hon. Robert Cochran Carr, born in Enfield, February 27, 1840, died in Concord, February 22, 1892.

He was the son of John P. and Emily A. (Cochran) Carr, and resided in his native town until he commenced his business career, as a manufacturer of hames, at Andover, in company with Joseph Baker, when he removed to that town, which was his home until he became a member of the firm of J. R. Hill & Co., in Concord, in 1888, when he established his home in this city. He had in the meantime been engaged in other occupations, being for a time, after 1877, wood purchasing agent for the Winnipiseogee Paper Company at Franklin, and subsequently wood agent for the Northern Division of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, continuing after it passed into the hands of the Boston & Maine, and still later acting also in the same capacity for the Concord & Montreal. Mr. Carr was a public-spirited citizen and an active Democrat. He represented Andover in the legislature in 1883, and the fifth Senatorial district in 1886. He is survived by a widow (Emily A., daughter of the late Amos B. Proctor of Andover) and three sons.

---

### WILLIAM HAZEN KIMBALL.

William Hazen Kimball, for many years state librarian, died in Concord on Thursday, March 10, at the age of 75 years.

He was born in the town of Goffstown, April 6, 1817. His parents were Richard and Margaret (Ferrin) Kimball, and he was the youngest of twelve children. He received a common-school education, and when nineteen years old became a partner with his brother, who was a merchant in Goffstown. A year later he was appointed postmaster, and soon after went to Boston, where he studied the art of miniature portrait painting upon ivory. He afterwards went to Sanbornton, N. H., and studied in the academy there. Subsequently he practiced the art of portrait painting in Manchester, Lowell and Philadelphia.





In April, 1842, in connection with Joseph Kidder, he established the *Manchester Democrat*, in which enterprise he was an associate for a time with Hon. Moody Currier. In 1844 he disposed of his interest in the paper and engaged in photography, having establishments in Manchester and Concord. He removed to Franklin, and in 1860 represented that town in the legislature. In 1861 he took up his residence in this city, and in 1867 was appointed state librarian. This position he held till compelled by failing health to retire, in October, 1889.

He was corresponding member of the Chicago Historical Society and a frequent contributor to the *Magazine of Speculative Philosophy* and other periodicals. Among his various published articles were these: "The Human Form Systematically Outlined and Explained," "Henry James and Swedenborg," "Fate and Freedom," "Laws of Creation—Ultimate Science," "The Nation and the Commune," "Science in Government," "The Idea Within Itself and Without Itself," "The Grand Man," etc.

In 1841 Mr. Kimball married Sarah M. Cate, who survives him, with five children, a daughter and four sons.

---

DR. SAMUEL G. JARVIS.

Samuel Gardiner Jarvis, M. D., eldest son of Dr. Leonard Jarvis, born in Claremont August 30, 1816, died in that town March 5, 1892.

He was educated in the public schools, the West Claremont Academy and the Boston Latin School, and graduated with honor from the Jefferson Medical College, at Philadelphia, in 1838, immediately commencing practice in his native town, his location being upon a farm at West Claremont, and continuing to the time of his last illness. His professional circuit covered a wide territory, and his skill and success were of the highest order. He was ever noted for his benevolence, and during the war attended the families of all soldiers without charge. In addition to his professional work he was extensively engaged in sheep breeding and other agricultural pursuits. His party affiliation was Republican, but he never sought political honors. He was a member of the legislature in 1875 and 1876. He leaves two sons, William Jarvis, D. D. S., and Leonard Jarvis, M. D., both in practice in Claremont.





## WILLIAM M. WEED.

William McGaffey Weed, one of the best known citizens of Carroll county, born in Sandwich, July 29, 1814, died in his native town, which had ever been his home, March 9, 1892.

Mr. Weed was educated at Gilmanton Academy and New Hampton Institution, and was engaged in teaching for several years. Subsequently he went into mercantile business, following the same for fifteen years. He was engrossing clerk for the New Hampshire legislature in 1846 and 1847, and was also a member of Gov. Colby's staff in the former year. He represented Sandwich in the legislature in 1854, '55, '67, '68, '69, '70, '72, '73, '76 and '77. He had commenced the study of law in early life, pursuing the same in his leisure moments, and in 1874 was admitted to the bar. For eighteen years he served as clerk of the courts for the county of Carroll. He frequently served as selectman, and was town agent during the War of the Rebellion. He was prominent in Republican politics, and was a delegate in the National Convention which nominated John C. Fremont, in 1856. He leaves one son, Herbert F. Weed.

## HON. CHARLES W. FOLSOM.

Hon. Charles W. Folsom, born in Tamworth, September 1, 1839, died in Rochester March 5, 1892.

Mr. Folsom was educated in the common schools and at the academy in West Lebanon, Me. He taught school for some time and was also engaged in the shoe store of his father at Rochester, whither the family had removed in his infancy. He enlisted in the navy in 1864, and was one of the crew of the *San Jacinto* when it was wrecked off Abaco, suffering much privation. On returning home after the war he determined to enter journalism, and bought the *Rochester Courier*, which he conducted, as editor and proprietor, for nearly eighteen years, disposing of the same in 1885. In politics he was an earnest Republican, and took a prominent part in public affairs, serving in the lower branch of the legislature in 1872 and 1873, and in the senate in 1883. He was a ready speaker, an industrious writer, and a genial member of society. A widow and daughter survive him.





## HON. EBENEZER S. WHITTEMORE.

Hon. Ebenezer Stowell Whittemore, born in Rindge, September 4, 1828, died at Sandwich, Mass, February 27, 1892.

Mr. Whittemore removed with his father, when a child, to Illinois. He fitted for college at Elgin in that state and at Kalamazoo, Mich., graduated from the University of Michigan, and at the Harvard Law School, the latter in 1855, and commenced the study of law with C. G. Thomas, in Boston. He was admitted to the bar in 1857, and in the following year established himself in practice in Sandwich, where he ever after resided, though for many years he had an office in Boston. He was one of the commissioners of Barnstable county for nine years, and a trial justice of the county for thirty-one years. He was an active member and officer of the Cape Cod Historical Society, and contributed valuable papers to its published records, and was also an extensive contributor to law periodicals.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

The offer of either of C. C. Lord's "Historical Classics of Hopkinton"—"Mary Woodwell" and "The Look-Out and other Poems"—to be sent free to any present subscriber for the GRANITE MONTHLY sending in the name of a new subscriber and the subscription price, \$1.50, for Volume 14, made last month for the month of March, is continued for April. These classics are of both historical and literary value, are presented in attractive form, and sold at 50 cts.

All subscribers who are really interested in the publication of a New Hampshire magazine, are earnestly invited to aid in making the GRANITE MONTHLY what it should be, by extending its patronage. By a very trifling effort each one can add another or more to the list.

Those who have not yet remitted the amount of their subscription for the present volume will confer a favor by doing so at once.





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## A New Hampshire Magazine

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### CONCORD, N. H.:

H. H. METCALF, } Publishers. { Subscription, \$1.50  
A. H. RODINSON, } { per Year.

15 CENTS PER COPY.

Printed by N. H. Democratic Press Co.

Entered at the Post-Office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.







129a  
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## Concord Safe Deposit Vaults.

The First National Bank of Concord, N. H., has established the Concord Safe Deposit Vaults in the United Bank Building, 20 North Main street (corner of Depot), within three minutes' walk of the Railway Passenger Station. These vaults are provided with every approved convenience and device for safety, including automatic electric connection with the police station. Customers will find that nothing has been omitted which could add to their security or comfort. Ventilation and light are abundant. Convenient coupon rooms adjoin the vaults.

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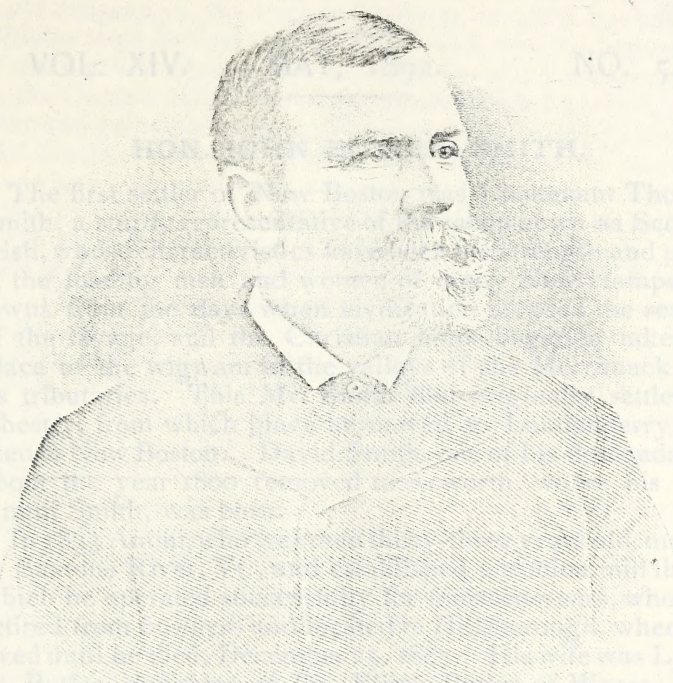




## THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV.

NO. 5.



Engr'd by A.H. Ritchie.

J. Butler Smith



# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV.

MAY, 1892.

NO. 5.

## HON. JOHN BUTLER SMITH.

The first settler of New Boston was Lieutenant Thomas Smith, a sturdy representative of the race known as Scotch-Irish, whose characteristics have been the strength and pride of the leading men and women of many New Hampshire towns from the days when civilization invaded the realms of the savage, and the Christian home began to take the place of the wigwam in the valleys of the Merrimack and its tributaries. This Mr. Smith had originally settled in Chester, from which place he moved to Londonderry and then to New Boston. David Smith, one of his descendants, about the year 1800 removed to Acworth, where his son, Ammi Smith, was born.

In 1833 Ammi, who was then thirty-three years old, moved to Saxtons River, Vt., and established a woolen mill there, which he operated successfully for fourteen years, when he retired from business and located in Hillsborough, where he lived until he died, December 25, 1887. His wife was Lydia F. Butler, daughter of Dr. Elijah Butler of Weare. To them, April 12, 1838, at Saxtons River, a son was born, and named John Butler Smith. This son, who was nine years of age when the family removed to Hillsborough, received his early education in the public schools of that town, and subsequently entered Francestown Academy, where he soon became known as one of its best classical scholars, and at the age of sixteen he was nearly fitted for college. Circumstances and his tastes united however to turn him towards a business career, and upon leaving the academy in 1854, he obtained employment in a shoe-peg factory at Henniker, then in a similar one at Manchester, and was afterwards engaged as a clerk in a country store in New Boston. In 1863, he began business for himself by purchasing a drug store in Manchester, which he owned for about a year, when he established in the town of Washington a factory





for the production of knit goods. A year later he leased the Sawyer woolen mill at North Weare, and having by his experience in these two ventures satisfied himself that he could succeed in the woolen business, in 1866 he built at Hillsborough Bridge a small mill, which was the beginning of the extensive knit goods factory now owned and operated by the Contoocook Mills Company, of which he is the president and principal owner. For seventeen years, from 1863, Mr. Smith resided in Manchester, although his business was elsewhere, and he is now largely interested in the real estate of that city and otherwise identified with its people. Since 1880 he has been a resident of Hillsborough. His wife is Emma E., daughter of Stephen Lavender of Boston. Two children have been born to them. Butler Lavender Smith, born March 4, 1886, was suddenly taken away from loving arms and loving hearts. He died, after a few day's illness, of dysentery, at St. Augustine, Fla., April 6, 1888. He will be long remembered as a bright and beautiful boy. Archibald Lavender, born Feb. 1, 1889, is still spared to cheer the otherwise desolate home.

Mr. Smith is one of a class of men to whose well directed energy and persistency we owe very much of what is prosperous and promising in New Hampshire, of the class that has planted upon waste places our manufacturing cities and villages, and put it within the power of our people to create the wealth that makes ours, in spite of a sterile soil and rigorous climate, one of the richest states in the Union. From the most unpretentious beginning his factory at Hillsborough has expanded into a large establishment, in which 250 people find constant employment, good wages and generous treatment; and about it, and one other—the Hillsborough woolen mill—has grown up one of the brightest, most substantial, and most attractive of New England villages.

His mill has coined money for him and for all who have been employed in it. His abilities have commanded success, and that success has been shared by his workmen, his neighbors, and all within the range of his activities.

Because he has been strong, ambitious and courageous; because he has been wise, prudent and liberal, his employes have worked with him and for him, without friction and without complaint, have been contented and happy, have





secured by their efforts the necessities and comforts of life, acquired homes of their own, and not only helped to save the old town from going to decay, but to add forty per cent. to its population and immensely to its wealth and other resources, during the last decade. During the quarter of a century that John B. Smith has been a mill owner, he has never had a strike or other labor disturbance to contend with, and he may well credit, as he does, a large share of his success to the amicable relations that have always existed between him and those who have operated his machinery, and made them his warmest friends and most zealous promoters of his interests. Nor is it in an indirect way alone that others have profited by Mr. Smith's business ability, for he has long been a liberal giver to the Congregational church, of which he is a member, to his party, to public and private charities, to all causes which commend themselves to his conscience and judgment. Few men in New Hampshire have in recent years scattered their benefactions with so free a hand, and fewer yet have given with so little advertisement of their generosity.

Mrs. Smith is in hearty accord with her husband in all charitable work, and is widely known for her generosity and kindness of heart, and quick sympathy for those in need. She is prominent in the social and religious interests of the community.

In politics, Mr. Smith is a Republican, earnest, uncompromising, ready and willing. In boyhood his convictions impelled him to cast aside the traditions and teachings of his Democratic ancestors, and become a member of the Republican organization; and since that time when there was work to be done or burdens to be borne to promote the cause of his party, he has never been found backward. When he became a citizen of Hillsborough in 1880, the town was, as it had always been, a Democratic stronghold. To the change by which his party was given ascendancy by a majority of fifty, Mr. Smith contributed in no small degree. He was one of the Republican electors of the state in 1884, a member of Governor Sawyer's council in 1887-9, chairman of the Republican State Committee in the early part of the campaign of 1890, and one of the most zealous and efficient of those who led his party in the contest which resulted in the election of Governor Tuttle.





What he is in business he is in all the relations of life, self reliant, well balanced, persistent, honest, straightforward and reliable. His judgment is excellent, his courage can be depended upon, his industry and persistency do not fail, and he wins. There is no demagoguery in his make-up. He is never demonstrative or effusive. He makes little noise. His promises are few. But he is strong, steady and true. His pledges are never repudiated. He does not disappoint. He does things, and brings about results.

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### A SPRING SONG.

BY C. C. LORD.

The landscape wide is fresh and fair,  
Lithe fancy leaps on buoyant wings,  
As, on the soft, transparent air,  
A bird exults and gaily sings,—

Bright rays!  
Sweet days!

Till buds rejoice and beauty springs.

Lo! May's rich mantle decks the scene,  
Rapt thought each golden theme describes,  
While blossoms rare adorn the green,  
As trills the bird in glad emprise,—

Bright hours!  
Sweet flowers!

Till luster gleams for ravished eyes.

O land where inspiration breathes!

Quick transport, bold, ecstatic, soars,  
As fondness true a garland weaves,

While the blithe bird his song outpours,—

Bright love!  
Sweet dove!

The homage crowns whom pride adores.





## EAST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF CONCORD.

BY REV. E. J. AIKEN.

The East Congregational Church of Concord has just completed the first half century of its existence, and as a church can take up the record of the past with gratitude and thanksgiving, though the ingatherings might have been greater, and in bold, aggressive work for Christ it has fallen far below its duty and privilege.

The history of fifty years is now written; to-day we can read but little of it; nevertheless its past is secure, and we thank God for it. The list of its members militant and the honored roll of its membership triumphant bind it by tender ties to the community, and by a stronger faith to God. For fifty years this church has upheld the banner of the cross. Though sometimes in adverse circumstances, it has moved steadily forward and been the only regularly organized church in this ward of the city. Under God, it has been a power for good in the community, as it has done for it that which nothing else could have done; and while we can see something of what it has done, we cannot see that from which it has saved, and what this people would have been but for this church, for no other institution or society touches so permanently and vitally the interests of the community in which it exists as does the church of Christ.

The church edifice now occupied by the First Congregational society was erected during the summer and fall months of 1841. The building committee, selected at a meeting called for that purpose, were Judge Jacob A. Potter, Charles Graham, Jeremiah Pecker, Jr., and William Page,—Col. Chas. H. Clough, clerk of committee. The oak frame for the bell tower was furnished by Gen. Isaac Eastman, whose daughter, Mrs. Ruth E. Staniels, is now living at the age of eighty years, and a resident of this ward. The cross-beam of the frame upon which the bell now hangs was a part of an old oak loom inherited by Mrs. Isaac Eastman from her great grandmother, Susanna White Johnson of Woburn, Mass., who was the granddaughter of Peregrine White, born on the "May Flower,"





while anchored off the rock-bound coast of New England in 1620. General Eastman was a blacksmith by trade, and made the vane which swings upon the spire of the church. The building was completed in December, 1841, and dedicated January 13, 1842, amid great rejoicing.

The society which now worships in the building then erected was organized March 30, 1842, by a council called for that purpose at the request of the members of the North church residing on the east side of the Merrimack river, a locality familiarly known as "Christian Shore," which resulted in forty-three members leaving the care and fellowship of the North church to become charter members in the new enterprise. Of their departure, Rev. F. D. Ayer, D. D., the present pastor of the North church, at the semi-centennial said,—“All these went out in love to the mother church, and bearing her blessing. No ripple of discord marked the division, and there has ever since existed the most pleasant relations between the churches.”

The following are the names of those dismissed from the North church, who became members of the East church March 30, 1842: Nathaniel Ambrose, Martha Ambrose, Mehitable Ambrose, Jane Ambrose, Jacob Clough, Susan Clough, Mehitable Palmer, William Heard, Robert M. Adams, Jonathan Brown, Mary A. Brown, Thomas Potter, Comfort Potter, Thomas D. Potter, Eunice Potter, Jacob A. Potter, Sophronia M. Potter, Thompson Tenney, Harriet Tenney, Nathaniel Ewer, Joseph Potter, Anna Potter, John Eastman, Lucinda B. Eastman, Isaac Virgin, Susan Virgin, James Eastman, Betsey Page, Mary A. Morrill, Abigail Glines, Esther J. Emery, Rachel Locke, Harriet Eastman, Sarah Ewer, Azuba Virgin, Caroline E. D. Virgin, Mary J. Blake, Susanna S. Lang, Fanny Hoit, Elisabeth Mooney, Mary Pecker, Anna Moulton, Dameron Adams.

Of this number but two are now living,—Mrs. Harriet Tenney and Caroline E. D. Virgin, the present Mrs. William Ballard, both residents of this ward. Thompson Tenney, the last male charter member of the church, died March 8, 1892, at the advanced age of eighty-one years, lacking but twenty-three days of having served the East church faithfully for fifty years, a part of the time as a deacon, though never elected to the office.





The first pastor of the East Congregational Church was Rev. Timothy Morgan, a graduate of Gilmanton Theological Seminary, under whose ministry the church was organized. He continued as pastor but about a year, during which, beside the charter members, fifty-one were added to the church, of which number but one is living to-day,—Harrison Bean, who united with the church (on confession of faith) May 1, 1842.

Hiram Freeman was next called, and ordained into the gospel ministry and installed pastor of the church September 27, 1843. After two years of faithful service, during which twenty-four members were added to the church, he resigned his charge to enter upon missionary labor in the far West, and was dismissed June 25, 1846. Among those who united with the church under his ministry but one is living, Mrs. Lucy Graham, a resident of this ward.

Rev. Winthrop Fifield was called and installed pastor March 24, 1847, and dismissed May 21, 1850. Under his labors there were added to the church six members.

Rev. Henry A. Kendall, pastor of the church at Dublin, was invited to become the next pastor, and was installed June 26, 1851. Mr. Kendall was a graduate of Gilmanton Theological Seminary, a man of strong convictions, of unwavering integrity to the truth and loyalty to the Congregational denomination, a man of commanding appearance, who is still living at the advanced age of eighty-two years, and well known to many in Concord and vicinity. He continued as pastor of the church until May 1, 1858, when he retired from the active ministry, closing the longest pastorate in the history of the church. During his ministry there were added to the church thirty-four members.

February 10, 1860, E. O. Jameson, a student at Andover Theological Seminary, accepted an invitation from this church to become its pastor, and on March 1 was ordained into the gospel ministry and installed pastor by a council called for that purpose. Mr. Jameson remained with the church until November 1, 1865. During his ministry twenty-two persons were added to the church. Mr. Jameson is at present pastor of the Congregational Church, Millis, Mass., where he has been located since 1871, and is quite eminent as a historian.

From the date of Mr. Jameson's dismissal until October 1,





1883, a period of about eighteen years, there were no settled pastors, and the church was supplied in about the following order :

October 3, 1866, by Rev. A. A. Baker, who was somewhat of a revivalist, under whose labors the church was greatly blessed, and many were added to its membership who are living and active members of the church to-day. Mr. Baker at present is pastor of the Congregational Church at Independence, Iowa.

Rev. Smith Norton, since Field Superintendent of Home Missions in Wisconsin, at present pastor of the Congregational Church, Shoreham, Vt., began as stated supply October 10, 1867, and continued until February 1, 1869, during which time the church made great gains in Sabbath attendance. There was also a marked advance in Sabbath school work. Mr. and Mrs. Norton were great favorites with the young people.

Rev. George Smith commenced as a supply February 8, 1869, and continued for two years. He is now retired from the active work of the ministry and settled at Northwood.

January 1, 1871, Rev. Herbert R. Howes of Charleston, Me., was called, who remained but a year. His labors were greatly blessed, and many were brought into the fellowship of the church.

Rev. Abram Burnham began as a supply during the spring of 1872, and remained with the church six years, during which time there were two marked revivals, and several were brought into the church.

Rev. W. Gleason Schoppe, at present pastor of the First Congregational Church, Charlestown Dist., Boston, Mass., supplied from January 1, 1879, to November 1, 1880. His labors were attended with revival interest.

Rev. C. L. Tappan of Concord, secretary of the N. H. Historical Society, supplied the pulpit immediately following the work under Mr. Schoppe, and continued with the church for about two years, and has served at different times since as the church has been in need. He has twice served as moderator of councils called by the church and society.

Rev. A. E. Dunnells, at present pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Bath, Me., began as a supply





December 1, 1882, and continued with the church for ten months.

James T. Pyke, a student of Andover Theological Seminary, began as regular supply October 1, 1883, and continued as such at his own request till October 17, 1884, when, at the request of both church and society, he consented to accept a call to become pastor, and was ordained into the gospel ministry and installed pastor by a council of churches. Owing to poor health, he was obliged to resign his charge the following spring, much to the regret of his people.

The present pastor began his labors with the church as a lay preacher April 26, 1885; was ordained into the gospel ministry and installed pastor by a council called for that purpose October 1st of the same year. Owing to poor health he was obliged to relinquish his charge October 1, 1886.

For fifteen months, from January 1, 1887, to April 1, 1888, the pulpit was supplied by Rev. Lewis Goodrich of Manchester, during which time the church edifice was repaired and the chapel moved across the street and joined to the church. The work was done under the immediate supervision of Rev. C. L. Tappan of Concord, assisted by Thompson Tenney and C. E. Staniels. About \$2,200 was expended in remodeling and refurnishing the same, which amount, with the exception of about \$140, was raised within the limits of the parish.

January 1, 1888, the church extended a call to Rev. E. J. Aiken to again become its pastor. He entered upon the work April 1, 1888, and continued two years, during which time nine were added to the church. Mr. Aiken resigned April 1, 1890, to accept a call to the first church of Andover, N. H.

A call was immediately extended by the church to Rev. R. M. Burr, pastor of the Congregational Church of Chichester, who accepted the same; commenced his labors about June 1, 1890, and continued with the church until July 1, 1891. Under his ministry a Y. P. S. C. E. was organized, members were added, and the church greatly prospered. Mr. Burr at present is pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Alstead.

At the close of Mr. Burr's ministry, the church and society





met and voted to extend a third call to Mr. Aiken, who was then laboring as state missionary for the New Hampshire Home Missionary Society, and engaged Rev. N. F. Carter of Concord as supply, until an answer should be received. Mr. Carter's more than acceptable service continued until October 1, 1891, when Mr. Aiken, for the third time, entered the service of the church as its pastor.

The following have served the church as deacons: Nathaniel Ambrose, Jonathan Brown, Joel S. Morrill, John Eastman, James M. Carleton, Joseph Smith, Thompson Tenney, George H. Curtis, John T. Batchelder. The last two named were elected in 1879, and are at present in office.

March 6, 1892, a committee was appointed, consisting of the following persons, to arrange for the semi-centennial anniversary of the organization of the church: Deacon George H. Curtis, Deacon John T. Batchelder, Mrs. A. S. Farnum, Mrs. Martha Drew, Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge Emery.

The following letter-missive was immediately sent to all former pastors now living, and to churches of like faith in the city of Concord, also to others prominent in Christian work in the immediate vicinity:

The semi-centennial of the East Congregational Church, of Concord, N. H., Sunday, March 27,—Wednesday, March 30, 1892. The East Congregational Church, of Concord, N. H., sends greeting:

Services for Sunday, March 27th.

Sermon by the pastor, Subject "The Church of Christ."

Original poem, by Rev. N. F. Carter.

Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Wednesday, March 30th, is the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of this church, and her people desire to appropriately recognize the day. We would cordially invite you to be present and participate with us in the reunion of family and old acquaintances. The afternoon exercises will include:

A Historical Address, by Rev. F. D. Ayer, D. D.

Church History, by F. P. Curtis.

Report from the Ladies' Benevolent Society, by Mrs. Sarah H. Potter.

Supper will be served at 5 o'clock.





The exercises of the evening will be under the direction of the Y. P. S. C. E.

At 8 o'clock, address by Rev. Edgar T. Farrill, president of the New Hampshire Conference of Y. P. S. C. E.

E. J. AIKEN, Pastor.

GEO. H. CURTIS,

JOHN T. BATCHELDER, } Deacons.

ELBRIDGE EMERY,

Chairmen Executive Committee.

Concord, N. H., March 14, 1892.

The services of the Sabbath were largely attended, at which the following hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. N. F. Carter, was sung :

O Lord our God, like sands of gold,  
The years are running from Thy hand !  
Their silent passage, as of old,  
Bring changes Thy great love hath planned !

Many, who once these ways have trod,  
And wrought with willing hand and heart,  
No longer in this house of God,  
Their cheer of fellowship impart !

We bow responsive to Thy right,  
Thy many, many mercies own,  
And pray, as children of the light,  
Our work and worship may be known.

Grant, Lord, that while we linger still  
In service, we, with one accord,  
May do the Master's holy will,  
And find in service full reward !

So add rich blessing to Thy praise !  
Thy saintly harvests grow and reap ;  
With glory cover coming days,  
Till comes to Thy beloved sleep !

The final ceremonies were consummated Wednesday, March 30th. The attendance was large and comprised quite a representation from outside the parish, among whom were his excellency, H. A. Tuttle, governor of New Hampshire ; Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church of Concord ; Rev. N. F. Carter, Rev. C. F. Roper and others, who, by their words of hearty cheer, added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The closing exercise was a gathering in the evening of the Y. P. S. C. E., which was attended by members of





other societies in the immediate vicinity, who were addressed by Rev. Edgar T. Farrill, president of the State Conference.

In the closing words of the historical address delivered by Dr. Ayer, "We have reason to-day to thank God for the past, for the bright record of our churches, for their succession of pastors, for their generations of devoted men and women. How little we can recall or tabulate. We can be grateful for the pious ancestry, for the fidelity and the faith of those who have maintained the institutions of religious worship. Be it ours to serve our generation and transmit our inheritance, with still larger power and service to those who shall come after us."

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### MADRIGAL.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

Fly, swallow, fly!

Soar away, soar away, up to the bright blue sky;  
Spread thy wings, O swallow, and fly far away,  
Through the amber sunshine of this sweet summer day.  
In the radiant light of cloudland bathe thy satin wing,  
Carrying, carrying everywhere tokens of the Spring.

Fly, swallow, fly!

Fly and tell my love that the sunshine of her eye  
Is dearer to me far than all the charms of May.  
Tell her that I think of her through all the live-long day,  
And in the dewy night time her presence comes to me,  
Whether I wander on the land or sail upon the sea.  
The memory of her kisses, tell her they thrill me yet,  
And that her last sweet spoken words I never shall forget.

Fly, swallow, fly!

Haste, haste away, to where the southland valleys lie,  
And whisper to my darling the passion in my heart.  
Say to her that the Spring time shall never more depart  
Ere I shall be with her to breathe these whispered words  
Into her willing ears, which now I trust to birds.  
So fly away, O swallow, and do not stay thy wing,  
Or my heart will go before thee with this message of the  
Spring.





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## COL. SAMUEL ASHLEY.

A FRONTIER SOLDIER AND STATESMAN—NOTABLE FIGURE  
IN CLAREMONT'S EARLY HISTORY.

[Paper read by Charles B. Spofford before the Tremont Club, February 17, 1892.]

Samuel Ashley was born in Massachusetts in 1721. The exact time and place I am unable to state. His father, Rev. Joseph Ashley, was a graduate of Yale, and on November 12, 1736, was ordained over the first church of Winchester, N. H. His salary was £130. He also received the ministerial right of land and £150 towards his settlement. The generosity of this salary is noticeable, for the governor of the province received but £100, and the minister of Portsmouth, then the largest and wealthiest settlement in the state, the same as Rev. Mr. Ashley.

It is probable that Samuel Ashley removed with his parents to Winchester, and continued to reside there until 1745, at which time the settlement was broken up, the church burned by the Indians, and the pioneers forced to return to their old homes.

Rev. Mr. Ashley went to Sunderland, Mass., where, in 1746, he was installed as minister, and where he continued to live until his death.

In 1753 the settlement of the boundary line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire threw the former grant of Winchester into the New Hampshire territory, and it became necessary to obtain a re-grant.

This purpose was accomplished June 2, 1753, by securing to the original grantees the same tract under a charter from Benning Wentworth. Among the grantees were Samuel, Martin and Joseph Ashley, who had been grantees and settlers under the former charter. Returning to their possessions, Samuel Ashley was chosen, with Josiah Willard and Col. William Symes, the first selectmen of the town. The time elapsing between this and the commencement of the Revolutionary war was an era of wild speculation in lands. Township after township was granted by his excellency, Benning Wentworth, regardless of the present state lines, and before 1761, sixty townships had been granted on the west side of the Connecticut river and eighteen on the east.





In these grants the governor usually had two shares, each member of his council, his uncle and nephew being also remembered. In these grants Samuel Ashley was also a party, as, in addition to Winchester, he became interested in Claremont, and in Taunton, Vt.

Practically at forty years of age, therefore, it will be seen, he had become an influential citizen and a large owner of wild lands, a justice of the peace, and one of three in Cheshire county authorized to record deeds. It is, however, after the age of fifty-three that we have the most of our subject.

The causes which led to the Revolution are too well known to require enumeration here; sufficient to say that at its commencement every man was, and must have been, either for or against the government of King George.

The decision was one of the utmost importance to the chooser. On one hand, the pleasure and favor of the Crown; on the other, the hardships and trials of war. Which should Samuel Ashley take? He had been favored by the Crown; become, for those times, wealthy at the hands of the royal government which he was now to renounce. It was not an ungrateful act. His very life had been one of independence. The wrongs which his neighbors less favored than he had undergone, led him to choose the course which should make him famous.

His friends were divided in sentiment. The Willards maintained allegiance to the British sovereign, while he became a patriot.

Samuel Ashley had been a delegate to the Provincial government, as representative from Winchester. At the session which met May 10, 1774, at Portsmouth, notwithstanding the strong remonstrance of John Wentworth, who had been appointed governor in 1767, the representatives appointed a Committee of Correspondence, for the purpose of exchanging information with similar committees from the other colonies.

Later, on July 21, 1774, a convention composed of eighty-five delegates was convened at Exeter. This convention appointed Nathaniel Folsom and John Langdon to attend the First Continental Congress, which met at Philadelphia September 4 of that year. January 5, 1775, a second convention convened at Exeter, and April 21, two days after the battle of Lexington, a third.





May 17, 1775, still another, composed of 151 delegates, met, and, styling themselves the "First Provincial Congress," elected Matthew Thornton president.

Of all these conventions, Samuel Ashley was a member.

The last convention appointed the famous Committee of Safety, which was composed of five members, and afterward increased to nine. The first five were Hon. Matthew Thornton, Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, Nathaniel Folsom and Ebenezer Thompson.

Meanwhile, Governor Wentworth, after attempting to control the action of the representatives, withdrew, first to the fort in Portsmouth harbor, and then to the Isles of Shoals, from which latter place he issued in September, 1775, a proclamation adjourning the assembly to April, 1776. This was the last act of the administration by the representative of the Crown.

Henceforth, to the close of the war, May 29, 1784, the raising of troops, their management and equipment, in fact, the government of the Province, was vested in the Council of Eight and the Committee of Safety.

On the day of its appointment, May 17, 1775, this Committee of Safety increased its numbers to nine by the addition of Samuel Ashley, Esq., Israel Morey, Capt. Josiah Moulton and Rev. Samuel Webster, as additional members, and empowered themselves to enlist men sufficient for one regiment.

From June 14 until June 29, Samuel Ashley was in continuous attendance; from that date to October 30, he was absent in the service of the state. Acting as mustering officer, he was instrumental in raising a regiment, over which he was commissioned colonel. From October 31 to November 16, he was again a constant attendant with the others of the committee. His services on this committee, however, ceased on January 5, 1776, at which time he was elected a member of the "Council," in which body he served until 1780 as one of the two members from Cheshire county, which then included all that we now call Cheshire and Sullivan.

On March 24, 1779, he was, with Gen. Nathaniel Folsom, chosen a representative to the Continental Congress, but for some unknown reason did not accept. He continued, however, in command of his regiment, and, as mustering





officer and paymaster, enlisted, between 1776 and 1780, many of the troops of Western New Hampshire, and advanced their bounty money and wages. May 2, 1777, dispatches were received by the Committee of Safety informing it that the garrison at Ticonderoga was in danger of being taken by the British, and urging that the militia be sent forward to reinforce this important post. The following day expresses were sent to Colonels Ashley, Bellows of Walpole, and Jonathan Chase of Cornish, entreating them "to raise as much of the militia as possible and march to Ticonderoga." In reply, Colonel Ashley marched with 109 men, Colonel Bellows with 112, and Colonel Chase with 159. This was known as the "Second Ticonderoga Alarm," the result of which was the evacuation of Ticonderoga by the Americans and the threatened subjection of New England.

The Committee of Safety, at this crisis, convened the legislature on July 17. The Council and House of Representatives resolved themselves into a Committee of the Whole, and conferred with the Committee of Safety.

The state was destitute, and it was supposed all had been done that could possibly be done in the way of furnishing troops, yet the alternatives of future battlefields on New Hampshire soil, or assisting to check Burgoyne's progress, stared them in the face.

On the second day, after all possible means had been discussed and given up, John Langdon arose from his seat and uttered those words which for patriotism have no equal in those trying days:

"I have one thousand dollars in hard money. I will pledge my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which I will sell for the most it will bring. This sum is at the service of the state. If we succeed in defending our homes, I may be reimbursed; if we do not, they will be of no value to me. Our friend, General Stark, who so nobly maintained the honor of our state at Bunker Hill, may safely be intrusted with the honor of the enterprise, and we will check the progress of Burgoyne."

The patriotic offer was accepted with enthusiasm. A draft of men was unnecessary, as all enlisted with alacrity, and were forwarded to Charlestown in detachments. The rest you all know.





My purpose in speaking of this was to say that, upon the volunteer staff of Gen. John Stark, Samuel Ashley served as brigade major, and, with Colonel Bellows, continued in the service under General Gates at Saratoga, and until the surrender of Burgoyne. That he served from purely patriotic motives, the following letter proves :

TICONDEROGA, November 9, 1777.

TO COLONELS ASHLEY AND BELLOWES :

*Gentlemen*,—I return to you, and to the officers and soldiers of the regiments under your command, my sincere thanks for the spirit and expedition both you and they have shown in marching, upon the first alarm, upward of one hundred and fifty miles, to the support of this important post when it was threatened with an immediate attack from the enemy's army. I now dismiss you with the honor you have so well deserved.

I also certify that neither you nor any under your command have received any pay or reward from me for your services on this occasion. That, I leave to be settled by the general congress with the convention of your state. With great respect, I am,

Your most obedient servant,

HORATIO GATES.

In 1781 occurred the celebrated Vermont Controversy, where the harmony of the two states, and of the towns on either side of the Connecticut, was at stake by the proposed formation of a new state. Colonel Ashley, with ten others, strongly protested, at a meeting held at Charlestown, against the proceedings of the convention, and doubtless by his own and his associates' determined action prevented civil feud, which had so nearly occurred between these towns themselves.

About this time Colonel Ashley removed to Claremont. He had been associate justice of the court of common pleas for Cheshire county from 1776, a position he filled until July, 1791.

After the Revolution, of the seventy-five shares into which the town was originally divided, twenty-two were possessed by Samuel Ashley and the members of his family. At a meeting of the proprietors, May 26, 1784, these shares were, by vote of the proprietors, laid out into one tract, the dividing line being known as "Ashley's Line." Its course was in a straight line across the town, from the vicinity of the





"Ferry," easterly from the Connecticut river to the town line of Newport. Eighteen of these twenty-two shares were the confiscated rights of original grantees, who had neglected to pay their proportion of the assessments incidental to the settlement of the town, and for which neglect they were sold at auction, and doubtless purchased by Samuel Ashley. The territory thus acquired was controlled independently from the other town proprietors.

Of Samuel Ashley's family I am able to give but little. I have learned that he married Lydia Doolittle, probably in Winchester, N. H. To them were born eight children, four sons and four daughters. Major Oliver, "Snarling Oliver," as he was called by his father, was the elder son. He married, and died without issue, April 9, 1818, aged 74. He lived on the farm now owned by John Bailey, and established the ferry which bears the family name, and which was incorporated in 1784. He was captain of the Claremont company, which marched from "Number Four" to Bennington on August 17, 1777, and at other times served his country in the Revolution. At his death he left by his will \$5,000, the income of which was perpetually to assist in the maintenance of the Episcopal church at West Claremont, now known as Union Church. The remaining sons were severally designated by the colonel as "Sociable" Samuel, "Noble" Daniel, and the younger, "Numhead" Luther, who was a college graduate.

Lieut. Samuel lived on the Charles Ainsworth farm. He was lieutenant in the company of which his brother was captain, and married Annie, daughter of Col. Benjamin Sumner. He died in 1815.

Col. Daniel married Sally Alexander, and died in Claremont, October 8, 1810, "with a cancer on his face," aged fifty-seven.

Luther married Sally, daughter of Lieut. Ezra Jones, also a Revolutionary soldier and a member of Capt. Oliver's company at Bennington, and lived where Mr. Ralph Ainsworth now lives.

Of the daughters, Content married Daniel Breck, afterward a member of congress from Vermont.

Sally married Capt. Alden Partridge, the founder of Norwich university and a celebrated military instructor.

Olive married a Mr. Bunnell, and moved to Canada.





No more fitting eulogy on Samuel Ashley than that expressed on his gravestone is in our power to write, which reads as follows:

"In memory of the Hon. Samuel Ashley, Esq. Blessed with good natural talents and a heart rightly to improve them, he in various departments of civil and military life exhibited a character honorable to himself and useful to others. Having presided for several years in the lower court of this county, he with probity and fidelity displayed the virtues of the patriot and Christian as well in public as domestic life. The smallpox put an end to his earthly course February 18, 1792, aged 71."

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### THREE BOSTON JUDGES.

BY MARION HOWARD.

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#### CALEB BLODGETT.

This eminent associate justice of the superior court of Massachusetts is a man who does his native state great honor, and who merits the high position he has attained.

Caleb Blodgett was born in Dorchester, Grafton Co., New Hampshire, June 3, 1832. He is the son of Caleb and Charlotte (Piper) Blodgett, and is a brother of the Hon. Isaac N. Blodgett, one of the justices of the supreme judicial court of New Hampshire.

In 1834 his parents removed to Canaan, where he attended the common schools and, later, the academy. He fitted for college mainly at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, under Dr. Cyrus S. Richards, entered Dartmouth in 1852, and was graduated in 1856. From September, 1856, to June, 1858, he was engaged in teaching, as master of the high school in Leominster, Mass. After leaving Leominster, he read law with William P. Weeks of Canaan, Burke & Waite of Newport, and Bacon & Aldrich of Worcester, Mass. He was admitted to the bar in Worcester, at the December term of the superior court in 1859.

His first connection with the practice of law was in March, 1860, at Hopkinton, Mass., as a partner of Henry L. Parker, a college classmate. In December following, he removed to Boston, and associated himself in the practice





of his profession with the Hon. Halsey J. Boardman. This partnership, lasting over a score of years, was terminated in January, 1882, when he was appointed by Governor Long as associate justice of the superior court, which position he so ably fills and adorns.

Judge Blodgett was made president of the Phi Beta Kappa society of Dartmouth college in 1886, and in June, 1889, he received from his alma mater the honorary degree of LLD.

Not the least of the honors, however, that have crowned his life is the estimation in which he is held by those who have practised before his court, and who have received at his hands the impartial distribution of justice, which should ever characterize an upright judge.

On the death of the lamented Judge Devens, in January, 1891, Judge Blodgett was offered the vacant seat on the bench of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts, as Judge Devens's successor. It was the wish of Governor Russell, and nearly every member of the bar, that the promotion should take place. The sentiments, both written and spoken by eminent men throughout the community, were most favorable. The chief objection was, that he could not be spared from the superior court. He would have had the entire confidence of the bar of Massachusetts, without distinction of party or other considerations.

Judge Blodgett, however, declined to accept the honor conferred upon him, preferring the old familiar duties to newer and possibly more laborious ones.

He was married at Canaan, N. H., in 1865, to Roxie B., daughter of Jesse and Emily A. (Green) Martin. They are blessed with one son, grown to manhood, Charles M. Blodgett, and their home on Claremont Park, Boston, gives abundant evidence of taste and comfort.

A part of the summer of each year is spent by the family in their delightful country home, in the old village of Canaan. The estate is highly valued as the homestead of Mrs. Blodgett's parents, and the family return to it, year after year, with constantly increasing pleasure. Judge Blodgett is strongly attached to the town of Canaan, and is president of the Canaan Street Village Improvement Society. He has often said that the old village on the hill, commonly known as Canaan Street, is to him the most





attractive place in all the world, and the only place habitually associated with the idea and conception of home.

Judge Blodgett is a cousin of the Hon. Rufus Blodgett of New Jersey, United States senator, who was born in the same house with him, in Dorchester, N. H.

In politics, our associate justice is a Democrat; in religion, a Baptist. He is also a member of the Masonic fraternity, and of the University Club of Boston.

Personally, he is a typical specimen of sturdy, rugged manhood, well preserved, erect in figure, and a most hearty, genial, wholesome man and gentleman.

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WILLIAM JOSIAH FORSAITH.

The municipal court of Boston has for an associate justice a "most righteous judge," in the person of William J. Forsaith, who was born at Newport, N. H., August 19, 1836.

He is of Scotch-Irish extraction. His great-grandfather came to America in 1742, and settled in Chester, N. H. His grandfather settled in Deering, where his father, Josiah Forsaith, was born in 1780. Judge Forsaith's father was a graduate of Dartmouth college in the class of 1807. He lived and practised law in Boston, Mass., Goffstown and Newport, N. H. He made the last mentioned place his home, and resided there twenty-five years, until his decease in 1846.

His mother was Maria (Southworth) Forsaith of Hingham, Mass.

The early education of Judge Forsaith was acquired in the public schools until fourteen years of age, when he entered the Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, where he remained three years. A two years course at Amherst college, followed by a similar term at Dartmouth, led up to his graduation from the latter in 1857. He began to read law with Messrs. Burke & Waite at Newport, and in 1858 came to Boston and continued his study with the Hon. B. F. Hallett and Messrs. Ranney & Morse. He also attended the Harvard Law School one term. He was admitted to the bar in 1860, and immediately engaged in practice in Boston.

Fourteen years previous to 1872 he held the position of special justice of the municipal court of the city of Boston, and in that year he was appointed associate justice of the same court, which position he now holds.





Judge Forsaith was married to Annie Veazie of Bangor, Me., in 1865, who passed away in 1889, leaving three children,—one son and two daughters. In religion, he is a Congregationalist; in politics, a Republican. He is also a Free Mason. Judge Forsaith spends his summers among the granite hills and lakes. He owns a cottage on the shores of Lake Sunapee, at Lake View Landing.

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#### JOHN HENRY HARDY.

There is evidently something in the air of the Granite State which furnishes her sons and daughters with more than ordinary pluck. It is always a pleasure to write of self-made men and women, and it should be an inspiration to the young to read of the early struggles of such. The subject of this sketch, John Henry Hardy, was born in Hollis, Hillsborough county, New Hampshire, February 2, 1847. He came of rare good stock, his ancestry, in every line, being among the earliest emigrants to this country. The records show that they landed here in New England between 1630 and 1640, and were the first settlers of the towns of Watertown, Groton, Billerica, Ipswich, and Bradford, Mass. From them their lineal descendants became the earliest settlers of the frontier town of Hollis, between 1732 and 1770. They were pioneers, and some of them excellent soldiers in the Revolution and the French and Indian War. His parents were John and Hannah (Farley) Hardy. He attended the common schools of his native town until he was fifteen years old, when he enlisted during the Civil War as a private soldier in the Fifteenth New Hampshire Regiment. John Hardy was, no doubt, the youngest enlisted man who carried a gun from his native state, and to his credit, be it said, that he served faithfully during the nine long months of service. He was engaged with the regiment during the siege at Port Hudson.

On his return from the army he immediately fitted for college, at the Appleton Academies of Mount Vernon and New Ipswich, N. H. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1870, when he came to Massachusetts to reside. He took up a vigorous study of law with Judge E. F. Johnson of Marlboro, Mass. (formerly a resident and native of Hollis, N. H.). He afterward entered the Harvard Law School, and while pursuing the course there studied law





with R. M. Morse, Jr., besides teaching school. He was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1872, just two years after graduating. A business partnership was entered into with Samuel J. Elder and Thomas W. Proctor.

This was continued until his appointment by Governor George D. Robinson, in 1885, to his present position, that of associate justice of the municipal court of Boston. It was his pluck and perseverance that gained for him the goal he had so long been striving for.

Judge Hardy was married in August, 1871, to Anna J. Conant of Littleton, Mass., a lineal descendant of Roger Conant, the first settler of Cape Ann. Two children brighten their home—John H., Jr., and Horace D.

In politics Judge Hardy is a Republican; in religion, a Unitarian. He was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives from the Arlington district (where he resides) in 1883. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity, and a beloved comrade in the G. A. R.

Judge Hardy is a striking man in appearance. He is above the average height and has a commanding presence, with a keen, searching eye, and a face which shows determination, tempered with wise judgment. He is now in the very prime of manhood, and is undoubtedly destined to rise still higher in the judicial ranks.

---

### A KISS.

BY LULA F. WILLAMS.

I was peaceful and calm in the morning,  
My heart was untroubled and still;  
When, suddenly, and without warning,  
Confusion my being did fill.

My heart to new life is awaking—  
A life filled with love's thrilling bliss;  
But I'd thank Heaven, e'en were it breaking,  
For one moment of rapture like this.

Do you ask for the cause of my rapture—  
Why my life is now filled with love's bliss?  
Well, Cupid my cold heart did capture,  
Through a passionate, soul-thrilling kiss.

Greenland, February, 1892.





## REV. THOMAS RICKER LAMBERT.

BY WILLIAM PICKERING HILL.

The death of Rev. Thomas Ricker Lambert, the oldest Episcopal clergyman in Massachusetts, which occurred in Boston on the 5th day of February last, removes the youngest of three persons who, some sixty-six years ago, were serving an apprenticeship in the office of the *New Hampshire Patriot*, under its founder, Isaac Hill. All three had passed their 80th year some time ago. The two survivors are Hon. John R. Reding of Portsmouth (whose first wife was the youngest sister of Governor Hill), and who has reached his 86th, and Colonel Horatio Hill of Chicago, Ill. (the youngest brother of Governor Hill), his 84th anniversary. The compiler of this notice, who is ten years the junior of Dr. Lambert, can remember him as far back as the year 1826 as the "printer's devil" in the old *Patriot* office, doing the chores and learning to set type.

He was then about sixteen years old, and the writer only six—just old enough to read and wonder at the initials "T. R. L.," which young Lambert had inscribed, in letters nearly a foot long, over a door in the office. He was a curly-headed youth, fair to look upon, and very popular during his apprenticeship, which may have continued some three or four years. Like all other of Mr. Hill's apprentices, he boarded during his term of service in the family of his employer. The Boston papers have published extended notices of Dr. Lambert. In one it is stated that "he was born in South Berwick, Me., July 2, 1809, and was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy." His name does not appear among the graduates of that institution; but from another source we learn that he was an alumnus of Berwick Academy, where he may have nearly fitted for college before coming to learn the art of printing in Concord.

After leaving here he received an appointment as a cadet at West Point, where he remained for a short time. His father was William Lambert, whose death, leaving quite a large family in moderate circumstances, may have prevented the son from pursuing a col-





legiate course. Mr. Lambert was obliged to leave West Point on account of ill health. Returning to Portsmouth, where he had relatives, he entered the office of Hon. Levi Woodbury as a law student, and remained there until that gentleman was called to the cabinet of President Jackson, as Secretary of the Navy, in 1831. Mr. Lambert was admitted to the bar the next year. This he exchanged for the church, by the advice of friends, among them the Rev. Charles Burroughs, D. D., for many years rector of St. John's Church, Portsmouth. With him Mr. Lambert studied, became a candidate for holy orders, and was ordained by the venerable Bishop Griswold in 1836.

Previous to this he had been appointed by Secretary Woodbury, who was always interested in him, a chaplain in the navy. His commission was signed by President Andrew Jackson in 1834, and he held the position for twenty years. During this time he served on board the frigates *Brandywine*, *Constitution*, and *Columbia*, under Commodores Wadsworth and Rousseau and Captain Williamson, visiting nearly every part of the civilized world. In 1837 he was at Constantinople, and once visited Rome and was presented to Pope Pius IX. Mr. Lambert thus formed acquaintances in the navy, with officers and men, which lasted through his entire life.

While on a vacation he instituted the parish of St. Thomas, at Dover. On another leave of absence he was invited to the rectorship of Grace Church, New Bedford, which he accepted and where he remained four years. Returning in 1845 to the chaplaincy, he served at the navy yard, Charlestown, with Commodore John Downs. In 1855 he resigned the chaplaincy and became rector of St. John's Church, Charlestown, where he remained twenty-eight years. In 1845 he received the honorary degree of A. M. from Brown University, and in 1852 the same degree from Trinity College; in 1863 Columbia College conferred upon him the degree of S. T. D.

In Free Masonry he wrought for nearly sixty years, having received the first degree in his 21st year and attained the 33d in his 60th. He was repeatedly Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and for more than half a century the intimate and social friend of the grand officers.





Dr. Lambert was married, in January, 1845, to Mrs. June Standish Colby of New Bedford, daughter of Hon. John Avery Parker, and widow of Judge H. G. O. Colby. They have one son, William Thomas Lambert of Boston. Hon. John P. Hale married a sister of Dr. Lambert, and he was an uncle of Hon. William E. Chandler's present wife.

"In his death," says *The Boston Herald*, "one of the oldest Episcopal clergymen in the state has passed away, and hundreds of people whom he had befriended in different periods of his life, or who had been drawn to him on account of his charming personal and social qualities, have suffered an irreparable loss. The longest period of his parochial service was at St. John's Church, Charlestown, where he kept open house to his friends and dispensed a delightful hospitality. He was not an eminent scholar or preacher. His strength lay rather in his charming personal qualities, in the gifts that go to make a Christian gentleman. He had a rare faculty of doing the right thing at the right time. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him, and the ministries of affection which he had extended to others were returned in the services of many grateful friends who brightened the cheerful but lonely retirement of his ripe old age."

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## MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

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### MUSIC IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

One of the most positive proofs which we have to-day that music, as taught in our public schools, is a failure is the difficulty attending the formation of choral or singing societies everywhere. Take the cities of Manchester, Nashua, and Dover for example. What has the Queen City of New Hampshire to show for her expenditure in this direction? Those who are qualified to know tell us that it is impossible to organize and sustain a choral society or chorus there; and it is with serious misgivings that the management of the opera house books a concert, no matter how great the attraction. What reason can the advocates





of the present system of music teaching give for this state of affairs? They must either plead lack of time on the one hand, or acknowledge the inability of teachers on the other; or, perhaps, if the truth were spoken, it would include both of the above reasons.

Dover has practically nothing to commend her in a musical way, either in efforts or taste. Nashua shows a little more interest, due mainly to the fact that she has a few enthusiasts who are continually striving to build up the art, prominent among whom may be mentioned Mr. E. M. Temple, the secretary of the N. H. M. T. A.

Now the majority of our people are by nature musical, and there are no excuses within the bounds of reason why all should not read and understand music in a moderate degree. Why should a child, with a natural love for music and a good voice, graduate from our schools and not know the difference between a major and minor key and scale? What is worse, fully fifty per cent. of them do not know how many scales there are, or even their signatures. What a record to be proud of, you teachers and committees into whose hands the youth of the nation are entrusted for education, development and accomplishment! It is time that this high-handed robbery and musical blasphemy ceased.

It cannot be such a difficult matter to eradicate these evils. First, let the teacher be competent. Let the examination be so severe that there can be no doubts as to his ability. Let pupils pass an examination by the teacher, and all who do not give evidence of a musical nature, either by desire or ability, be excused from attending musical studies. Then allow the teacher to divide the different schools into classes, calling them together for practice, giving from three quarters to one hour and a half for each class. Expect and insist that these hours should be as decorously and faithfully observed as all other school hours. At the end of every term, let us have examinations, not by the school board (as a rule), but by educated and thoughtful musicians; and as often as twice each year give a public exhibition, that parents and all others interested may see and realize the improvement. Until some step of this kind is taken, we need expect little progress, except where the old-fashioned singing-school is kept up. This latter is far preferable to our so-called modern system of music teaching.





During Lent it has been very quiet in musical circles throughout the state. The promise, however, in the near future is very gratifying, and with the next issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY we shall have much that will interest followers of the art.

---

Mary Howe-Lavin, Mr. Lavin, tenor, Mr. Lucien Howe, pianist, and Blaisdell's orchestra, gave a concert in the new City Opera house in Dover, on Wednesday evening, April 13, under the auspices of the Elks. There was a good attendance, and the entertainment evidently gave great satisfaction. Miss Howe never appeared to better advantage than at this concert. Mr. Lavin is a tenor of most excellent ability, and a true musician. Among the orchestral numbers which were received with marked favor was Vieuxtemps's Fantasia Caprice, performed by Master Walter Cotton. Dover certainly has the most beautiful and perfect concert hall in New Hampshire. The acoustics are beyond criticism, and the entire whole is creditable in every way to the city and an enterprising community. Concord might follow in this line, and get new city offices and an auditorium which would be in keeping with the many improvements already effected.

---

The First Congregational Church of Nashua can truly boast of the most effective and perfectly arranged choir in the state. Mr. E. M. Temple is the choirmaster and tenor soloist. He has the able assistance of Mrs. Tolles, wife of ex-Mayor Tolles, as organist. In the balcony, opposite the organ and quartette choir, Mr. Temple has a chorus of fifty voices. The antiphonal singing is wonderfully beautiful, and the whole undertaking reflects great credit not only on Mr. Temple but the church management, who evidently believe in the divinity of beautiful music and its mission in the worship of God.

On Palm Sunday, at the evening service, they performed a cantata by C. Lee Williams, entitled "The Last Night at Bethany." Mr. Williams is the famous organist of the Gloucester cathedral, and his work is very impressive. It received a most careful interpretation by the conductor, soloists and chorus. The choir had orchestral assistance on this occasion. The work was ably prefaced with remarks by the Rev. Dr. Richardson.





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NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

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HON. EDGAR H. WOODMAN.

Hon. Edgar H. Woodman was born in Gilmanton May 6, 1847, and died in Concord, March 21, 1892.

He was a son of John Kimball Woodman and Mary Jane (Drew) Woodman, and was educated at the Gilmanton and Boscawen academies, fitting at the latter institution for college. He received the degree of Master of Accounts at Eastman's Business College, Poughkeepsie, and went to Concord in 1866. While employed as a clerk in the office of Adjutant-General Head, in October, 1868, he lost his right arm by the accidental discharge of a gun while hunting in Gilmanton. In April, 1869, as assistant superintendent of construction and paymaster, he entered upon the work of building the Suncook Valley Railroad, and continued therein until the road was completed, in December of the same year. On January 1, 1870, he began the study of law in the office of Minot, Tappan & Mugridge in Concord, and continued there until 1872, when he was appointed assistant treasurer of the Northern Railroad. While discharging the duties of his office at Boston, he attended law lectures at the Boston University, and in 1873 was admitted to the New Hampshire bar. He, however, remained in charge of the Boston office of the railroad until its removal to this city April 1, 1876, and continued therein until April 1, 1878, when, upon the office being again removed to Boston, he resigned, and entered upon the practice of his profession.

He was elected mayor of Concord in 1882, and again in 1884. After the expiration of his second mayoralty term, he devoted his attention to the practice of his profession, and to the fulfillment of the duties of many offices of trust and responsibility which he was called upon to fill. At the time of his death he was president of the Mechanics' National Bank, treasurer of the Concord Gas-Light Company, treasurer of the Peterboro' & Hillsboro' Railroad, treasurer of the Franklin & Tilton Railroad, clerk of the Concord & Claremont Railroad, a director of the First National Bank, treasurer of St. Paul's Episcopal church,





and a member of the board of commissioners of White Park.

He was especially prominent in the Masonic Order, and at the time of his decease was treasurer of Mt. Horeb Commandery of Concord. He had attained to the 32° of the Scottish Rite, and held the position of treasurer of the three bodies in Concord—Alpha Lodge of Perfection, Ariel Council of Princes of Jerusalem, and Acacia Chapter of Rose Croix.

Mr. Woodman was twice married. His first wife was Georgianna Hodges of Boston, who died January 8, 1879. Six years ago he was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. W. L. Foster, who survives him with one child, a daughter. He is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. Charlotte A. S. Thompson of this city, and Mrs. Geo. A. Durrell of Pasadena, Cal.

---

#### LUTHER S. MORRILL.

Luther S. Morrill was born in Concord in 1844, and died at his home in his native city on Friday, March 19, 1892.

He was a son of the late Luther M. Morrill, and was educated in the public schools of Concord, and at Dartmouth College, from which institution he graduated in 1865. He studied law with Hon. John Y. Mugridge, and was admitted to the bar in 1868.

In August, 1867, he was clerk of the legislative committee on revision of the statutes. In 1869-70, he was assistant clerk of the senate, clerk in 1871-2, and served as member of the house, to which he was elected from ward four in 1886. In 1869, he was appointed clerk of the supreme court for Merrimack county, which office he resigned in August, 1882, and devoted himself to the practice of his profession. In July, 1877, he was appointed special police justice of the city of Concord, and held the position until 1882.

At the time of his death he held the position of vice-president of the Fire Underwriters' Association, and was a director and a member of the executive committee of the Capital Fire Insurance Company.

He is survived by a widow, daughter of Dr. Charles P. Gage; a son, Sibley; a daughter, Agnes, and a brother.





## GEN. GEORGE STARK.

Gen. George Stark, born in Manchester April 9, 1823, died in Nashua April 13, 1892.

He was a son of Frederick G. Stark, and a great grandson of Gen. John Stark, the hero of Bennington. His early education was received in the district school at Amoskeag and in Pembroke and Milford academies, which was supplemented by subsequent study at Bedford, Sanbornton and Lowell. He early adopted the occupation of a civil engineer, being employed by Manchester corporations and in various railroad surveys, including the location of the Concord and the Vermont Central roads. Subsequently he was for sometime the engineer of the Old Colony Railroad, and later, successively, of the Nashua & Wilton, Stony Brook and Boston, Concord & Montreal roads. From 1849 till 1852 he was superintendent of the Nashua & Lowell Railroad, and in the latter year accepted the office of superintendent of the Hudson River road. In 1857 he became managing agent of the Boston & Lowell road and its branches, in connection with the Nashua & Lowell, in which capacity he served for eighteen years, accomplishing a vast amount of work, involving great improvements and many extensions of the system.

He retired from the latter position in 1875, and was immediately selected by the bondholders of the Northern Pacific Railroad to take charge of the work of resuscitating that enterprise, and which he effectually carried out. Having accomplished this object he withdrew from railroad affairs, in which he had won a higher reputation than any other New Hampshire man, and for some years past, until stricken with disease, has been engaged in the banking business in Nashua, in company with his son, John F. Stark.

Politically General Stark was an earnest Democrat. He served as a representative from ward one, Nashua, in 1860, and the following year was the candidate of his party for governor. He was actively interested in the old state militia system, and was commissioned brigadier general by Governor Haile in 1857. In 1860 he was also colonel commanding the Governor's Horse Guards. His religious connection was with the Unitarians.

General Stark was twice married—first in 1845, to Elizabeth A., daughter of Daniel Parker of Bedford, who died in





1846, and in 1848 to Mary G., daughter of Col. Joseph Bowers of Chelmsford, Mass. He is survived by two children, John F. Stark and Mrs. Emma G. Towne.

---

#### DANIEL LOTHROP.

Daniel Lothrop, son of Daniel and Sophia (Horne) Lothrop, born in Rochester August 11, 1831, died at Hotel Bellevue, Boston, Mass., March 18, 1892.

Mark Lothrop, the progenitor of the Lothrop family in America, settled in Salem, Mass., in 1643, and was afterwards one of the proprietors of Bridgewater in the same state.

William Horne, a maternal ancestor of Daniel Lothrop, was proprietor of Horne's Hill in Dover, and was killed by the Indians in 1689.

Young Lothrop was reared upon a farm, but was a precocious scholar, and was fitted for college at the age of fourteen, but on account of health gave up the idea of a college course and engaged in trade with his elder brother, James E., in a drug store. Subsequently stores were also started by the firm in Newmarket and at Meredith Bridge, now Laconia, and in 1850 he bought out the bookstore of Elijah Wadleigh at Dover, and experimented to some extent in publishing. Later he was engaged in business at St. Peter, Minn., where he also started a banking house, but meeting with heavy losses in the panic of 1857, he soon closed out his business in that locality and returned to the Dover bookstore.

Soon after the close of the war he established a publishing house in Boston, and by diligent effort built up a business unexcelled by that of any New England publishing firm, doing more than any other one man, perhaps, to elevate the tone of American literature. The firm of D. Lothrop Company is favorably known wherever the English language is read, and its various periodicals for the young have long been welcome visitors in tens of thousands of homes.

---

#### SUMNER T. SMITH, M. D.

Dr. Sumner T. Smith, born in Claremont June 8, 1839, died in Athol, Mass., March 26, 1892. He graduated at Norwich University in 1860, from Ann Arbor Medical School in 1867, and practised in Alstead, Westerly, R. I., and Athol, Mass.





The

# GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

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CONCORD, N. H.:

H. H. METCALF, } Publishers. { Subscription, \$1.50  
A. H. ROBINSON, } per Year.

15 CENTS PER COPY.

Printed by N. H. Democratic Press Co.

Entered at the Post-Office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.

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## Concord Safe Deposit Vaults.

The First National Bank of Concord, N. H., has established the Concord Safe Deposit Vaults in the United Bank Building, 20 North Main street (corner of Depot), within three minutes' walk of the Railway Passenger Station. These vaults are provided with every approved convenience and device for safety, including automatic electric connection with the police station. Customers will find that nothing has been omitted which could add to their security or comfort. Ventilation and light are abundant. Convenient coupon rooms adjoin the vaults.

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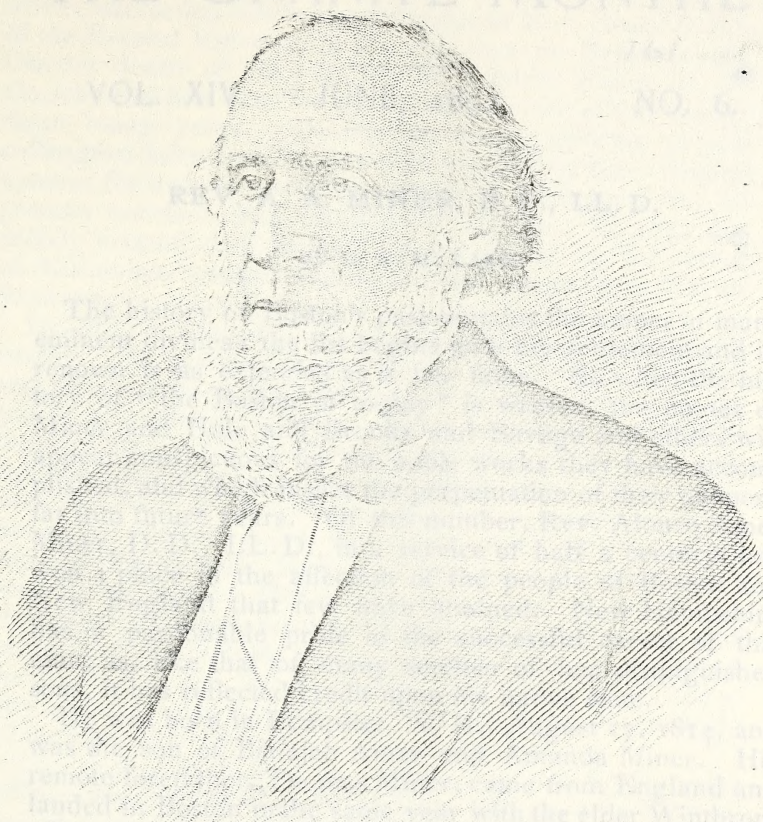




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VOL. XIV

NO. 6



Dr. Miner received his education at the public schools and academies of his native state and Vermont, and early in life began his ministry. In 1835 he was principal of the academy at Bethel, Me. In 1836 he was ordained to the pastoral ministry, and settled in Methuen, Mass. In 1842 he removed

*A. A. Miner*





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV. JUNE, 1892.

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NO. 6.

REV. A. A. MINER, D. D., LL. D.

BY L. K. H. LANE.

The history of Boston's past contains the names of many eminent divines; the list begins with her settlement and its renown is as extended as is her fame. So when the history of "the Boston of to-day" is written, the names of Miner and Hale and Brooks and Savage and others will appear conspicuous for the noble works they have accomplished, and which insure the perpetuation of their memory far into future years. Of this number, Rev. Alonzo Ames Miner, D. D., LL. D., in a service of half a century, has won a place in the affection of the people of Boston and New England that few have attained. New Hampshire has a pardonable pride in the successful career of this man, as, like that of many another of her distinguished sons, it has reflected credit upon his native state.

He was born in Lempster, N. H., August 17, 1814, and was the son of Benajah Ames and Amanda Miner. His remote forefather, Thomas Miner, came from England and landed in Boston in the same year with the elder Winthrop, 1630. His grandfather, Charles Miner of Connecticut, served in the Revolutionary war, removing to New Hampshire soon after its close. His ancestors on both sides were distinguished by the possession of sound, practical sense, with an ability to so apply it as to fulfil the requirements of a high order of citizenship.

Dr. Miner received his education at the public schools and academies of his native state and Vermont, and early in life began teaching. From 1835 to 1839 he was principal of the scientific and military academy at Unity, N. H. In the latter year he was ordained to the Universalist ministry, and settled in Methuen, Mass. In 1842 he removed





to Lowell, where he remained until 1848, when Rev. E. H. Chapin was called from Boston to New York, and Dr. Miner succeeded him as the colleague of Rev. Hosea Ballou of the Second Universalist Church, then on School street. On the death of Mr. Ballou he became pastor of the church, and has been in continuous service of this society these many years. During his long pastorate several colleagues have been settled with him, *i. e.*, Rev. Roland Connor for a short time, Rev. Henry I. Cushman, and his present assistant, Rev. Stephen H. Roblin. In 1872 this society erected their present church edifice, on the corner of Columbus avenue and Clarendon street, at a cost of \$150,000.

Dr. Miner is one of Massachusetts's most prominent educators. He became president of Tufts college in 1862, and retained the position for twelve years, resigning at the end of that time in order to devote his whole attention to church duties. He has been an overseer of Harvard college, and longer a member of the State Board of Education than any other man, receiving his first appointment from Governor Claflin, and being re-appointed by Governors Rice and Robinson. He is now serving his twenty-third year on the board. He has been chairman of the Board of Visitors of the Normal Art School for twenty years, and one of the "Hundred Boston Orators," having delivered the oration before the authorities and citizens of Boston July 4, 1855. He has also been the candidate of the Prohibition party for governor of Massachusetts.

The degree of D. D. was conferred on him by Harvard college, and that of LL. D. by Tufts college, after he had retired from the presidency of that institution. He has traveled extensively in this country and abroad. His first foreign voyage was taken in 1851, for the benefit of his health, when he visited Europe. In 1889 he went to Paris as a delegate to the International Peace Congress.

Dr. Miner takes a prominent part in all public questions involving the welfare of his fellow-men, and his familiar figure is as well known at the state house as that of almost any other man.

Together with Garrison and Phillips and Sumner he championed the interests of the Anti-Slavery party during those dark days when the continued existence of slavery





threatened to dismember the Union, and his efforts were felt far and wide, and were continued with unremitting zeal until the agitation culminated in the Civil war and the downfall of slavery.

In the cause of temperance, for which many hours of his life's battle have been spent, he stands an acknowledged leader. In private and in public, within the sacred confines of home, in the ministration of church duties, and upon the lecture platform he expounds with eloquence its precepts, never losing an opportunity to advocate its principles or portray in glowing words its virtue. Fear and cowardice in dealing with its foe are to him unknown; his course is chosen, and, regardless of opposition or criticism, is grandly followed. The venom-tipped arrow of his adversary is sometimes directed at him, but always glances harmlessly aside. His admirers sometimes marvel at his intense and never-ceasing interest in this cause. Yet the fact remains that his faith but increases with his years. It was the Hon. P. A. Collins who made that characteristic remark that has become famous, "Dr. Miner would be all right if he would let rum alone," but there are those who believe, metaphorically speaking, that Dr. Miner can handle rum and yet be all right.

He was chairman of a commission, appointed some years since by Mayor Cobb of Boston, of which Dr. George C. Shattuck and Dr. John E. Tyler, superintendent of the McLean Asylum at Somerville, were members, to consider and report on the treatment of drunkenness, under the laws, in the city institutions and in private asylums. This commission investigated the matter thoroughly, visiting the various institutions to which inebriates were committed in Boston and many other of the large cities of the country. The principles embodied in their report found application by the appointing of probation officers in the courts, and by the establishing of the reformatory at Concord, Mass., and the women's prison at Sherburne.

Dr. Miner is an indefatigable worker, but his time is heavily taxed by the many charitable and public enterprises in which he is engaged. He has recently presented the sum of \$40,000 to Tufts college for the erection of a Divinity hall, now nearly completed, for the use of the theological school.





It is the man as we meet him in every-day life, kind, benevolent, with a presence ever cheerful and sunny, that attracts the multitude. A prominent man once said that his ideas of the existence of a place of future punishment were vague and uncertain; but he felt that if all people were as good as Dr. Miner, no such a place could possibly exist.

On August 24, 1836, he was united in marriage to Maria S., daughter of Edmund and Sara (Bailey) Perley of Lempster. Their long married life has been one of unalloyed happiness, the wife with sympathetic devotion entering heartily into the spirit of the husband's various labors for the enlightenment and elevation of humanity, and sharing with him in the success of his achievements. At their beautiful home, No. 528 Columbus avenue, the visitor, whatever his mission, is always welcomed with that hospitable cordiality at once so reassuring that he feels he is in the presence of life-long friends.

What a record is his of more than fifty years a minister! Fifty years constitutes a long period; in that time generations come and go, nations rise and fall, great political parties are born and die and are forgotten. A man to be before the public and grow in constantly increasing favor and love for that time must be possessed of attributes of goodness and real worth remarkable indeed. Dr. Miner has officiated at 2,875 weddings and 2,260 funerals, a number probably never equalled by any clergyman in New England, and by few in our country. Now, at the age of seventy-eight years, he is strong and active, and it is the hope of friends everywhere that there are many years of usefulness and happiness in store for him ere his sun shall set behind the hills of eternal promise.





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RAMBLES ABOUT A COUNTRY TOWN.

RAMBLE NUMBER XXXVII.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

One April morning we found ourselves wending our steps to the Lower Village, so called, a pleasant hamlet about a mile east of the Centre Village. The morning was fine and warm, and the season was an early one. There was the faintest breath of winter in the wind that swept down from the hills, where patches of snow still lingered, but Spring was all around us. The ardent sunshine, the crocuses blooming in my neighbor's garden, the springing grass, the fluttering bluebirds, the songs of the robins, all told the sweet story. Nature had awakened from her sleep, like the princess in the story-book, at the kiss of her lover, the sun, and though she was rather a forlorn looking princess now, there was that which told plainly of the affluent life that would soon attest its royalty.

There is something about the early spring that is wonderfully exhilarating and rejuvenating. And, indeed, spring is in the truest sense a revival. Everything starts up and out with a new vigor. Air, sunshine, and the very throb of budding life has a tonic that is better than all the combinations of the pharmacist. Open your window in the morning, and does not the indefinable essence of country air, distilled from trees and grass and water-courses, and cool, shady hollows, and the great breathing mountains, thrill through every nerve of your being? It is more potent than the fabled nectar and ambrosia of the gods, which were said to endow one with perpetual youth and divinity. It is searching and penetrating; the fragrance may come from close at hand or it may be wafted to you from afar, but there it is, ever changing, subtle, all-pervading. It is the one great charm of country life.

In one of her books, I forget which one, the author of "One Summer" says, tritely, "What the Germans call an *ausflug*, or excursion, deserves to be translated literally, for it is often a veritable flight out of the region of work and care into a tranquil, restful atmosphere."





As I carelessly followed my impulse on that fair April day, I seemed to drift away from the present to that picturesque past which lies in the history of every race, of every nation, of every township, and whose story is written clear and emphatic, if one will but put himself in the mood to find it. Here, at my right hand, beyond the rough stone wall, are the foundation-stones of the old Kelley Stand—the village hostelry seventy and eighty years ago, but which went up in smoke as long ago as the year 1828. Few of the present generation are aware of the ruins, much less of the existence of the ancient structure, where congregated so much of life in the early years of the century:

Across the road, nearly opposite, is the site of the old pound, built more than a century ago. There, too, on that wide green, which was the "common" to former generations, was built at a later time (1819) the present Congregational church, which was afterwards moved to its present site, at the Upper Village. But we will not linger here to-day, for we have told the story of these ancient sites in a previous ramble. We keep on down the highway until we pass the "Ensign Jo. Currier" place, where R. S. Foster now lives. Just east of the Foster house, on the same side of the road, is a small enclosed field of about an acre, smooth and level, that extends back to the high ledge. A century ago this was open ground and was the village common, and just under the ledge stood the old-fashioned, square, barn-like structure which was Warner's place of worship and town hall for many years, from 1790.

It was not the first church built in Warner; that was a log-house, and stood across the river lower down, on the parade. The second church stood on the site of the first. It was a frame building, built open to the rafters, like a barn, and with windows high up under the eaves. This answered the purposes of the pioneers for nearly twenty years, when the increase of population rendered it inadequate for either its civil or religious purposes.

The story of this third place of worship involves the relation of the "Old Meeting-House Fight," as it was termed, which was one of the memorable social events in the early history of the town. The matter of a new church building began to be agitated as early as 1786, when it was discussed in town meeting. The town clerk's records read,—





“Voted not to Bild a meeting House.

“Voted to Reconsider the vote past not to Bild a Meeting House.

“Voted too Bild a Meeting House.”

Action was deferred, however, on account of a disagreement as to the location of the new building. A large number, including the residents of the southern and eastern parts of the town, descendants of the first settlers, wished it to stand on the site of the former ones. Others preferred the geographical centre of the town, and still others, including all the families on the north side of the river, desired, for their own convenience, that the new house should be built on the plain above Ensign Joseph Currier's, where a church was subsequently erected. The town could support but one church, and as everybody attended meeting in those days before the passage of the “Toleration Act,” in 1819, and every voter was taxed according to his means for the support of preaching, every citizen had a personal and direct interest in ministers and churches. A sharp controversy gradually grew out of the matter, that continued for years and caused much unhappy feeling. Innumerable town meetings were held, and votes for and against a new house and against changing the location were passed in alternate confusion for several years.

Various expedients were adopted to settle this vexed question. At a special meeting, called August 30, 1787, the town chose a committee of three from Hopkinton, Salisbury and Henniker, to locate the house, and agreed to abide by their decision. This committee selected the location of the old house, but this did not settle the matter, for at a meeting in May, 1788, the town repudiated the decision of the committee and voted not to build on that site.

At this same meeting, after going through the usual programme of “Voting to bild,” and “Not to Bild,” it was voted, according to the record, “to petition the General Court for a committee to appoint a place where to set a meeting house in this town.” The following June Benjamin Sargent and Richard Bartlett, two of the selectmen, appeared before a committee of the legislature with a formal petition, and the court accordingly appointed a trustworthy committee to decide this momentous matter for the inhabitants of Warner. This committee comprised Col. Ebenezer Webster of Salis-





bury, Maj. Robert Wallace of Henniker, and Lieut. Joseph Wadleigh of Sutton, and their report was as follows :

"The committee, having attended to the business referred to, and after viewing the greater part of the town, with the situation of the inhabitants thereof, agree to report, as their opinion, that the spot of ground where the old meeting house now stands is the most suitable place to set the new meeting house on.

"WARNER, September 12, 1788."

So, for the second time, the friends of the old Parade won a victory. But this was not the end. At a meeting in October the decision of this second committee was also rejected. Another meeting was called in November, but the enemies of the old site were too strong and it was voted not to build. At last, April 25, 1789, the town voted to build a meeting house between Ensign Currier's and Isaac Chase's, on the north side of the road—the site we are contemplating in this ramble. Isaac Chase then lived in a small house over the same cellar where the G. N. Tewksbury house now stands. The Benjamin Currier house and Mrs. Crosby's little cottage, between these and the old church site, were not built till long afterwards.

A building committee was appointed at the same time, consisting of Joseph Sawyer, Tappan Evans, Richard Straw, Jacob Waldron, Benjamin Sargent, Reuben Kimball, and William Morrill. This committee was well distributed over town—Sawyer on Kelley hill, Evans on the Pumpkin hill road, Straw at Schoodack, Waldron on the Gould road, Sargent on Tory hill, Kimball in the Joppa district, and Morrill in the west part of the town, between the Minks and Bradford pond.

In the face of a protest of forty-six of the prominent men of the town, headed by Aquilla Davis, the committee proceeded about their work, and during the summer of 1789 the heavy, hardwood frame of the new church was raised, and the house was partially finished. At the raising, after a custom of the time which gave the first person who climbed to the ridgepole the privilege of naming the building, a young man climbed to the top with a jug of rum attached to a cord, swung it off and broke it, and appropriately named the house "The Struggle Under the Ledge."

I can just remember the old building before it was taken





down, as it stood on this site. It was a square, barn-like structure, about fifty by sixty feet. In my day it was clap-boarded, but they were not put on until long after its erection. On the front side of the house was a large porch, with doors opening south, east and west, like the gates of the city that the prophet Ezekiel saw in his vision. The inside of the church was open to the ridgepole. Only a square space back of the pulpit was even plastered. On three sides were galleries, which were reached by stairs at the right and left as you entered. The pulpit was of the plainest style, and built so high that the necks of the worshippers ached as they looked up at the preacher. The pews were square, like small sheep-pens, with reversible seats. When the congregation rose, the seats were all turned up; when they resumed their sitting, the whole were let down with a tremendous clatter. The space unoccupied with pews was accommodated with benches, which had one rail for the back. The church was apparently well lighted by a row of small windows around the house. Such was this house of worship in which our grandfathers and grandmothers worshipped for nearly thirty years. Persons now living can remember attending services there, when swallows, which had nests under the eaves, used to fly all about while the sermon was in progress.

For nearly a year after the house was built there was no preaching in it. The spirit of discord was not yet soothed, and at the November election it was voted not to use the new building for religious purposes. There was even an effort on the part of some to get a vote to move the house over to the south side of the river. Opposition, however, gradually died away, and in August, 1790, it was "Voted that Mr. Kelley should preach in the new meeting house for the future, and the inhabitants meet there for public worship."

Rev. William Kelley, the first settled minister of Warner, and who had been in town since 1772, preached regularly in this pulpit till 1801, and at intervals to a later period. He was succeeded in the ministry over this church by Rev. John Woods, who continued his services until after the building of the present church. The two deacons, all this time, were Parmenas Watson and Nehemiah Heath, the former of whom filled this office for a period of 58 years, and the latter for 48 years. Watson lived in Joppa, near where

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George Henry Clark now lives, and Deacon Heath resided at the John Tewksbury place, near where we began our ramble to-day. Both were at different times selectmen, and filled other town offices.

It was the custom in those days for the deacons to occupy pews directly front of the pulpit and facing the congregation. The usages of the time favored courtesy and reverence more than now. Everybody remained in their seats after the services were over, while the minister walked down from the pulpit and passed down the middle aisle, bowing right and left to everybody. During prayer the congregation stood, though some of the ministers prayed an hour by the glass.

Those were the days, too, of the "tithing man," two of whom were annually appointed by the town. It was their duty to inspect licensed public houses and report of all disorders in them, also to look after all idle and dissolute persons, profane swearers and Sabbath breakers. On Sundays they attended public worship and had authority to prevent all rudeness and disorders during the services, and to arrest all persons guilty of irreverent or disorderly conduct. Their badge of office, on these occasions, was "a black staff or wand two feet in length, and tipped at one end, for about three inches, with brass or pewter."

During the time this building was used as a church it never had a stove or a chimney. Most of the women carried foot-stones, but there must have been a great deal of discomfort among the worshippers in the winter season. Mornings, noons, and afternoons the neighboring dwelling-houses, those of Ensign Currier, Deacon Heath and Tappan Evans (who had bought the Chase place), were thrown open for the accommodation of the shivering crowds, and these houses were always filled.

All this time the church was also the place of civil gatherings, annual and special town meetings, and so forth. Long after its discontinuance as a place of worship it continued to be used for this latter purpose. The last town meeting ever held there was in 1842. At the annual town meeting in March, 1843, it was "voted that the use of the Town Meeting House be granted to all Religious Societies in their turn."

It was used occasionally for preaching for eight or ten years. In 1855 it was sold by the town to Webster Davis,

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During the time this building was used as a church it never had a stove or chimney. Most of the women carried foot-stoves, but it was not until a great deal of time had elapsed among the worshippers in the winter season. Meetings, noon, and afternoon the neighboring dwelling-houses, those of English, German, Deacon Heath and Japan Evans (who had bought the Chase place), were thrown open for the accommodation of the shivering crowds, and these houses were always filled.

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who took down the frame and used the larger part of the timber in constructing the Ela bridge. There is nothing on the spot to-day to indicate where it stood. But as we stand here there rises before us such a host of associations of the old time that we must break short our story that they may be quietly allayed. It is a place where ghosts walk, and silence broods there. But one might evoke from the rocky ledge above many a story of the past; those grim, granite cliffs might whisper, if they would, and tell us of both history and romance that would make Parkman's and DeMau-passant's pages dull.

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### THE FISHERMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH OF B. V. BOSKOW, BY  
MARY A. WHEELER.

Upon a coast tide-washed, storm-riven,  
My little hut stands, old and lone,  
The storm-waves to its threshold driven,  
Their spray upon its window thrown.  
When storms are wild and lightning leaping,  
Secure beneath the straw-thatch there,  
I rest in the Eternal keeping,  
Enfolded with the evening prayer.

When sunlight tinges mount and hollow  
I hasten to the open sea,  
And seek the trackless way to follow,  
With death still lurking under me.  
When night comes on and fogs endeavor  
To lure my boat where breakers foam,  
Then I look up to God, and ever  
His faithful stars have led me home.

My net, my boat, my cottage, lonely,  
Are all of fortune I would win;  
Content with poverty if only  
I so escape the chains of sin.  
And when the night shall o'er me center,  
No more above to go its round,  
Then I will shorten sail and enter  
And harbor in Hope's anchor-ground.





## NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN AS BOSTON LANDLORDS.

BY MARION HOWARD.

While it is proverbial that New Hampshire women are good housekeepers, it is equally true that the Granite State has sent out and scattered broadcast many men who have justly earned the title of "An Ideal Boniface." Boston is noted for its excellent hotels, and it is a pleasure to record the fact that at least seven of them are successfully run by typical New Hampshire men.

J. REED WHIPPLE.

It was a proud day indeed in the life of Joseph Reed Whipple and his brother, James Bennett Whipple, when the two prizes, Young's Hotel and the Parker House, were won. It was a happy fulfillment of a long cherished ambition, worthily attained by honest, earnest efforts.

Joseph Reed Whipple was born September 8, 1842, in New Boston, N. H. His parents were John and Philantha (Reed) Whipple. What schooling he had was attained in the common schools of his native town. Being a young man of energy and "go," he very early in life made a break from the home traces, came to Boston, and entered a small grocery store as clerk. It was not long before he started in business for himself, experiencing many ups and downs, principally the latter.

His brother James, born February 20, 1838, was associated with him throughout his various vicissitudes, and, when times were hard, it is stated that James returned to the old homestead and actually went to work sawing wood, and sent to his brother every penny he could earn to help along the grocery venture. Finally, the store was given up, and J. Reed started out, unlike Micawber, to "turn up something." He met the late Harvey D. Parker, on whom he made a favorable impression, and was immediately engaged as second assistant steward of the Parker House. His brother James joined him here, and for eleven years these two self-made men labored together faithfully. Advancement came rapidly, and an experience, invaluable, came to them.





In 1876 J. Reed Whipple became the proprietor of Young's Hotel, and on May 15, 1891, he assumed control of the Parker House. He is said to be an alert disciplinarian and to have the respect of all with whom he has any dealings, whether as employer, proprietor or friend.

He is associated in partnership with some estimable gentlemen, one of whom is his brother, James B., who attends to the steward's department, and another is Mr. Charles I. Lindsay, a native of Lancaster, N. H., who is the present manager of the Parker House.

Mr. Lindsay is the son of the old pioneer stage driver of the granite hills, John Lindsay, whose name is so well known in connection with the Fabyan House. From a boy he was brought up in a hotel atmosphere, commencing as bell boy in his father's hotel.

Mr. Lindsay has an excellent record. Eleven years were passed at Young's Hotel, and when Mr. Whipple gathered in the Parker House as a capital prize, he showed excellent judgment in securing Mr. Lindsay, who is a gentleman in every respect and a fine specimen of physical manhood, as well as business ability.

Mr. Whipple is especially deserving of praise because of his keen interest in his native town of New Boston. No man in the state has done more toward building a living monument than he. The town of New Boston was practically made what it is to-day through his efforts. Thousands of dollars have been spent freely, and his creamery, built at a cost of \$20,000, is known far beyond the confines of the state. The daily product is immense and is all shipped to these two hotels.

In addition to this establishment, which is a source of profit to the farmers far and near, he also owns a fine farm, stocked with cattle and some of the best horseflesh in the country. His "Brandy and Soda" make a pair in tandem harness not to be beaten anywhere.

The brothers are modest, unobtrusive men, who prefer to "hide their light under a bushel."

#### BARNES & DUNKLEE.

Here are two sons of New Hampshire who do their native state great credit. The Brunswick, Victoria and Vendome, Boston's Back Bay hotels, are jointly run and delightfully





managed by this firm. Associated with them in the proprietorship of the famous Vendome is Mr. Charles H. Greenleaf, who is also its manager.

Amos Barnes was born in East Lebanon, N. H., August 15, 1828, and inherits his taste for hotel life from his father, Josiah Barnes. His mother, Dorothy B. (Gale), was a most worthy woman. At the age of twenty, with only a common-school education, but plenty of New England pluck, he left home and entered the railway service as passenger conductor on the Passumpsic River R. R. After many years of railroad experience he finally drifted into the hotel business. In February, 1869, he leased the United States Hotel and run it successfully for ten years, when he formed a partnership with John W. Dunklee at the Brunswick.

Mr. Barnes still keeps up an active interest in railroading, and is a director of four roads, viz., the Passumpsic and Newport & Richmond of Vermont, the Massawhippi, Canada, and the Charleston, Cincinnati & Chicago R. R. in the South. He is a brother to Hiram Barnes of Lyme, N. H., George W. of White River Junction, and William W. of White River, Vt.

Mr. Barnes was married in 1851 to Emma L. P. Currier, a native of Enfield. He has one son, George Alfred, a graduate of Chauncy Hall school. He speaks with pride of their beautiful summer hotel at Milford Springs, N. H., the Ponemah, which is managed for this firm by Mr. D. S. Plumer.

The water from these valuable mineral springs is used exclusively as a table water at the three Boston hotels.

John W. Dunklee is a native of Hanover, N. H., born December 6, 1832. He is the son of Benjamin F. and Merinda (Gould) Dunklee. His business career began, like his partner's, soon after his school days, as a railroad man. He was connected with the Northern road, and for many years continued in this line of work.

In 1856 Mr. Dunklee was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Pratt Currier of Canaan, N. H., and shortly after he removed to Niagara Falls, Canadian side, where he became interested in the Great Western Railway, then being built. He also began his hotel career at Niagara Falls, at the Clifton House, where he remained five years.





His next move was toward the states once more, and to Philadelphia, where he engaged in the coal business. Two years here and then to Cincinnati, where he permanently adopted the hotel business by assuming the proprietorship of the Burnet House, in which he still has a business interest.

Mr. Dunklee came to Boston September, 1879, and associated himself with Amos Barnes in the proprietorship of the Hotel Brunswick.

Messrs. Barnes & Dunklee leased the Victoria in 1886, and in the same year the Vendome, making a trio of hotels, and, aided by Col. Charles H. Greenleaf, a trio of hotel proprietors pretty difficult to match.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunklee are blessed with one daughter, the wife of Mr. Nathaniel Upham Walker, son of the Hon. Joseph B. Walker of Concord, N. H. Their apartments, adjoining the Brunswick, give ample evidence of the good taste of the occupants.

A very interesting sketch might be written of the "right bower" of this firm, the confidential clerk, Mr. Herbert H. Barnes, a nephew of Mr. Amos Barnes, who possesses all the qualifications for the responsible position he holds. His manner is most pleasing, and he is a fine type of dignified manhood. He has had many years' experience in hotel life, the last thirteen of which have been faithfully spent with the firm of Barnes & Dunklee.

#### CHARLES H. GREENLEAF.

The man who makes his way to the front rank in whatever occupation or calling, and holds his position undisputed for more than a quarter of a century, must be a person of ability, energy and sagacity. Such a man is Charles H. Greenleaf, the genial manager of the Vendome, Boston, Mass., and the Profile House, Franconia, New Hampshire.

Mr. Greenleaf first saw the light of day July 23, 1841, within sight of the granite hills, in the town of Danville, Vt. Although really a Vermonter by birth, his very earliest recollections are associated with New Hampshire, as his parents removed to Haverhill, New Hampshire, when the subject of our sketch was ten weeks old. He is the son of Seth and Lydia H. (Burnham) Greenleaf. From Haverhill the family went to Concord, where the boy acquired his schooling. When a mere lad he displayed such a taste





for hotel life that his parents allowed him to yield to it, and four successive summers found him at the Profile House, while the winters were spent in hotels in Washington and New York. Then followed two years at the American House, Boston, which was then kept by Mr. Lewis Rice.

An opportunity presented itself to join forces with Mr. Richard Taft at the famous Profile House. This was in 1865, and well do we know the record of the past twenty-seven years at this mountain hostelry. Every man and woman in the state and in New England, for that matter, has just reason to point with pride to this hotel, so grandly guarded by the Old Man of the Mountain. It is safe to say that no hotel man in the country has a larger circle of acquaintances among the very highest class of tourists than he of whom we write.

Mr. Greenleaf was married May 2, 1867, to Abbie Burnham, the youngest daughter of the late Hon. Dennison R. Burnham of Plymouth, N. H., the well-known proprietor, for many years, of the Pemigewasset House. He has one brother, two years his senior, William Harvey Greenleaf, born in Haverhill, N. H., an honored citizen of Nashua. Mr. Greenleaf, personally, is a charming man to meet and know, and he possesses every characteristic necessary to win success.

#### QUINCY HOUSE—SINCLAIR & MANN.

The Quincy House has been popular and well patronized ever since it was established in 1819. It would seem, however, that it could not well be further improved than it has been at the hands of its enterprising proprietors, Sinclair & Mann.

Mr. George G. Mann, who has the management of the house, has a hotel reputation second to none in our city. For twenty-eight years he has been among us, and to-day stands in the front ranks of ideal hotel men. He was born in Gorham, N. H., in 1845, but removed from his native state, when four years old, to Maine. The first money he earned was in raising sheep and selling the wool. At nineteen years of age, when he had sufficient funds to pay his fare, he left home for Boston, where he immediately went into the old City Hotel. It was here he commenced a most successful career. Beginning in a humble capacity, he rapidly rose

for hotel life that his parents allowed him to yield to it, and four successive summers found him at the Profile House, while the winters were spent in hotels in Washington and New York. Then followed two years at the summer-house, Boston, which was then kept by Mr. Lewis Rice. An opportunity presented itself to join forces with Mr. Richard Taff at the famous Profile House. This was in 1862, and well do we know the record of the past twenty-seven years at this mountain hostelry. Every man and woman in the state and in New England, for that matter, has just reason to pride with pride to this hotel, so grandly guarded by the Old Man of the Mountain. It is safe to say that no hotel man in the country has a larger circle of acquaintances among the very highest class of tourists than he of whom we write.

Mr. Greenleaf was married May 2, 1867, to Abbie Burrham, the youngest daughter of the late Hon. Ebeneser R. Burrham of Plymouth, N. H., the well-known proprietor for many years of the Fenwick House. He has one brother, two years his senior, William Henry Greenleaf, born in Haverhill, N. H., an honored citizen of Nashua. Mr. Greenleaf, personally, is a charming man to those who know, and his position every characteristic necessary to win success.

#### QUINCY HOUSE-SINCLAIR & MANN.

The Quincy House has been popular and well patronized ever since it was established in 1810. It would seem, however, that it could not be further improved than it has been at the hands of its enterprising proprietors, Sinclair & Mann.

Mr. George C. Mann, who has the management of the house, has a hotel reputation second to none in our city. For twenty-eight years he has been among us, and to-day stands in the front rank of hotel men. He was born in Graham, N. H., in 1825, but removed from his native state, when four years old, to Maine. The first money he earned was in raising sheep and selling the wool. At nineteen years of age, when he had sufficient funds to pay his fare, he left home for Boston, where he immediately went into the old City Hotel. It was here he commenced a most successful career. Beginning in a humble capacity, he rapidly rose



until he was offered the position of clerk at the Commonwealth Hotel, which he accepted and filled satisfactorily. At the end of nine months Bell & Johnson, then proprietors of the Quincy House, sought him as a partner.

An interest was offered him at the Commonwealth, but with business sagacity he preferred the transient hotel trade to the permanent, and entered the firm of Bell & Johnson February 5, 1874.

Mr. Bell retired after awhile, and in April, 1890, on the death of Mr. Johnson, Mr. Sinclair joined forces with Mr. Mann, with most gratifying results all along the line.

Mr. Mann owns two large stock farms, one at North Anson, Maine, and another of 540 acres at Ashland, N. H., where he has recently built a very handsome residence.

Mr. Mann is very popular with his guests, as any one can see during even a brief conversation.

It is another "Coals to Newcastle" act, to write for New Hampshire readers anything about a man so widely known as Charles A. Sinclair, and who has been carefully sketched in a former number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*.

Mr. Sinclair is the son of the Hon. John G. and Tamer Sinclair. He was born August 21, 1848, at Bethlehem, where his father was for many years the proprietor of the famous Sinclair House. He is a business man to his fingertips, and has many "irons in the fire," all of them placed to win. In 1890 he assumed the proprietorship of the Quincy House, in conjunction with Mr. Mann. Both men are in the very prime of life and vigor. They are keen, bright, progressive and alert, which characteristics, combined with sagacity and pride, will carry any man to the winning goal.

#### JOHN F. MERROW.

The Revere House needs no introduction to New Englanders, but the "power behind the throne" is worthy of more than passing mention. Mr. Merrow, the proprietor, comes of rare good stock, his parents being Ezekial and Clarissa (Roberts) Merrow of Milton Mills, N. H. He was born March 30, 1835. When a lad his mother died, and circumstances sent him to Brighton, Mass., at the age of thirteen. The first twelve years of his business life were spent in Fanueil Hall market. He then entered the hide





business, on Fulton street, where he remained twenty-five years. He was the pioneer of salting domestic hides, and was the first to import them.

It was chance which forced him into the hotel business. For some years he had been a boarder at the Revere House, and doubtless his attachment toward this homelike hostelry had much to do with his final decision, in 1885.

Mr. Merrow is nothing if not enthusiastic on the subject of horseflesh, and he has owned very many valuable horses, among them "Camors," which he sold for \$20,000, "Lady Foxey" and "Dick Swiveller."

The gentlemen's parlors of the Revere House show several fine canvasses by Scott Leighton and other animal painters, which are masterpieces, and which have a special significance to their envied owner, as many of them are painted from life.

Mr. Merrow takes great pride in his 300-acre farm at Bristol, N. H., where he has one of the finest orchards in the state and livestock of the rarest sort. The tables of the Revere are constantly supplied with the farm products. He also takes pleasure in showing visitors the courtyard and fountain of the Revere House, and sundry improvements made in the house during his reign.

Mr. Merrow has one brother, his senior by eight years, Mr. Moses H. Merrow, now of New Hampton, N. H. Both gentlemen are interested in the New Hampton Institute, having received valuable instruction within its walls.

Mr. Merrow has reason to be proud of his son, who is a fine specimen of manhood, tall, erect, and with a most pleasing address.

The family reside at the Revere House during the winter months, and at their well kept farm in summer.





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## A REMINISCENCE OF REV. DR. BOUTON.

BY HON. N. B. BRYANT.

I read with interest the article in your May number from the pen of Rev. E. J. Aiken, giving a history of the East Congregational Church of Concord. I can supply an incident in connection with the account of the dedicatory services, which took place January 13, 1842. The sermon on that occasion was preached by the late Rev. Dr. Bouton of Concord. I, a youth of sixteen, was then teaching school in one of the back districts of the old town of Concord. Two years before this I had resided in Concord for a year, and was a constant attendant at the old North church, and during the winter of that year was one of a class of pupils who met weekly at the reverend gentleman's house on Main street, where we sat under his personal instruction as a Bible class. During that year I recall the fact that he preached a sermon on the eighteenth anniversary of his settlement over that society, and the occasion was a notable one. I felt, therefore, that I, for a mere boy, was pretty well acquainted with Mr. Bouton, and I walked three miles on the morning of January 13, 1842, to hear him preach the sermon at the dedication of the church building at East Concord.

His text was three words taken from Paul's writings,—“Prove all things.” The house was crowded to its utmost capacity with an intelligent audience, and the people listened with breathless attention. But what then impressed me most was the character of the sermon and the unique treatment the reverend gentleman gave to the words of the text. Instead of giving his hearers a lesson in the duty or methods or instrumentalities to be used in the attempt to “prove all things,” he commenced by saying that he regarded certain things as *already proved*, and which might therefore be accepted as forever true, without further investigation or doubt. He then proceeded to state the several religious or theological propositions which he asserted were already proved. First came the doctrine of

BY HON. W. B. HAYARD

I read with interest the article in your May number from the pen of Rev. E. J. Alden, giving a history of the First Congregational Church of Concord. I can supply the incident in connection with the account of the dedication services, which took place January 13, 1842. The sermon on that occasion was preached by the late Rev. Dr. Houton of Concord. I, a youth of sixteen, was then teaching school in one of the back districts of the old town of Concord. Two years before this I had resided in Concord for a year, and was a constant attendant at the old North church, and during the winter of that year was one of a class of pupils who met weekly at the residence of a gentleman's house on Main street, where we sat under his personal instruction as a Bible class. During that year I recall the fact that he preached a sermon on the eighth anniversary of his settlement over our society, and the occasion was a notable one. I felt, therefore, that I, for a mere boy, was pretty well acquainted with Mr. Houton, and I walked three miles on the morning of January 13, 1842, to hear him preach the sermon at the dedication of the church building at East Concord.

His text was three words taken from Paul's writings:—"Prove all things." The house was crowded to its utmost capacity with an intelligent audience, and the people listened with breathless attention. But what then impressed me most was the character of the sermon and the unique treatment the reverend gentleman gave to the words of the text. Instead of giving his hearers a lesson in the study of methods or instrumentalities to be used in the attempt to "prove all things," he commenced by saying that he regarded certain things as already proved, and which might therefore be accepted as forever true, without further investigation or doubt. He then proceeded to state the several religious or theological propositions which he asserted were already proved. First came the doctrine of



the Trinity, and following this came the entire category of religious dogmas which then constituted the current orthodox creed.

Startling as was this assumption, the calm, grave, dignified bearing of this highly intellectual man gave great weight to his utterances, and the sermon left an impression upon my mind which the cares and turmoil of fifty years of active life have not effaced.

Dr. Bouton, as he was afterwards called, when once known, was a man never to be forgotten. In personal appearance and bearing, in dignity, urbanity, gravity, in sound learning and gracious manners, he was the highest type of the New England clergyman of the old school, and his memory is held in highest respect and honor by all, irrespective of sect or creed.

East Andover, May 2, 1892.

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## TWO PICTURES.

BY CLARENCE H. PEARSON.

A wee, wee maid in the tangled grass,  
And her lap is filled with flowers,  
And her voice rings out in a gleeful shout  
As she tosses the clover heads about,  
And they fall in bloomy showers.

A wee, wee maid in a darkened room,  
And her hands are filled with flowers;  
We call in her ears but she never hears,  
Nor catches the diamond gleam of tears  
As they fall in crystal showers.





## MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

### THE CONCORD FESTIVAL.

The first annual festival under the auspices of the Concord Choral Society, which occurred at White's Opera House, April 25-29, was in every way a success. It was the first pretentious effort of any organization or association in the state, and that it should be met with such a hearty support and appreciation by the people of Concord and music-lovers throughout the state is, indeed, very gratifying. The chorus was in excellent form and did its work admirably,—not beyond criticism, but so well that it would seem hypercritical to enter into detail for the sake of exposing the few short-comings. The orchestra, considering the numbers, was all that could be desired, and it demonstrated the fact that without an orchestra of proper size, and a proper instrumentation, all works and undertakings must suffer.

The soloists, Mrs. Jennie Patrick-Walker, Miss Lena Little, Mr. George J. Parker, and Mr. Heinrich Meyn, were all that could be desired. We doubt if ever so perfect a quartette was heard in our state at a festival. It is with great satisfaction and pride that we speak of the work done by our local artists, Mrs. Annie Dietrich-Brown, Mr. C. S. Conant, Miss Ada M. Aspinwall, and Mr. Milo Benedict. Surely Mrs. Brown never appeared in public at so good an advantage. Her phrasing was nearly perfect, which is saying a great deal; her intonation was absolutely correct, and her interpretation of the work assigned her was in every way becoming a true artist; indeed it was a triumph for Mrs. Brown and her many friends. Mr. Conant was the same honest and reliable artist as ever. His rendering of the solo, "My hope is in the Everlasting," from the Daughter of Jairus, was faultless. His influence was felt throughout the whole festival—in no way more strongly than through the attendance of high school pupils in the chorus, especially





the young men in the bass chorus. Such musical instruction as Mr. Conant imparts in our schools must be productive of great good in the future—we might say our only salvation in a musical sense. Miss Aspinwall, by her performance of the andante and finale of the Mendelssohn G Minor concerto, scored a great success. Few realized the student and artist, hence the surprise to everybody. She possesses good health, strength, and a musical nature—three points essential to a great artist—and she is certainly entitled to be regarded as one of the very good pianists in the state. Of Mr. Benedict we might say much in praise; it would seem superfluous, however. His numbers were given with a delicacy of touch, and his interpretation was characterized by a refinement which can only come from a poet as well as a musician. Let us hope ere long Mr. Benedict may favor us with a recital, giving the music of Chopin the first place on the programme.

Let us not forget that tried and true friend, Martha Dana Shepard. She appeared as a soloist only once. The reception which was accorded her efforts must have been very gratifying to that lady and her admirers. No one has done more for the cause of music than Mrs. Shepard, and in the hearts of the people she will live and be loved as few can ever expect to be.

Mr. Wilder, the flute soloist, was well received, and gave great pleasure by his masterly performance. Very few flutists in America can produce so beautiful a tone. Master Walter S. Cotton of Nashua, the boy violinist, did wonderful work, and his number was given a perfect ovation. New Hampshire has no one more promising than young Mr. Cotton, and we look to him to honor his native state by winning a position among the world's greatest violinists.

Mr. Harry H. May of St. Johnsbury, Vt., sang the baritone part in the "Daughter of Jarius" in a very finished manner. He is the possessor of a voice of rare qualities and power, and it is a loss to the musical world that one so talented should be, in a musical sense, so isolated.

Great praise is due the board of management for their skill in handling this festival, and while we do not wish to be personal, yet we would not do justice if we failed to acknowledge the zeal and untiring efforts of the president of the society, Adj't-Gen. A. D. Ayling. He certainly can





feel a just pride in the successes of the Choral Society since he was made president. In conclusion, let us hope that this is only the beginning of greater efforts and achievements in the future.

## NOTES.

Littleton sent some of its best singers to our aid, and it gives us great pleasure to acknowledge the valuable assistance of Mrs. Silsby, who sang the part of Mary in the Spinning chorus from the "Flying Dutchman," and one of the soprano parts in the double quartettes in Elijah. Other visitors from Littleton were Rev. Lucius Waterman and wife, Mrs. Dr. McGregor, Mrs. Chester P. Chase, and Mr. Frank Thayer.

Among the prominent singers who were welcomed as chorus members were Mrs. E. A. Hibbard and Miss Laura Hibbard of Laconia, Mrs. H. C. White of Tilton, Dr. Drake of West Lebanon, E. M. Temple of Nashua, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Daggett of Boston, Miss Rose F. Jenkins of Claremont, Mrs. B. F. Neally of Dover, wife of ex-Mayor Neally, and Mrs. Laura Page of Haverhill.

Mr. Harry Brooks Day, the accomplished organist and composer, was present during the festival and conducted his work for female voices, "The Sirens." Here is another New Hampshire boy who will live in the musical history of the state for all time to come.

Mr. S. B. Whitney, the celebrated organist and choir master of the Church of the Advent, of Boston, was in attendance at the festival as a guest of the Rev. Dr. Roberts. It is a great pleasure to meet so genial a gentleman and to know that so great a musician feels an interest in musical undertakings and efforts outside the large centres. Such encouragement is what we ought to expect from men of his calibre, but which, from selfishness or lack of interest, is seldom bestowed.

Prof. E. T. Baldwin and wife and Prof. George Frese of Manchester were also present.





## STATE COLLEGE CORNER-STONE.

The corner-stone of the new main building of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, on the Thompson farm at Durham, a cut of which appeared in the first number of this volume of the GRANITE MONTHLY, is to be laid with imposing ceremonies, by the officers of the State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, on the 17th day of June inst. This will be an important occasion in the educational history of the state, and in addition to the officers of the State Grange, the State Board of Agriculture, officers of the State Dairymen's Association and other agricultural organizations, the governor and council and leading state officials are expected to be present. Secretary Rusk has also been invited. There will be speaking by well-known educators and agriculturists, and a large attendance of Patrons of Husbandry and the general public is naturally expected. Special railroad accommodations will be arranged for the occasion.

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## THE TRULY BLESSED.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

O'er lowly roof the sweet birds sing  
Far oft'ner than on palace dome,  
And blushing roses love to cling  
Around the cotter's humble home.

Even so, though sometimes in disguise,  
God's blessings reach the pious poor;  
Bring happiness, because they prize  
His constant goodness more and more.

His tender love brings wealth of cheer,  
Because to humblest hearts 'tis sent,  
And by Him counted ev'ry tear  
Comes back a jewel of content.

Hox. Watson &amp; Woot.









## HON. WALTER ABBOTT WOOD.

BY H. H. METCALF.

Not alone the men who have planned great military campaigns and led armies to victory on the field of battle in behalf of national freedom or unity, nor yet those who have stood foremost in the halls of legislation, whose voices have been most potent in the public forum, who have won distinction at the bar, in the pulpit, in the fields of literature, in the domain of science, or in the marts of trade, have accomplished notable work in the cause of human advancement—have contributed in large measure to the material prosperity and intellectual progress of mankind. The triumphs of genius and skill in the domain of mechanical invention have been, oftentimes, more effective, so far as the good of mankind is concerned, than the highest measure of military or civic success.

The state of New Hampshire has given birth to distinguished military leaders in all the wars of the republic, to statesmen of the highest rank in the nation, to lawyers, clergymen, authors and journalists unsurpassed by any; so, too, she has produced those whose genius and enterprise have lightened the physical labors of mankind, and, in corresponding measure, enhanced the moral and intellectual development of the race. A conspicuous representative of the latter class of human benefactors was Walter A. Wood, for a long series of years the head of one of the greatest industrial establishments in the country—the famous mowing and reaping machine works at Hoosick Falls, N. Y.—who was born in the town of Mason, Hillsborough county, N. H., October 23, 1815, and died at Hoosick Falls, January 15, 1892.

WALTER ABBOTT WOOD was the second son of Aaron and Rebecca (Wright) Wood, both his parents being of English descent. Aaron Wood was a manufacturer of wagons and plows. The year following the birth of Walter he removed with his family to Rensselaerville, near





Albany, N. Y., where the son grew to manhood, attending the public schools, and assisting at wagon and plow making in his father's shop, where he early developed great mechanical skill and taste. When twenty-one years of age, young Wood left home for Hoosick Falls, where he engaged in the blacksmithing department of the manufacturing establishment of Parsons & Wilder. There he remained about four years, and gained the reputation of being the best workman in the establishment. Thence he went to Nashville, Tenn., where he was employed for some time in a carriage manufactory. During his service there he wrought the iron work of a carriage for the late President James K. Polk, then a candidate for governor of the state. After a time he went again to Hoosick Falls, entering into partnership with John White, under the name of White & Wood, in the manufacture of plows and a general foundry business, continuing until the fall of 1852, when this connection was severed, and, with J. Russell Parsons, he organized the firm of Wood & Parsons, for the manufacture of mowing and reaping machines, under the patents of John H. Manny, the right of which, for the state of New York, had been purchased by the firm.

Thus was laid the foundation of the immense business, which long ago surpassed anything of the kind in the world, and whose development transformed the little hamlet of Hoosick Falls into a prosperous manufacturing town of many thousand people. The firm of Wood & Parsons was dissolved the following year, and the business was continued by Mr. Wood, who had at last found the proper field for the exercise of his inventive genius, indomitable energy and tireless industry. He purchased the Tremont cotton mills at Hoosick Falls, and utilized the same as the location of his plant. He devised, perfected and patented various important improvements in the machine, which, under the Manny type, was a comparatively crude affair, so that scarcely any of its original features remained, and it became at length the perfect and satisfactory implement known throughout the civilized world as the Walter A. Wood mower and reaper. In 1865 the business, which had assumed mammoth proportions, reaching an output of more than 8,000 machines annually from a start of only two in 1852, came under the control of the





Walter A. Wood Mowing and Reaping Machine Company, of which Mr. Wood was the organizer and president from its inception till his decease.

The Wood machine having fully won the lead which it has since held in the American market, was the first to be introduced abroad, its initial work in England having been done on the farm of the late Prince Consort, at Windsor, in 1856, and the excellence of its performance being so marked it soon came into general notice in that country, and an agency for its sale was established in London, which has since been maintained, meeting a constantly increasing demand.

At the first great national trial of harvesting machines, under the auspices of the United States Agricultural Society, at Syracuse, N. Y., in July, 1857, the first honors were carried off by the Wood machines, as was the case again in 1859 and 1860. In 1862, at Kensington, England, occurred the first great international trial, where the Wood machines again triumphed, receiving the "Medal of Merit," the highest award bestowed by the Society of Arts of England. At the Universal Exposition in Paris, in 1867, Mr. Wood won for his machines the "Iron and Gold Medal of Honor," the highest distinction conferred, and was himself decorated by Napoleon III with the Imperial Cross of the Legion of Honor, creating him a Chevalier in recognition of his achievements; while at the Exposition of 1878, in the same city, where his machines also held first place in the competition, Mr. Wood was promoted by the president of the French republic to the rank of an officer of the Legion of Honor. Meanwhile, at the World's Exposition in Vienna, in 1873, the Grand Diploma of Merit was accorded Mr. Wood, and he was decorated by the emperor with the Imperial Order of Franz Joseph.

In short, at all state, national and international exhibitions where mowing and reaping machines have competed, the Wood machines have invariably borne off the palm, the triumph at the last international exposition in Paris, in 1889, where the new straw-band binder was exhibited, and where the space occupied by the Wood display exceeded that of any other firm in the agricultural machinery department, being most complete. Altogether, more than 1,200 different prizes, including gold and silver medals, have been won by the Wood machines.





Mr. Wood's latest efforts, involving the labor of the last few years of his life, were devoted to the production and perfection of the straw-band and grass-twine binders, designed to obviate the great expense of ordinary binding twine, which amounts to more than \$15,000,000 annually for American farmers; and in the great trial at Joliet, Ill., last July, the success of these undertakings was fully demonstrated.

Some idea of the magnitude of the work directly resulting from the skill, energy and enterprise of this successful son of the Granite State may be derived from the fact that in the forty years of his manufacturing career, from 1852 to 1891, inclusive, the output of his establishment increased from two machines in the former year to 90,000 mowers, reapers and self-binding harvesters in 1891, the total output for the entire period being nearly 1,000,000 machines, while the vast establishment in which they are produced now occupies nearly forty acres of ground, and gives constant and remunerative employment to nearly 2,000 workmen; and all this, although twice in the history of the enterprise has the entire establishment been destroyed by fire! But the indirect, though none the less certain advantage to mankind, through his unparallelled contribution to the labor-saving machinery of the world, is something entirely beyond computation or estimation.

It was, however, not alone through his inventive genius and business energy that Walter A. Wood made himself a power for good among men. In all the relations of life he lived up to the highest standard of duty. As an employer, he was interested in and a sympathetic co-worker with his employes from the humblest to the most important, for their prosperity and advancement no less than his own advantage and profit; as a citizen, he was public-spirited and deeply interested in the welfare of the community in which he dwelt, as well as of the country at large, giving freely of his time and labor in the public service. He was for a number of terms president of the village of Hoosick Falls, which had grown in population and importance as his industry had developed, and was also several times president of the board of education, ever laboring zealously for the maintenance of adequate educational facilities. He was actively instrumental in the





organization of the First National Bank of Hoosick Falls, of which he was always a director, and aided in the organization and maintenance of various other business corporations and enterprises. For two terms—covering the 46th and 47th congresses—he represented the Troy district in the national house of representatives, as a Republican, with which political party he was associated. In his religious relations he was an Episcopalian, being the senior warden and a most liberal contributor for the support of St. Mark's Church at Hoosick Falls, from which church the obsequies were held, on Tuesday, January 20, the Right Rev. William C. Doane, Bishop of the Diocese of Albany, officiating.

Mr. Wood was united in marriage, in 1842, with Miss Bessie A., daughter of Seth Parsons, by whom he had two sons, neither of whom survive. His wife died in 1866, and in 1888 he married Miss Elizabeth Warren, daughter of the Rev. George H. Nicholls, D. D., who survives, with a son and daughter—Walter A. Wood, Jr., and Julia N. Wood.

In a written tribute to Mr. Wood, published in the *Albany Evening Journal* shortly after his decease, Bishop Doane says,—

“Mr. Wood's life, as the world knows it, has been full of energy and enterprise. The labor of constant devotion to business was brightened to him not with the mere motive of money making, which nevertheless it attained, but with the perpetual interest of an inventiveness that was never restless or unpractical, and with an ambition for improvement which made each success attained the step towards something better. In the accumulation of his fortune, men were not only bettered by his generous use of money, but the men who have helped him make it were advancing their own prosperity as well. The honors that were showered upon him in medals and decorations, the constant material improvement in the houses and families of his workmen, and the increased opportunities for doing good were the real satisfactions of his success. No labor troubles ever distracted the kindly relations, which were close and personal between workmen and employer, in the great works of which he was head and heart and often laboring hand.

“An intense American, he was to me the type of the only nobility that we know in America, which wins and wears the crown of labor; and the grace of his presence, his courtly car-





riage, his courtesy and dignity made him the peer of princes everywhere; while the good heart that was in him held him so erect and strong in courage and character, that at three score years and sixteen he bore no trace or token of old age."

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

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REV. SAMUEL J. SPALDING, D. D.

Samuel Jones Spalding, son of Abijah and Hannah Spalding, born at Lyndeboro', N. H., December 11, 1820, died at Newburyport, Mass., April 10, 1892.

He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1842, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1845, and was ordained pastor of the Congregational church at Salmon Falls in 1846, where he continued till 1851, when he removed to Newburyport, and was installed pastor of the Whitefield Congregational Church in that city, continuing the relation for thirty-three years. Subsequently, for seven years, until a few months before his death, he supplied the pulpit of the Salmon Falls church, retaining his home in Newburyport. He was chaplain of the 48th Massachusetts regiment in the late war. He had served as a trustee of Hampton academy, of the South Berwick (Me.) academy, Dearborn academy, Seabrook and Dummer academy, and was deeply interested in educational affairs. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Ingham university in 1861, and from Dartmouth college in 1872. He is survived by a widow, a son and two daughters.

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HON THOMAS J. SMITH.

Thomas Jefferson Smith, son of Thomas Shepard and Lydia Pollard (Wright) Smith, born in Dorchester, April 18, 1830, died at Manasquan, N. J., May 1, 1890.

He graduated from Dartmouth college in the class of 1852, studied law with Hon. Jonathan Everett Sargent, afterwards chief justice of the supreme court, at Wentworth, was admitted to the bar and went into practice in that town, where he resided until his removal to Dover, in





1868. He represented Wentworth in the legislature from 1861 to 1865 inclusive, and gained a reputation as a forcible speaker, both there and on the stump as an advocate of the Democratic cause, of which he was a warm adherent. In 1866 and 1867 he represented the old Twelfth district in the state senate. He continued the practice of law at Dover, was clerk of the senate in 1874, and secretary of the constitutional convention of 1876. In 1886 he was appointed deputy naval officer at the port of Boston, continuing till the fall of 1887, when he was commissioned solicitor of the internal revenue department at Washington, removing to that city. After the advent of the Harrison administration he was removed, and shortly after entered the employ of the New York and Long Island Branch railroad, in which he was engaged at the time of his decease.

September 17, 1854, he married Sarah Shepard, daughter of Daniel D. Kelley of Wentworth, by whom he is survived, with two daughters and a son.

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BRADBURY P. CILLEY.

Bradbury Poor Cilley, born at Nottingham Square January 2, 1824, died in Manchester March 22, 1892.

Colonel Cilley was the son of Jacob and Harriet (Poor) Cilley, and came of the best Revolutionary stock, his father being a son of Gen. Joseph Cilley and his mother a daughter of Gen. Enoch Poor, both distinguished officers in the war for independence. He fitted for college at Exeter, graduated from Dartmouth in the celebrated class of 1843, which included Harry Bingham, Amos I. Akerman and others, who attained celebrity in public life; studied law with Hon. Daniel Clark and at the New Haven law school; was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Manchester in 1845, where he ever after resided. Colonel Cilley never sought public office, but served as postmaster of Manchester under the administration of President Johnson, and was a member of the Constitutional convention of 1876. June 30, 1856, he married Angeline Baldwin of Manchester, who survives him, with one daughter, Martha Poor Cilley.





## PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

An interesting feature of the July number of the GRANITE MONTHLY will be a copy of the journal kept by Captain John White of Lancaster, Mass., while leading a scouting expedition up the Merrimack valley in the spring of 1725, proceeding across to the Connecticut, by way of the Baker river valley, and down the Connecticut, home. There are a number of these old "scout journals" preserved in the Massachusetts archives, some of which have been published, but this one, which will be found of special interest to the people of New Hampshire, has never appeared in print. It was copied by William Little, Esq., of Manchester, historian of Warren, who furnishes it for our pages, with an introduction and explanatory notes.

This June number completes the first half of Volume XIV of the GRANITE MONTHLY. Whatever else may have been accomplished, or failed of accomplishment, the publishers have the satisfaction of knowing that these six numbers have been issued promptly on or before the first of the month, and that this promptness and regularity is appreciated by their patrons to some extent, at least. This will be continued, and, if at the end of the year the encouragement received is sufficient to warrant the same, material improvements in various directions will be carried out. Meanwhile, all subscribers who have not remitted the amount of their subscription for the present volume should hasten to do so.

We take pleasure in commending to all readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY who desire one of the high class reviews, *The Arena*, issued by the Arena Publishing Company of Boston, as the best of all publications of its class. It is bright and progressive, presenting the best modern thought in educational, social, economic, ethical, religious and scientific lines, with much choice reading in a lighter vein. Terms \$5.00 per annum; 50 cts. per copy.





# The GRANITE MONTHLY

## A New Hampshire Magazine

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### CONCORD, N. H.:

H. H. MEYCALF, } Publishers. { Subscription, \$1.50  
A. H. ROBINSON, } per Year.

15 CENTS PER COPY.

Printed by N. H. Democratic Press Co.

Entered at the Post-Office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.

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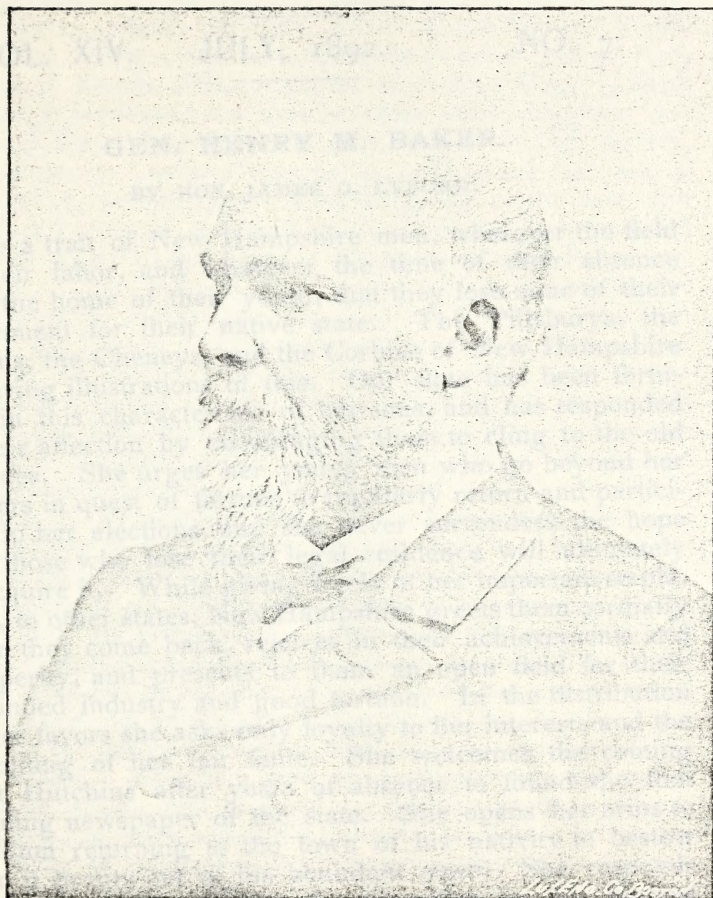
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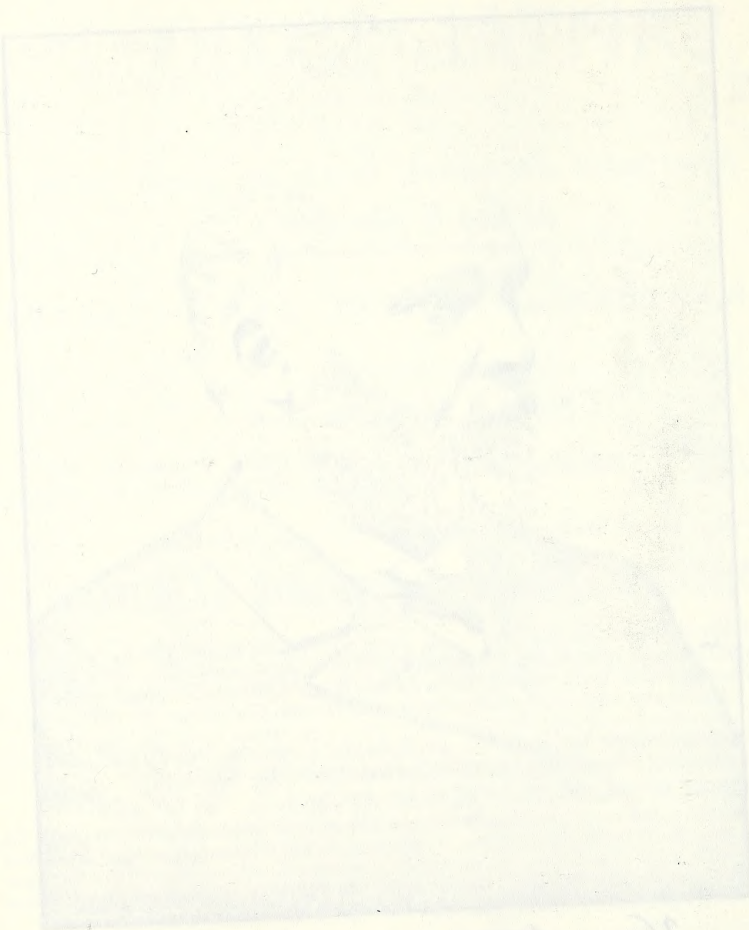
THE GRANITE MONTHLY

1938.



Very truly yours,  
Henry M. Baker.

1891



Very truly yours,  
Wm. H. Barker



# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV. JULY, 1892.

NO. 7.

GEN. HENRY M. BAKER.

BY HON. JAMES O. LYFORD.

It is a trait of New Hampshire men, wherever the field of their labor, and whatever the time of their absence from the home of their youth, that they lose none of their attachment for their native state. The Pillsburys, the Tiltons, the Cheneys, and the Corbins of New Hampshire are living illustrations of this. Our state has been fortunate in this characteristic of her sons, and has responded to their affection by encouraging them to cling to the old firesides. She urges her young men who go beyond her borders in quest of fortune to regularly return and participate in her elections, and she never surrenders the hope that those who lose their legal residence will ultimately re-acquire it. While giving freely of her important staple, men, to other states, New Hampshire greets them cordially when they come back, rejoices in their achievements and prosperity, and presents to them an open field for their continued industry and good fortune. In the distribution of her favors she asks only loyalty to her interests and the upholding of her fair fame. She welcomes the coming of a Hutchins after years of absence to found the first morning newspaper of the state. She opens her arms to a Tilton returning to the town of his nativity to bestow upon it beauty out of his abundant store. She responds generously to the request of a Chandler for her highest honor, regardless of his quarter of a century of residence and service at the capital of the nation; and her hospitality is never stinted to the sons who come back to her hills after long departure, or to those who return year by year to keep fresh their acquaintance with her affairs.

Among those who, while seeking fortune elsewhere, have never lost their hold upon the Granite State, and who,





with the returning seasons, have regularly come back to take part in its elections and to enjoy here their summer recreation, is General HENRY M. BAKER, the subject of this sketch. He was born in Bow, which is still his home, January 11, 1841. He is the son of Aaron W. and Nancy (Dustin) Baker. On both sides he inherits heroic New England blood. His parental ancestor, Capt. Joseph Baker, a surveyor, married Hannah, only daughter and child of Capt. John Lovewell, the famous Indian fighter, and settled in Lovewell's township, or Suncook, afterwards Pembroke, before 1740. This daughter, as the sole heir of Capt Lovewell, received her share of the land awarded to those killed in the fight at Pigwackett, now Fryeburg, Maine. Capt. Baker's son Joseph, the great-grandfather of Henry M. Baker, married Marion Moore, a descendant of the Scotch Covenanters, and settled in Bow. The land he reclaimed from the forest is now a part of the Baker homestead in that town. This Joseph Baker was one of the Committee of Safety during the War of the Revolution. Another of the ancestors of Henry M. Baker, his grandmother, was a descendant of Rev. Aaron Whittemore of Pembroke. On his mother's side he is a descendant of the heroine Hannah Dustin. His father, Aaron W. Baker, who was born April 10th, 1796, was the eldest of six children, and was only twelve years of age when his father died. It was an early age for a boy to take up the burden of life, but he resolutely faced the responsibilities thrust upon him, and with the assistance of his mother, not only successfully carried on the farm, but gave to the younger children a liberal education, which he was denied. He was a man of sterling worth, influential in local affairs, and honored by election to town offices, although his party was in the minority in Bow. Knowing the value of education, he provided generously for the instruction of his children.

Henry M. Baker received his preparatory education at Pembroke and Hopkinton academies, and at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1863, receiving the degree of A. M. in 1866. In 1864 he was appointed to a clerkship in the War Department, and later was transferred to the Treasury Department, where he remained several years





a faithful and efficient employé of the government. He commenced the study of the law in Concord, and continuing it while in the government service, fitted himself for the bar, his evenings being devoted to study and to attendance upon lectures at the law school of the Columbian University, from which he graduated in 1866, with the degree of LL. B., and was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia the same year. In 1882 he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is a rare exception to the general rule when a government clerk resigns his place, gives up his certain monthly income, turns his back upon the routine of office life, and goes out into the world to struggle for his daily existence in competition with those hardened by an experience he has not known. Nearly all government clerks get their first position at an early age, at the time of life when courage and confidence are strongest. To a young man just through school, perhaps in debt for his education, perhaps with others dependent upon him for support, a government clerkship is a great temptation. He takes it as a temporary expedient, a makeshift to bridge over present embarrassments, firmly intending after a few years of service to give it up and return to the career marked out for himself in his youthful dreams. He holds fast to his purpose for a time, but almost imperceptibly the spirit of procrastination grows upon him. The certainty of his income and its more than sufficiency for daily needs begets extravagance. The day of emancipation is postponed, and to many it never comes. They rust out and die in the service, continually chiding their own indecision, and becoming more and more dependent upon the places they hold. When, therefore, a young man has the stamina to free himself from the seductive embrace of a government position, and steps out from its easy employment to take his place in life with active and struggling humanity, he shows a strength of character beyond that of his fellows, and gives earnest of the ability within him. General Baker passed through this experience in the toils of official life, remaining firm to his original intention to make for himself fame and fortune. After ten years' service in the departments he resigned, to practice his profession at the capital of the nation.





The practice of law at Washington is more varied than at any other centre of the country. Besides the business of the district courts and that of the Supreme Court of the United States, whose sittings bring to Washington the acute legal minds of the nation, there is a large legal business growing out of legislation by Congress and the interpretation and enforcement of the laws by the executive departments. To be successful, the Washington lawyer must be thoroughly equipped in his profession. There, as elsewhere, is to be found plenty of room at the top, while the lower ranks are crowded and poorly recompensed. After leaving the department, Gen. Baker set himself assiduously to work to build up a practice. Possessed of a good legal mind, studious, always careful in the preparation of cases, and having a love for his profession, he early made for himself a reputation that brought to him a large clientage and business profitable beyond his expectations. His practice ranged from cases in the inferior courts and before the departments to final appeals taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. Large sums of money and valuable property were involved in some of the litigation which fell to his lot to conduct to a successful termination. In two of his cases in the United States Court of Claims there were at stake directly not less than \$184,000, while indirectly the amount reached a quarter of a million. Another case carried to the Supreme Court of the United States determined the title to three millions of property. He is considered a safe counsellor and a good advocate. His success in his profession is due to his industry, to his perseverance, and to his thorough knowledge of legal principles. He has a good standing at the bar of the District of Columbia, which includes in its membership men of national reputation.

Gen. Baker early became interested in politics, and has always been one of the aggressive Republicans of the State. He has voted in Bow at every state election since he was of age save one, when he was at college at Hanover, and then he paired with a Merrimack county Democrat. His office in Washington is headquarters for the meetings of New Hampshire Republicans at the capital, and there arrangements are made at every election for getting home the absent voter so essential to Republican success in the





Granite State. Gen. Baker is a member of the state Lincoln Club, and at its meeting in September, 1890, delivered an address on the relations of the Republican party to the labor interests of the country, which was so well received that it was printed by direction of the State Committee and circulated as a campaign document.

In the same year he was unanimously nominated as the Republican candidate for senator in the Merrimack district, fighting territory as politics run in New Hampshire. He had pitted against him for an opponent that active and popular Democrat, John Whittaker of Penacook. The campaign was an exciting one, and the contest in the "Ox Bow" district enlisted almost as much interest as the state canvass. Gen. Baker took personal charge of his campaign, visited the several towns of the district, helped perfect the local organizations of the party, and won a great political victory. By carrying the district on the popular vote he contributed in no small degree to the success of his party in the state. He ran largely ahead of his ticket. The Republican plurality on the governor vote in the towns composing the Merrimack district was 76, while Gen. Baker's plurality was 150, and his majority 75.

In the organization of the senate he was made chairman of the judiciary committee, and was assigned to positions on the committees of education, incorporations, and elections. He was also member of the joint committee on the revision of the statutes, and of the joint committee on state library. He at once showed himself to be familiar with legislative procedure, and thoroughly at home on the floor of the senate. He took an active part in the proceedings, and became the Republican leader in the political contests of the session. He proved himself a good debater, participating in the discussion of all important questions. He was popular with his associates, and won commendations from his opponents for his courtesy and fairness in debate.

When the senate concurred in the house resolutions on the death of the Hon. William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury, Gen. Baker paid the following tribute to the memory of the deceased statesman :





"It is appropriate that we pause for a moment in the rush of legislation and the turmoil of politics to pay our tribute of respect, gratitude and approval to the memory of that public servant who recently has been suddenly summoned from the cares and duties of national public service to the unrevealed responsibilities and joys of that future life to which we are hastening.

"The late Secretary of the Treasury gave the years of his manhood to the civil service of his country, and died in the discharge of them with cheers of approval ringing in his ears. He had spoken to practical men, skilled in the affairs of trade, domestic and foreign, who knew from actual daily experience the necessity for honest money which conforms to the demands of commerce, and makes exchange between nations easy and honorable, and had further insisted that the government ought, by proper bounties, in accordance with the practice of other nations, to encourage our merchant marine to resume its place in the commerce of the world, carrying our tri-colored banner with honor and courage into every sea, to float in the breeze of every port. His last words were drowned in rounds of applause, and he passed into the future to see his recommendations become realities in the glory and prosperity of the country he served so well and loved so passionately.

"Mr. Windom served for more than a score of years in Congress, and when his service in the senate was, unexpectedly to him, ended by the election of another, all his life earnings were invested in a house in the city of Washington, which he had erected for his senatorial home. Upon entering private life again he sold that house, and as quietly and worthily resumed his personal business, as our soldiers returned to their several avocations at the close of the late war.

"He was Secretary of the Treasury under President Garfield, but retired from that office soon after the lamented death of the president. From that time until President Harrison called him again to the administration of our financial affairs, he was active in many business ventures of almost national importance, and in private life, as well as in public station, he was always kind, courteous, faithful and honest.

"It was my good fortune to meet him both in his official and private life, and on several occasions to consider with him and others matters of general business. He was always considerate of the opinions of his associates, and gave due consideration to the arguments and requests of all.

"Secretary Windom married one of the most worthy of the daughters of New England. He loved to visit our state, to enjoy its natural scenery unparalleled in loveliness, and to talk with our people, in whose judgment and discretion he had great faith. It seems almost as though a son of New Hampshire had been called





from earthly experience, and it is fitting that we add our tribute to the universal word of praise which is heard on both sides of the ocean, in public places, and in homes of rich and poor alike."

Gen. Baker has been an extensive traveller. He has visited thirty-eight states and all the territories, including Alaska. He has also been in all the British provinces to the north of the United States. In his trip to Europe he went as far north as the North Cape, spending some time in Norway and Sweden and nearly a month in Russia, in addition to visiting other countries of the Continent and the British Isles. He has at all times been a close student and a keen observer. The cultivation of a taste for literature has been to him a pleasure and a recreation. He is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and has contributed valuable articles to its collection. In 1888 he offered two prizes for competition by the alumni and undergraduates of Dartmouth College, \$100 for the best original college song, and \$100 for the best original music for the song. The prizes are still open for competition.

He was Judge Advocate General on the staff of Governor Currier, and is a Mason, Knight Templar, and a noble of the Mystic Shrine.

Although business interests have until recent years kept him much in Washington, Gen. Baker has never allowed his New Hampshire citizenship to lapse, and has recognized no other place than Bow as his home. There he has been regularly taxed, and there he has regularly voted. He resides on the Baker farm, which for over a century has been the family homestead. This he has improved and beautified, and it is here that his summers are spent. His native town now claims him as its largest tax-payer.

Gen. Baker is one of the most successful men of New Hampshire. He has achieved success because he has earned it. He had to carve out his own fortune. He had but the usual advantages of farmers' sons of the Granite State in his start in life, and he had to make his own opportunities and rely upon himself in the struggles and trials which precede success. He has not been without his chapter of self-denials and deprivations. He has had his taste of disappointments and defeats, but he has borne failure as bravely as he has been modest in the enjoyment of success.





## IN MOSQUITO LAND.

BY C. C. LORD.

Sunlight dappled, through waving boughs,  
The grasses soft by the breezes fanned,  
Where a bald man sat, for the time to drowse,  
Idle and cool in mosquito land.

Then three little forms on wings swooped down,  
And hummed as they flew like a songful band,  
Till they touched on the shining, hairless crown,  
These three little imps of mosquito land.

The first with care put out his tongue—  
Oh my ! Not such is my soul's demand ;  
Just for mortal's fit—and he upward sprung,  
And paled and pined in mosquito land.

The next bit deep in the fleshy pate,  
And knew no cause but his lust's command,  
And he fed and filled, all his heart to sate,  
Till he burst and died in mosquito land.

The last would taste and anon would pause,  
To wave a claw like a preacher's hand,—  
Our life's a feast, if we mind its laws—  
While he supped and beamed in mosquito land.

Since then I muse on the wide world's way,  
And fain reflect as my thoughts expand,  
How the great concerns of our every day  
Are like smaller ones in mosquito land.



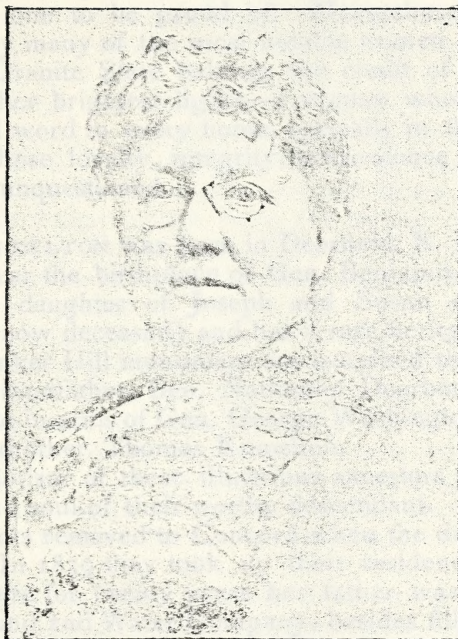


## JULIA KNOWLTON DYER.

BY MARION HAYWARD.

A woman "nobly placed" in the highest sense of the word, and to the world, since she would be so. With all due regard to the past, it seems to me that the nineteenth century woman, Julia K. Dyer, as an example, is one of the best of her kind. She can lay claim to the name of the day, yet to the name of the past. She is a name in her own right, and her name is a household word. A woman who has lived and died for the cause of the oppressed, and whose name is a household word.

2000.



JULIA K. DYER, born August 25, 1849, in Manchester, N. H. She is the daughter of John Knowlton and Mary (Dearborn) Butler. Upon her father's death, her great-grandfather and grandfather of her grandfather. The part of her life that is the heart of her life. Her parents were an infant. Her father was in Manchester, where she was connected with the L. A. position.

*Julia K. Dyer.*

Up to the age of ten she was in private school, and then to the boarding-school of Miss E. where she remained one year, and then entered the New Hampton Institute, known at that time to be one of the best schools for girls in the country. At eighteen Julia Knowlton was graduated with the highest honors, and with such attainments as would to-day enter her in the junior class at Harvard College.

Returning to Manchester, she taught French, English literature and higher mathematics, for one year, in the





## JULIA KNOWLTON DYER.

BY MARION HOWARD.

A woman "nobly planned" is the divinest gift to man, and to the world, since she wields a mighty power. With all due regard to the past, it must be admitted that the nineteenth century woman, with Julia K. Dyer as an example, is one to be proud of. Massachusetts can lay claim to very many of the most notable women of the day, yet to the Granite State belongs the credit of sending to her one of her brightest lights—a woman whose name is a household word in every home, especially in the soldier's, a woman whose loyalty, integrity, benevolence and unselfishness are unquestioned.

JULIA KNOWLTON was born in Deerfield, N. H., August 25, 1829, near the birthplace of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. She is the daughter of Joseph and Susan (Dearborn) Knowlton (now deceased) and has a rare heritage.

Upon Bunker Hill monument are inscribed the names of her great-grandfather, Gen. Nathaniel Dearborn, a friend and comrade-in-arms of Gen. George Washington, and that of her grandfather, Thomas Knowlton.

The patriotism of these illustrious ancestors still lives in the heart and soul of their worthy descendant.

Her parents removed to Concord when the daughter was an infant. In 1839 they took up their residence in Manchester, where for twenty years her father was connected with the Land and Water Company, besides filling important positions of trust.

Up to the age of fourteen her education was gained in private schools. She was then sent to Concord, to the boarding-school of Miss Ela, where she remained one year, and then entered the New Hampton Institute, known at that time to be one of the best schools for girls in the country. At eighteen Julia Knowlton was graduated with the highest honors, and with such attainments as would to-day enter her in the junior class at Harvard College.

Returning to Manchester, she taught French, English literature and higher mathematics, for one year, in the





High school, then under the principalship of Amos Hadley. While there she prepared a large class of young men for college, in geometry. Associated with Miss Knowlton in this school was Miss Caroline C. Johnson, who came to Boston afterwards and established the famous school for girls on Bowdoin street, which she kept for twenty years. Miss Johnson is cousin of the poet Whittier, and resides with him at Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass.

There entered into Julia Knowlton's life, at this point, the charming romance and happy marriage with Mr. Micah Dyer, Jr., then a rising young lawyer of Boston. This union, which took place in May, 1851, was a true mating of loving hearts. In the words of Mr. Dyer, "the courtship begun more than forty years ago has never ceased."

Mr. and Mrs. Dyer came to Boston to reside, and ten years later they purchased the fine old estate at Upham's Corner, Dorchester, which belonged to the Clapp family for a generation. It has quite a history. One thing worthy of mention is the fact that the first tulip bulbs brought to America were placed in this garden. The romance connected with it all, how they were obtained, and for whom, would make a very interesting story, as told the writer as only Mrs. Dyer could relate it. The house is situated on an elevation and has carefully kept and spacious lawns surrounding it. Many of the trees are a hundred years old. Inside, the word "home," in its true meaning, comes to one on entering. Every door wide open, light and cheerfulness, comfort, luxury, hospitality, are written everywhere.

Three children have blessed their home, a daughter who blossomed a little while and then faded away, and two sons now grown to manhood, Dr. Willard Knowlton Dyer, a physician of ability and man of fine literary tastes, and Walter Richardson Dyer, who is associated with his father in the legal profession. The latter resides, with his young wife, at the home of his parents.

The family duties and hospitalities of Mrs. Dyer's beautiful home occupied most of her time to the exclusion of any public work until about the time the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea was organized, eleven years ago. She had, however, been actively interested in the Dedham Home for Discharged Prisoners, and was appointed one of its mana-





gers in 1864. For twenty-eight years Mrs. Dyer has never failed in paying her monthly visit, except during a serious illness.

When the Ladies' Aid Association was formed, Mrs. Dyer was made its secretary, and, in 1882, its president, which latter position she still holds. Her rare executive ability and conscientiousness, her even temperament, benevolence and ready wit—in fact, her very personality and individuality make her peculiarly fitted to organize and keep together large bodies of women in perfect harmony.

The Soldiers' Home, with this grand auxiliary of 1,200 loyal women, is worthy a chapter by itself. One of its rooms is set apart and named for the woman who has done such loving service for the veterans. A beautiful pastel portrait of Mrs. Dyer adorns its walls, executed by Mrs. Sarah P. Billings of the Ladies Aid. Mrs. Billings comes of good New Hampshire stock. Her mother is a native of Sandwich and her father of Barnstead.

Of the twenty-three or more organizations in which Mrs. Dyer has active membership, special mention must be made of the Woman's Charity Club, which has established a hospital for women in need of surgical operations, but who are unable to pay. This noble charity was started by Mrs. Dyer, who is its president, with not one cent in the treasury. Her trust in God was so sincere and childlike that, undaunted, she led the way, and mark the grand result! The hospital is located at 28 Chester Park. The club will shortly build a new and more commodious hospital on Parker Hill, one of Boston's most beautiful suburban spots.

Mrs. Dyer is the organizer and president of the Wintergreen Club, which has a limited membership to women over fifty years of age. The names on the rolls include Julia Ward Howe, Mary Livermore, Kate Tannatt Woods and Mrs. F. S. Hessel, the latter a Granite State woman, a descendant of Gen. Stark.

She is also vice-president of the Helping Hand Society, the Upham's Corner W. C. T. U., and the Federation of Woman's Clubs (covering 172 clubs). She is also on the board of managers of the Home for Discharged Female Prisoners, the Massachusetts Home for Intemperate Women, is a valued member of the Castilian Club, which was organized by Abba Goold Woolson, formerly of Con-





cord, and is a life member of the Bostonian Society. In the hall of the Charity Club Hospital is another lifelike portrait of Julia K. Dyer, painted by the resident physician, Ida R. Brigham.

These are a few of the organizations, nearly all of them charitable, in which Mrs. Dyer is devoting every spare moment from the home circle. She is particularly successful in conducting large entertainments, and has no equal as a manager-in-chief. The Dickens Carnival of 1885 netted \$6,000 for a most worthy object. The Kettle-Drum of 1886 gave to the Soldiers' Home \$4,000, and the great fair in Music Hall in 1890 raised \$13,000. At the Military Fair in February last \$10,000 was cleared, and at the last meeting of the Ladies' Aid Association at the Soldiers' Home, Mrs. Dyer presented to Capt. John G. B. Adams a check for the "boys" (as she calls the veterans) for \$6,000.

Mrs. Dyer is not only a linguist but she has fine literary ability. Her poems are soul-stirring and her essays are exceedingly choice. She has wonderful command of language, which, with her magnetism to hold enthralled vast audiences, her good nature and cheery smile, makes everybody love to see and listen to her.

For eighteen years Mrs. Dyer has passed her summers at the Isles of Shoals, a dearly loved spot to her as well as to Celia Thaxter, poet, artist, and womanly woman of Portsmouth.

In closing this altogether too brief sketch, it is fitting that I add, as an illustration of the devotion of this true wife and mother, the original verses placed beside her husband's plate, together with her portrait, one Christmas morning:

We've walked the ways of life together  
Of changing years almost a score,  
And, love, my Christmas gift to you  
Is but my own old self once more.

I'm growing old, I know 't is true,  
I feel Time's busy fingers now;  
He's calming down my love of fun  
And drawing lines upon my brow.

But round the *citadel of youth*,  
The beating heart that owns you lord,  
A bond Time never dares molest—  
Love, Truth and Faith—I've posted guard.





## CAPT. JOHN WHITE'S SCOUT JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM LITTLE.

Whenever war broke out between France and England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Indians invariably took part in it in America. The frontiers of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts then suffered fearfully,—the tomahawk and scalping-knife filling the land with blood, and the torch applied to the settlers' cabins lighting up at night the forest clearings. The French Jesuits of Canada hounded on the Indians, for the New England settlers were all heretics and by right ought to be killed. Something must be done for protection, and Massachusetts, in Queen Ann's war, 1703-12, offered a bounty of forty pounds for each Indian scalp that might be brought in. This bounty was four times as large as was then paid for the head of a wolf. Companies were at once organized, who scoured the north woods, and an account of the adventures of some of them has been preserved.

Col. Tyng of Chelmsford, Mass., in the deep midwinter of 1703-4, went with his rangers on snow-shoes to the headquarters of the Indians among the mountains and got five scalps. Massachusetts was prompt and paid the two hundred pounds at once.

In June, 1704, Caleb Lyman, an elder of a church in Boston, with five Mohawk warriors, went up the Connecticut river as far as Piermont, found an Indian village, and in the night, "with God," as the pious man said, "aiding him with a miracle of a terrific thunder clap and a rain that caused a deafening roar out of a small cloud," made an attack and killed seven Indians, six of whom they scalped. Strange to say, Massachusetts only paid thirty pounds for this meritorious service.

Then Col. Winthrop Hilton with a large party ranged to the head of the Pemigewasset country, and after him Capt. Wright, Col. Walton and many other brave leaders, with their companies, tramped through the wild northern forest. One of these companies went up the Merrimack and had the good fortune to surprise and kill eight Indians without the loss of a man.





Lieut. Thomas Baker, who afterwards lived and died in Dover, with thirty-four men, in 1712, followed up the Connecticut river as far as the Lower Coös intervals, crossed over the high land to the head waters of the Remithewaset river, as the Indians then called it, now the River Baker, followed down this stream, and at its mouth surprised an Indian encampment. He killed many, with their chief, Waternomee, and returned to Dunstable, now Nashua. For this gallant service the Massachusetts legislature, on petition of Lieut. Baker, gave extra bounties.

But the victories were not all on one side. Col. Hilton had his scalp lifted, Col. Tyng, mortally wounded, died soon after reaching his home, and hundreds of innocent settlers—men, women and children—were murdered.

In King William's war, sometimes called Lovewell's Indian war, 1723-5, after repeated atrocities by the Indians, Massachusetts offered a liberal bounty of one hundred pounds for each Indian's scalp. Many companies called "scouts" were raised and again marched through all the northern woods. Capt. Daniel Pecker led one in 1723 to the head waters of the "Poscattaquoag River," but found no Indians.

Capt. John Lovewell, in 1724, with thirty men, went up the Merrimack. On the bank of Beebe brook in Camp-ton they found a wigwam in which was a man and a boy. They killed and scalped the man, and brought the boy alive to Boston. The two hundred pounds bounty was promptly paid. In January, 1725, he marched again, with a larger company over his first route; found the dead Indian still lying in the wigwam by Beebe brook; turned off eastward by "Cusumpe pond," as the Indians called this handsomest of New England waters (Squam lake now); killed a "black moose" near by; and striking the trail of a party of ten Indians followed it like bloodhounds. In the bitter cold night they overtook the savages sleeping in a camp by a frozen pond and killed every one. Then they carried the ten scalps stretched on poles to Boston and received the thousand pounds (\$5,000).

Capt. Eleazer Tyng marched north up the Merrimack in April, 1725, taking several bark canoes with him to transport provisions. He carried by the rapids in Frank-





lin, toted round the "Sawheganet Falls" in New Hampton, and sent a scout up the "Sowhaig River" to its source in Cusumpe pond. In the Pemigewasset country he found many signs of Indians, but, although he went as far as North Woodstock, and sent a scout up the River Baker, and not an Indian could he find.

The same season Capt. Samuel Willard, accompanied by Capt. Joseph Blancher, scouted through this north country; went to the sources of the Merrimack in the great Pemigewasset woods and crossed over the White mountains to the Saco river. They found plenty of traces of Indians, but the Indians themselves kept entirely out of sight.

The captain of each company that marched kept a "Scout Journal," which upon his return home he sent, with an explanatory letter, to the governor. No less than seventeen of these are preserved in the archives of Massachusetts, "38a." secretary of state's office. Many of them have been published, but the following one, very interesting as giving the names of places and showing where the Indians lived, has never before appeared in print. It is as accurate a copy as a transfer from script to type will permit:

"[1725] CAPT. WHITE'S JOURNAL, MAY, 1725:

A true journall of my travels began the

- 5th of April 1725 We travelled to Groton 12 milds and there stayed by reason of foul wether  
 6 day We travelled to dunstable<sup>1</sup> 12 milds and there lay that night  
 7 day we lay stil by reason of foul wether  
 8 day we mustered and went over the river to the house of John Talars about 3 milds  
 9 day we marched up the river about 8 milds and then campt one of our men being taken very sick for he could travel no farther his name was Thomas Simson and doctor Joseph Whetcomb that night set his fut into a ketel of biling broth that so he could travel no farther  
 10 day was foul wether & we sent 2 men into dunstable with the sick and lame men and returned that night to us again

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<sup>1</sup> Nashua.





- 11 day we travelled about 13 milds & then Campt, about 3 milds above Amuskeag falls.<sup>1</sup>
- 12 day we travelled 11 milds and then Campt at the mouth of Penekook river<sup>2</sup>
- 13 day we travelled 7 milds and then Campt at the irish fort in Penekook Entrevals,<sup>3</sup> that day it rayned very hard all day
- 14 day we travelled 10 milds and then crost Meremock River above the mouth of Contockock river and then Campt
- 15 day we travelled 8 milds north west from Contockock to a litel streame that runs into Meremock River about 3 milds westard from Meremock and then Campt and sent out Skouts
- 16 day we travelled 12 milds and came to a pond which very long and we turned to the East sid of it and then Campt and then sent out skouts That day we lay about 3 milds westard of the mouth of Winepisseocket
- 17 day it rained very hard the fore part of the day and a little before night it cleared up and we sent skouts but found nothing.
- 18 day we travelled 14 milds and that day we crost two great streams<sup>4</sup> that runs into Meremock<sup>4</sup> one of them comes out of a great pond<sup>5</sup> which some indens say it is 3 days journey round it the land is very full of great hils and mountains and very rocky Abundance of sprus and hemlock and far and some brch and mapols and we Campt
- 19 day we travelled 11 milds and then Campt at the lower end of pemichewaset<sup>6</sup> lower entervals and sent out skouts
- 20 day we lay stil by reason of foul wether and towards nit it cleared up and we sent out skouts and found where Cornel Tyng crost Meremock<sup>7</sup>
- 21 day we traveled 12 milds up pemichewashet River<sup>8</sup> and found *old sins of Indans* and we sent out skouts that night and found *one new track*<sup>9</sup> and we lay that night by the river and made new Camps. The land that lyes by this river is vere rich and good. The uplands were full of hills and mountains very bad traveling

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<sup>1</sup> Scouts speak of a cold spring three miles above Amoskeag falls where they were accustomed to camp. <sup>2</sup> Suncook river. <sup>3</sup> Concord. <sup>4</sup> Smith and Newfound rivers. <sup>5</sup> Newfound pond. <sup>6</sup> Pemichewaset was the name of the country and not of the river. <sup>7</sup> Now called the Pemigewasset river. <sup>8</sup> Now called Baker river; other names of this river given by early travelers were "The west branch of the Merrimack river," "Remithewaset," "Pemogewaset W. Br.," "Hastings Brook," and "Asquamchumauke," by Judge C. E. Potter. <sup>9</sup> This was in Rumney.





- 22 day we traveled 2 milds and then sent out skouts over the river and up a stream<sup>1</sup> that runs into the river but found northen
- 23 day we traveled up the river about 14 milds and that day we crost 3 stremes<sup>2</sup> that runs into the river this river comes steaply from the north west and then we campt
- 24 day we traveled 10 milds westard and that day we *found old signs of Indens<sup>3</sup> where they had been this Spring and in the Winter* and sent out skouts but cold find no Indens. This day Sam<sup>11</sup> moosman actidntly kild himself with his own gun
- 25 day it rained very hard and we lay still that day til a most night it cleared up and we sent out skouts but found northin
- 26 day we traveled 18 milds<sup>4</sup> and came upon Conetecut river one of our men was taken vere sick that night we campt by the river
- 27 day. we traveled down the river and found a bark cannow which was a great Sarvise to our sick man and to us that day We traveled about 18 milds and then Campt
- 28 day we traveled 19 milds and then campt. This river runs cheafly upon a south westerly pint. this day we crost serval litel streams that runs into Coneticut river
- 29 day we traveled 20 milds and then Campt
- 30 day we traveled 17 milds and crost one litel river<sup>5</sup> below the great falls<sup>6</sup> and then Campt
- May the first. we traveled 24 milds and came to the fort above Northfield and there lay all night
- 2 day we traveled 10 milds and came to Northfield and there staid that night
- 3 day we lay still it lookt very likely for foul wether and we lay there that night
- 4 day we set out for Lancaster across the woods and traveled about 12 milds and then Campt
- 5 day we traveled 15 milds and then campt
- 6 day. we traveled 14 milds and came into Lancaster about 4 o'clock This day it rained very hard all day "

[No signature. Superscribed "Capt. John White's Journal."]

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<sup>1</sup> Stinson Brook. <sup>2</sup> Hall Brook, South Branch and Pond Brook. <sup>3</sup> In Warren or the North part of Wentworth. <sup>4</sup> The place of the accident must have happened in Warren, for the west line of that town is less than ten miles from the Connecticut river. <sup>5</sup> Cold river. <sup>6</sup> Bellows Falls.





*Capt. John White's Letter to the Governor of Massachusetts.*

" Lancaster May 9 1725.

May it please Your Honour.

Being returned home I thought myself obliged to inform your Honour that on the 5<sup>th</sup> of April last I went from Lancaster to Dunstable and the 8<sup>th</sup> day of April from thence up Merrimack with 30 men two of which came back in a short time one of them being sick and ye other having scalt himself very badly. I marched up Merrimack about 130 mile, and there discovered some signs of Indians. Some old which we judged were made sometime this Winter and one new track on the back of the river that we judged had gone but a few days before. I sent out scouts but could discover nothing further. We then turned off Westward towards Coos. Marched 10 miles the 24<sup>th</sup> of April. At evening one of our men viz Sam<sup>ll</sup> Mossman of Sudbury being about encamping took hold of his gun that stood among some Bushes drew it towards him with the muzzle towards him some twig caught hold of the cock the gun went off and shot him through he died Immediately. We went across to Connecticut River came down to Northfield and from thence across the woods to Lancaster. We got in yesterday. I have endeavored faithfully to attend your Honour's orders already received, and if your Honour have any further advise for me I desire your Honour would let me know it. I have not as yet completed my Journal but hope to finish it in a short time that it may be laid before your Honour.

I am your Honours most obedient humble servant

John White."

The history of Lancaster, Mass., gives a further account of Captain White. It says he marched, in the winter of 1724-5, as an officer under the brave Capt. John Lovewell, at the time when they killed ten Indians by Lovewell pond in Wakefield. They were out forty days.

When Capt. Lovewell was killed, May 8th, 1725, by Paugus, at Pigwacket, Capt. White, eight days afterwards, raised a company, marched to Pigwacket, and buried him.

From July 6th to August 5th, 1725, he went with his company to Lake Winnepesaukee and Cocheco, and his second scout journal tells of a Canada Mohawk who was not willing to accompany them; how they killed a bear and several rattlesnakes, and, on July 15, they killed two bears and divers rattlesnakes, "which pestered us very





much." July 17, "Scouted and killed a moose; excessive rain." July 18, "captured a lame Indian and sent him home; reached Suncook."

Then he went, later in the season, to Connecticut for a company of "Moheag," but could not induce them to enlist, and soon after marched for a fort beyond Pigwacket, but was taken sick before he reached it, and, returning home, died. He had seven children, four very young, and the Massachusetts general court gave his widow, Mrs. Eunice White, one hundred pounds in money.

Indians continued to reside in the upper Merrimack valley till King George's war, 1745. In 1743 nine Indians, through James Scales of Canterbury, petitioned Gov. Wentworth for a "truck house," at the "carrying-place" just above the junction of the Merrimack and Winnepesaukee rivers. But they never got it. After King George's war it was common for years to see them strolling about in the woods, and it was not till the conclusion of the old French and Indian war, 1755-63, that most of them went to Canada.

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## THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.

BY CHARLES H. GLIDDEN.

In the last few months there has been much said all over the country in criticism of the Australian Ballot system, so-called. When it was first adopted it was believed by some people that a certain corrective of all the ills and evils of government had been found. This idea has been very generally dissipated, but it has been proved that there is some good in the system.

This form of voting has now been on trial in many parts of the country for something like three years. Massachusetts adopted it in 1888, and used it for the first time the following year. Other states followed her example at once or very soon after, until now this system is in use in most of the Northern states.

Wherever it has been adopted the strongest and, in fact, the only real argument for it has been the claim that it was





a secret system, and therefore would do away with two great evils in our political system, namely, bribery and intimidation of the voter. In Massachusetts it was said, when the bill establishing this scheme of voting was under consideration in the legislature, that it would make bribery impossible. The purchaser of votes would have no way of knowing that the voter did as he agreed, and so would not care to throw away any money upon an uncertainty, since a man who would sell his vote would not scruple to take the cash offered him and then vote for the other candidate.

It was said also that it would prevent the intimidation of voters by their employers, destroy the party boss, and remove all other influences which had, in the past, coerced men to vote against their convictions, their principles, or their desires.

In all that was said in favor of the system, however, the main point urged was its secrecy. That was recognized as the corner-stone of the whole scheme, the one great virtue. Yet, when the law was finally put into shape and adopted, it was so hedged about by details as to be a most complicated system. The secrecy was there, to be sure, but there were a great many minor details evidently intended to bewilder and perplex the average voter, or the voter below the average, to such an extent as to disfranchise him, in part at least. For instance, the ballots were arranged with the names of the candidates in alphabetical order, compelling the voter to wander through a wilderness of names to find the men for whom he wished to vote.

There is no doubt but what this device has disfranchised thousands of voters every year. The returns show it at every election, and time does not seem to remedy the defect in any way. There were over 20,000 less votes cast for W. D. T. Trefry, the Democratic candidate for auditor in Massachusetts in 1891, than there were for Gov. W. E. Russell running on the same ticket. The Republican candidate for auditor received about six thousand less votes than were cast for the Republican candidate for lieutenant-governor. It is plainly evident that, in states where there is an educational qualification, the voter who reads and writes with difficulty is greatly handicapped by this alphabetical arrangement of the ballot, and that if it were





grouped by parties there would not be found this falling off in the vote the farther down the list of candidates one goes. In its practical effect this device amounts to a partial disfranchisement of the voter.

But the ballot is not even secret. In Boston, in the state election of 1891, a scheme was devised which in effect has destroyed the main pillar of this system. A voter named Norris, a councilman, who was suspected of being in sympathy with the Republican candidate for governor, although elected to office as a Democrat, was challenged on some trivial pretext and compelled to write his name on the back of his ballot before he could deposit it. When the votes were counted the ballot was examined by some of the election officers and it was disclosed that the man had voted the straight Democratic ticket with the exception of the candidate for governor, and that he had voted for the Republican candidate for governor, as it had been suspected he would. The incident itself is nothing but an indication of how the secrecy of the system may be avoided and destroyed.

There is another serious defect in the system. The law requires the voter to make a cross opposite the name of the candidate for whom he wishes to vote. The mark is to be made with a pencil. There have been several cases in Massachusetts where the election officers have been charged with nullifying the will of the voter by marking a cross opposite the name of the other candidate than the one voted for. The effect of this, of course, is to disfranchise the voter, for where there is a mark opposite the name of both candidates for an office neither is counted. It is believed that a great deal of this tampering with ballots has been done, and that, in some cases at least, candidates who received a minority of the votes cast have been declared elected.

The alphabetical arrangement of the names of the candidates, and requiring a mark opposite each name, makes a correct count of the ballots a matter of great difficulty and almost an impossibility. Even the recounts are not infallible, for in one instance in Boston the second recount, being the third actual count of votes cast for a candidate for a member of the school committee, revealed an error of something like two hundred in one precinct in the original recount.





The difficulty in counting the votes causes great delay in announcing the result of the election, and can only be obviated by the adoption of some sort of device for doing this by machinery.

The system adopted in New Hampshire has been said to be the best yet seen, because the framers had the experience of other states to guide them. But there is one provision in the law which seems open to grave question, though I do not know that it has yet presented itself in that light to those who framed it. It is that section which authorizes the moderator to detail an election officer to mark the ballots of persons unable, through physical disability or inability to read, to do this themselves. I believe this provision will open the way to abuses, because there is in it large opportunities for crooked work where there is the disposition. The voter should have the right to demand that an election officer of his own political faith be detailed to assist him to mark his ballot. This would have been fair to all, and made it impossible that the will of the voter should be defeated.

It seems to be admitted that the Australian ballot has not prevented the influencing of voters improperly. It is said that a man who will sell his vote will not perform his contract under the secret ballot. But this is the theory of the philosopher and not the experience of the politician. The case of Rhode Island is against the philosopher. It is said, with every appearance of truth, that votes are purchased and delivered in that state under a secret ballot system. It is said by politicians that of the men whose votes are bought at least 75 per cent. carry out their part of the bargain, illustrating the adage that there is honor among thieves. The man who has no especial interest in an election, because he has no political or other principles, probably feels better towards the man whose coin he carries in his pocket than towards the other person who has added nothing to his exchequer. This is about the only explanation of this phenomenon which seems to bear the mark of reason.

But if the vote-getter is particular to know that his money has accomplished its purpose, he has plenty of opportunities for ascertaining this point. The man who sells him his vote can so mark his ballot as to show con-





clusively that he has done as he agreed. He can make a pencil-mark on the corner of his ballot which will show the friend serving as an election officer that Smith voted for Jones, because it was the mark agreed upon. If fifty votes are got in this way, and forty-five ballots are marked with this pencil-line, the buyer may know that his money nearly all accomplished its purpose. And this is the method which is employed under the secret ballot system to influence men to vote a certain way.

No one who has watched the results of the system would think of saying that it had done away with the political boss. It has not done so anywhere. The boss flourishes like a green bay tree, and laughs at ballot systems as instruments for overthrowing him.

It is undoubtedly true that it has done away with the intimidation of workmen by their employers, to a large extent if not entirely. This is a result which is worth all that the experiment has cost.

It is, however, just as easy for the employer, if he sees fit, to coerce his workmen into voting as he wishes, as it is to influence the votes of other men by money. It could be done by requiring the employé to make a peculiar mark on the ballot which could be seen by the election officer, who is in the secret, when the votes were counted.

It is easily seen that the system is by no means perfect. It could be improved in several ways. The ticket of each political party could be grouped to advantage, or the old envelope system could be grafted upon the Australian system. This would remove one objection to the present scheme of voting, the partial disfranchisement of American citizens, but would not make it impossible for the voter to assure the purchaser of suffrages that he had fulfilled his part of the contract. The only way to do that, is to have some sort of a device by which the voter, touching a button in a machine, can vote for his party ticket, or, by pressing several buttons, may vote for the individual candidates, whether those of his own party or those of any other. The ballot would not then be in sight of the election officers nor within reach of the voter, so that no distinctive mark could be given it. There are pieces of mechanism which accomplish this, it is claimed, and, if they do, they could be adopted with advantage in connection with the Aus-





tralian ballot, if it is to be retained. As this machine cuts a small round piece out of the ballot opposite the party ticket, or opposite the individual names of the several candidates, the tampering with the votes under the present method would be impossible, and the will of the voter could not be nullified by the election officers or the recounters. It is very difficult to maintain the secrecy of the ballot in cases where a voter is challenged and marks his name on the back of the ballot. The election officers and the officials who make the recounts may be sworn not to divulge how such a man voted, but it would be next to an impossibility to enforce this secrecy, or to prove who divulge it.

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### AMONG THE MOWERS.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Where ripening wheat and clover meet,  
And shadows stretch of forest bowers,  
What time cool breezes kiss the feet  
Of laughing lasses thither drawn—  
Their fresh cheeks rosy as the dawn—  
The mowers' dewy tracks appear;  
Their whetstones cheery click I hear,  
And seek them in these morning hours.

New life seems stirring in the veins  
That bared arms show—all move in line;  
With pride the master holds the reins  
O'er dappled grays, where swath afar  
Has fell 'neath Toil's triumphal car,  
Along the smooth, rich interval!  
From bush and shrub the sparrows call;  
The smallest pools like silver shine.

Grand are the lessons taught a-field  
Where healthful work hard hands employ!  
The ear and blade such largess yield,  
Up-springing through the night and day,—  
We wonder, but 'tis God's own way,—  
Praised by the children of the sun  
From tree-tops in each orison,  
When Nature's breast is filled with joy!





## A NEW HAMPSHIRE INDUSTRY.

Five years ago last month the village of New Boston was visited by a conflagration which swept away its public buildings, business blocks and very many of its homes, bringing disaster to its inhabitants,—mostly farmers.

The financial condition of the people was such that for a time the place seemed doomed to become of no account. It was in their hour of need that relief came through a fellow-townsmen who went out to seek his fortune when a mere lad, and who, by honest effort, had won success.

To J. Reed Whipple, now of Boston, belongs the credit and honor of making his native town what it is to-day. New Boston is fifteen miles from Manchester and six miles distant from the railroad. It is a delightfully healthy spot, and is rapidly becoming a popular summer resort. Many of its beautiful shade trees were destroyed by the fire, as well as its churches, school-house and lumber mill. At present, however, there are few, if any, traces of the great disaster, and the transformation seems almost magical. Through the liberality of Mr. Whipple, who has freely donated thousands of dollars in rebuilding the fire-swept district, there has been erected a fine public library, hall, stores, and last but not least the creamery which I propose to make the subject of this brief sketch. It was erected for several objects, but chiefly to help fill the pockets of the poor farmers in the vicinity, as nothing else could do.

This creamery, although not the largest, is probably the best equipped and most conveniently arranged of any in the country. It was built at a cost of \$20,000. It is four stories high including basement, and of the Queen Anne style of architecture, heated by steam throughout, and has every modern appliance. The basement floor is used exclusively for butter making, which is done in the most skillful manner by Swedish dairy maids who have had years of training in their native country, and whose work cannot be surpassed. Here also are located the engine rooms, which are separated from the butter-making apartments by a birch wall impervious to heat; also the large refrigerator and store rooms.

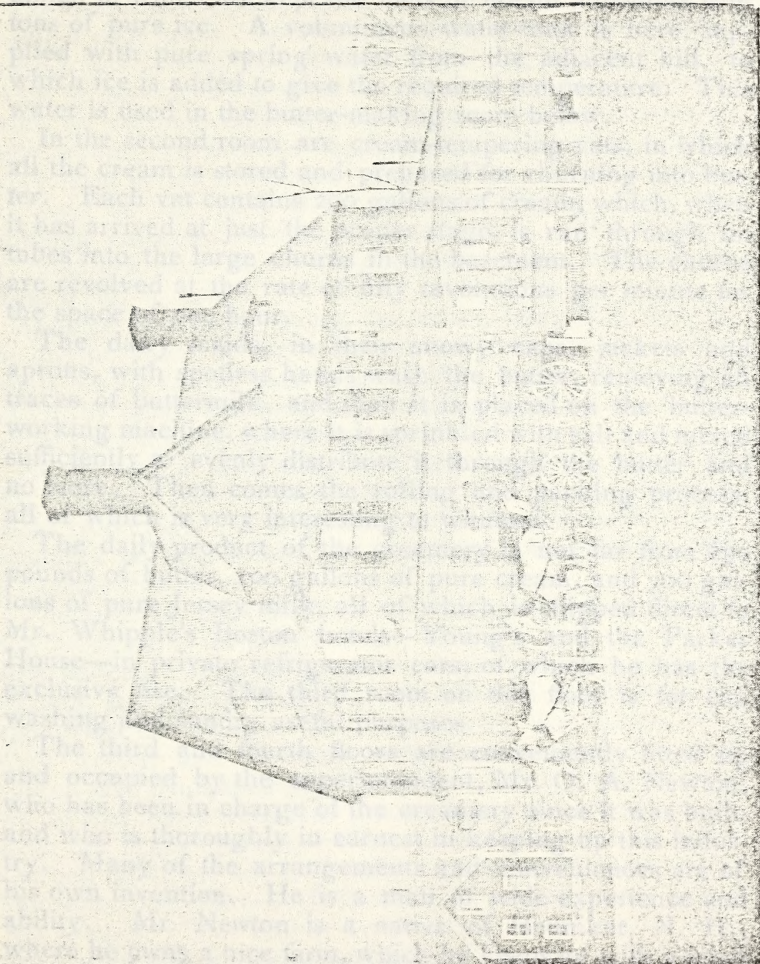
The second floor is divided into three rooms and a private office, the latter finished and furnished in antique oak, with its walls hung with costly paintings, suggestive of the





dairy industry. Into the first of these rooms all the milk, cream and ice, and here also are several steam turbine cream separators, through which a certain part of the milk is run to extract, in a most perfect manner, the cream. Then there are several large cooling tanks, in which the milk is cooled.

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MILK PROCESSING PLANT

and of pure and care. He is the nephew of Mr. Parker Pillsbury of Concord, N. H., and cousin of Adjutant-General A. E. Pillsbury of Boston, and the Hon. Gilbert Pillsbury, formerly mayor of Charleston, S. C., after the death





dairy industry. Into the first of these rooms is received all the milk, cream and ice, and here also are two DeLaval steam turbine cream separators, through which a greater part of the milk is run to extract, in a most perfect manner, the cream. Then there are several large cooling tanks, in which are kept the cans of cream imbedded with tons of pure ice. A voluminous water-tank is here, supplied with pure spring water from the adjacent hill, to which ice is added to give the required temperature. This water is used in the butter-making room below.

In the second room are cream-tempering vats, in which all the cream is stored and prepared for churning into butter. Each vat contains 200 gallons of cream, which, when it has arrived at just the proper stage, is run through tin tubes into the large churns in the basement. The churns are revolved at the rate of fifty revolutions per minute for the space of one hour.

The dairy maids, in their snowy caps, jackets and aprons, with spotless hands wash the butter, removing all traces of buttermilk, and then it is placed on the butter-working machine, where it is sprinkled with salt and mixed sufficiently to evenly distribute it through the butter and no more. Then comes the rolling and packing process, all of which is very interesting to witness.

The daily product of the creamery is not far from 650 pounds of butter, 100 gallons of pure cream, and 300 gallons of pure Jersey milk, all of which is shipped direct to Mr. Whipple's Boston hotels—Young's and the Parker House—in private refrigerator cars, of which he has the exclusive use. The third room on this floor is for can washing and sundry useful purposes.

The third and fourth floors are conveniently fitted up and occupied by the superintendent, Mr. O. A. Newton, who has been in charge of the creamery since it was built, and who is thoroughly in earnest in keeping up this industry. Many of the arrangements and conveniences are of his own invention. He is a man of wide experience and ability. Mr. Newton is a native of Henniker, N. H., where he owns a nice farm, which he keeps up with a great deal of pride and care. He is the nephew of Mr. Parker Pillsbury of Concord, N. H., and cousin of Adjutant-General A. E. Pillsbury of Boston, and the Hon. Gilbert Pillsbury, formerly mayor of Charleston, S. C., after the close





of the war. His aunt, Mrs. Gilbert Pillsbury, is the author of that remarkable book, entitled "Blue Blood," which so clearly depicts the evils of slavery, as witnessed by the author during her residence in the South. He is a self-made man, in every respect, and is still in the prime of life.

The question naturally arises as to how the creamery is supplied with milk. Four two-horse teams are continually going round among the farmers gathering up the cream, which is produced by what is called the Cooly process. From all sections milk is also delivered to the creamery daily, about 150 farmers supplying it, embracing nearly every farm within a radius of seven miles. Liberal prices are paid for the milk and cream, making the same an unfailing source of revenue for the farmers. The number of employes used in carrying on the entire business is about forty.

Another interesting thing the writer learned is that in the engine room of the creamery is located a steam fire pump, which can be used to advantage in case of fire, and which, by using sufficient hose, can be used on any house within the limits of the village.

Nearly half a mile away is a large piggery, owned by Mr. Whipple, with a population, at the present time, of about 1,000 pigs. A large amount of the skim milk at the creamery is forced through a pipe to the animals, and is eagerly devoured.

The farmers, once thriftless, discouraged and seedy, are now enjoying a far different sort of a life, with money in their pockets. The village has a history familiar to many readers, and the old church on the hill still stands looming up toward the clouds. It is owned by two ladies, who were devout and life-long worshippers, until the new church was demanded and finished. Much could be written of the many historical places about this attractive village, did space permit. What is needed most is better railroad facilities, and it is only a question of a very short time when the efforts of J. Reed Whipple will meet with a just reward. The charter is already granted, and a company organized for the construction of the road. Probably no town in New England has so quickly risen from insignificance to importance and prosperity as has New Boston. All honor then to the man who has been the "power behind the throne" effecting this result.

M. H. B.





## MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

### N. H. MUSIC TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The 3d annual meeting of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association, which occurs at Weirs the last full week of July, promises to be of unusual interest. The talent already enlisted includes, as pianists, Martha Dana Shepard and Mr. Benj. W. Welpley of Boston, in addition to our own well-known resident artists. Mr. Fred Jameson, the eminent tenor from New York, is expected. Mr. Arthur J. Hubbard, basso, Mr. Fred G. Bond, baritone, Boston, Miss Jennie Woodward, contralto, Lowell, and Mrs. Nellie Guertin Clark of Coös, soprano, who, by the way, is one of the most promising vocalists in the state. Among the instrumental soloists we find Wolff Fries, the veteran cellist, Miss Lillian Chandler, violiniste, from Boston, and Miss Ethel Franklin Ellis of New York. The lecturers include Prof. Louis C. Elson, Boston, and Mr. O. B. Brown, Malden. The presence of these, in connection with our resident musicians, ought to insure a very delightful and profitable week of music, which will not only interest, but be of infinite benefit to teachers and music-lovers generally.

It is almost beyond human power to raise many of the teachers, or pretended teachers, of music in New Hampshire above the influences of jealousy and prejudice. Petty difficulties, which begin in country church choirs, are handed down from year to year and only disappear as people become more intelligent and educated. It is the man or teacher who is afraid of comparison, or that his or her work shall be known at its real worth, who are susceptible to these baleful influences. There are many teachers in the state who ask the public to send their children to them, to be instructed in this beautiful and Divine art, who have never taken any pains, or spent any money, to keep posted or to become proficient in the work they affect to understand and impart. There are teachers of music in our New Hampshire schools who have "thrown cold water" on this enterprise from the beginning, who would rather go to





the Point of Pines for a day, than to unite with the "faithful few" in a meeting to discuss the best methods of improving the standard and instructing the young. They are not sufficiently interested to send even a single dollar for a season ticket in aid of this enterprise. It may be safely predicted, however, that such persons must soon step down and out, giving place to teachers of brains, education and power.

Let us hope that there will be a general effort this year to make this meeting one of great benefit, not only to teachers, but to the art itself. Send names, enclosing one dollar with each, to E. M. Temple, Secretary, Nashua, N. H., and obtain members' tickets, admitting to every lecture, rehearsal and concert during the week.

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#### CONCORD TROUBADOURS' CONCERT.

The concert by the Concord Troubadours, assisted by a string quintette from Blaisdell's orchestra, at Phenix hall, Thursday evening, June 2, was successful in every way. The young men who compose the club are most earnest lovers of music and faithful workers, and their efforts at this concert were indeed a source of great pleasure to their many friends and patrons. We think this is the only club of male voices in the state. If young men in our large towns would organize such clubs as this, and work to further the interests of the art, as well as for their own accomplishment, it would be of infinite value to mankind. The performance of Master Cotton was very satisfactory, as were the solos by Mr. Benedict. It seemed to us that the music by the string quintette was finely finished and worthy of some mention, a fact, however, which the local press was unmindful of.

---

The Schubert Club of Laconia closed its season May 19 by a performance of Planquette's opera, "Chimes of Normandy." It was, all things considered, a very creditable performance. It seems a great waste of time and energy for a chorus to put so many rehearsals and evenings of hard work into music of this character, to be performed only once and then forgotten. Very little or no good, from an educational point of view, can ever be realized therefrom.





## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

## GEN. R. DELAVAN MUSSEY.

Gen. R. Delavan Mussey died at his home in Washington, D. C., May 29. He was a son of Dr. R. D. Mussey, an eminent surgeon, who attained a wide reputation for skill and ability in the practice of his profession. Gen. Mussey graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1854. After graduation, he was engaged in newspaper work on Boston papers, although he had studied with a view of becoming an analytical chemist. Afterward he went to Cincinnati and became connected with the old *Gazette*. From Cincinnati Gen. Mussey went to Washington, before the war, as a correspondent of the *Gazette*.

At the outbreak of the Rebellion he organized the Henry Clay Guards for the protection of the capital. In May, 1861, he received a commission as captain in the Federal army. Whitelaw Reid succeeded him as correspondent of the *Gazette*. Soon after he became connected with the army Gen. Mussey entered upon the work of enlisting colored troops into the service. He was promoted to the rank of colonel, and afterward was brevetted brigadier-general. At the close of the war a gold medal was bestowed upon him by Gen. Butler for bravery.

In 1866, Gen. Mussey was military secretary to President Johnson, but resigned that position to enter upon the practice of law. Since 1867 he had been a member of the Washington bar. Gen. Mussey was one of the Garfield Guard of Honor, was a member of the Loyal Legion, and had been recorder for that society. He belonged also to the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, to Kit Carson Post, G. A. R., and to the Philosophical Society. He leaves a wife, one son and a daughter. Another son died a few months ago.

## GEORGE McQUESTEN.

George McQuesten, a successful business man and respected citizen of Boston, died, at his summer home at Marblehead Neck, on Monday, June 6. He was born at Litchfield, N. H., June 4, 1817. At the age of twelve years





he moved to Nashua, his first occupation being that of tending the locks on the canal, which he followed until he was of age, when he went into the lumber business. This he carried on in Nashua and Concord, N. H., until 1872. Then he moved to Boston and organized the Southern-pine lumber business, under the name of McQuesten & Fogg.

While living in Nashua he filled various offices in the city government. He was also for several years a director in the First Ward National Bank of Boston and a member of the New Hampshire Club.

He is survived by a widow and three sons.

---

COL. STEPHEN MORSE PINGREE.

Stephen Morse Pingree, a son of Stephen and Judith True Pingree, was born in Salisbury, N. H., March 21, 1835. He studied law with Hon. A. P. Hunton of Northfield, Vt., was admitted to the bar in 1860, and began the practice of law at Gaysville, Vt. In 1861 he enlisted as a private in the 4th Reg't Vt. Vols., and was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy of the same regiment on April 30, 1864, having passed the grades of lieutenant and major, successively. He served through three years of the Civil war and returned to Vermont in command of his regiment. He renewed the practice of his profession at South Royalston, from whence he went to Hartford, where he died on April 19, 1892. On November 19, 1865, he married Mary Foster of Bethel, Vt.

---

DR. EZRA BARTLETT.

Dr. Ezra Bartlett, who died in Brooklyn, New York, June 16, was a son of Dr. Ezra Bartlett, and a grandson of Dr. Josiah Bartlett, signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was born at Warren, September 28, 1811, was graduated in medicine at Dartmouth, in 1832, and practiced successfully in Warminster, Va., Haverhill, South Berwick, Me., East Boston, Mass., and Exeter, for fifty-four years, until 1886, when he relinquished practice, on account of advancing age. He was surgeon in the United States army from 1863 to 1865. He leaves a widow, and one son by a former marriage, Josiah C. Bartlett of Chicago, who is connected with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.





## PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

A large number of copies of this issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY have been printed for distribution through the state among those not now regularly receiving the magazine. Every person receiving a copy, who is not now a subscriber, may consider himself specially invited to become one, and thereby contribute his share toward the support of the only periodical devoted to New Hampshire history and biography, and the only distinctively state magazine in the country. The hearty indorsement given by the press, and by representative men throughout the state, since the present publishers took charge of the work, is indeed most encouraging, but a more general patronage is necessary in order to secure the full measure of success desired.

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The present publishers are unable to supply any of the previous volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY, or separate numbers for any of those volumes; but the same may be obtained of the former publisher, John N. McClintock, now of Boston. Back numbers of the present volume can be obtained of the present publishers.

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Any patrons of this magazine in possession, or aware of the existence, of historical, biographical or other matter of general state interest, appropriate for use in these pages, will confer a favor upon publishers and readers alike by communicating with us in reference to the same.

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Two notable events in New Hampshire history have occurred during the past month—the laying of the corner-stone of the new State College building at Durham on the 17th, and the dedication and formal opening of Miller Park, on Pack Monadnock mountain, in Temple, on the 22d, the latter being the first state park opened in New England. It is to be hoped that the establishment of this park may prove to be the initial step in a well-defined state policy, that all prominent mountain summits in the state may ultimately be set apart as places of public resort and popular enjoyment, and especially that the entire White Mountain region may be preserved for park purposes.





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV. AUGUST, 1892.

NO. 8.

HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM.

BY GEN. CHAS. H. BARTLETT.

HENRY E. BURNHAM was born in Dunbarton, N. H., November 8, 1844, and is the only child of Henry L. and Maria A. Burnham.

He is a descendant, in the eighth generation, from John Burnham, who came from Norwich, Norfolk county, England, in 1635, and settled in what is now Essex, Mass., where his great-grandfather, Samuel Burnham, was born, and who, in 1770, removed to Dunbarton.

Bradford Burnham, son of Samuel, and grandfather of Henry E., was born in that town in 1788, and died there in 1865; where also his father, Hon. Henry L. Burnham, was born, November 25, 1814.

His maternal great-grandfather, Oliver Bailey, and grandfather, Josiah Bailey, were both natives of Dunbarton, where his mother, Maria A. Bailey, was born, July 12, 1820, and united in marriage to Henry L. Burnham, March 28, 1842.

His ancestors in the direct line were farmers, but among his collateral kindred are found Rev. Abraham Burnham of Pembroke, and Rev. Amos Burnham of Rindge, N. H.

He is related, on his father's side, to the distinguished American jurist and statesman, Nathan Dane, who was a delegate to the continental congress in 1787, and the author of the celebrated ordinance of that date, for the government of the vast territory north and west of the Ohio river, and which contained that famous provision "that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory," which, during the whole period of anti-slavery agitation prior to the war of the rebellion,





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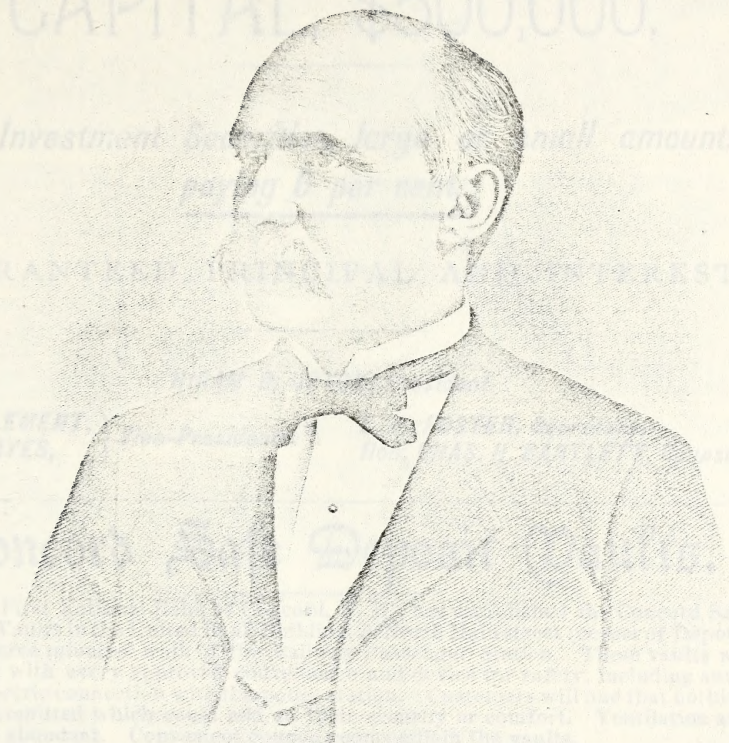
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L. P. FOSTER, *Secretary.*  
Hon. CHAS. H. BARTLETT, *Counsel.*

---

## Concord Safe Deposit Vaults.

The First National Bank of Concord, N. H., has established the Concord Safe Deposit Vaults in the United Bank Building, 20 North Main street (corner of Depot), within three minutes' walk of the Railway Passenger Station. These vaults are provided with every approved convenience and device for safety, including automatic electric connection with the police station. Customers will find that nothing has been omitted which could add to their security or comfort. Ventilation and light are abundant. Convenient coupon rooms adjoin the vaults.

Apartments for the sole use of ladies are provided.

Customers' safes range in capacity from 240 to 3960 cubic inches, and will be rented at from \$8.00 to \$75.00 a year. Customers have direct access to their safes and unlock and lock them themselves. Coupons of customers will be cashed, or credited to their accounts in the banking department, if desired. Silverware and other valuables received in the owners' trunks or packages for safe storage.

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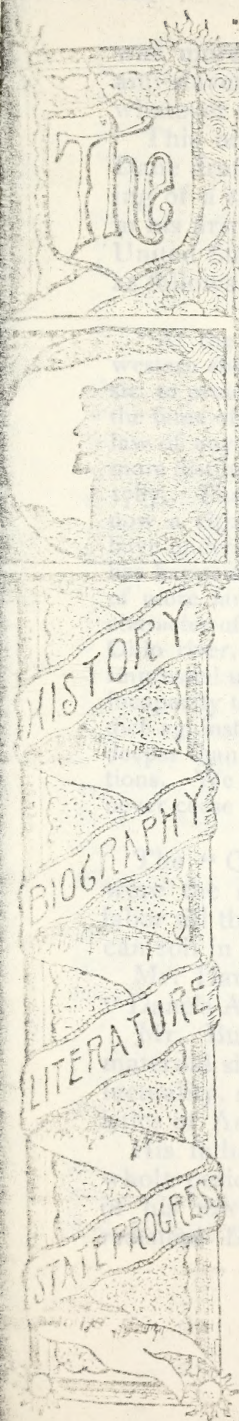
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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

## A New Hampshire Magazine

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### CONCORD, N. H.:

H. H. METCALF, } Publishers. { Subscription, \$1.50  
A. H. ROBINSON, } per Year.

15 CENTS PER COPY.

Printed by N. H. Democratic Press Co.





was more frequently quoted upon the stump and in the anti-slavery press than any other phrase or extract of whatever nature.

This ordinance was adopted by the convention as Mr. Dane drafted it, without the dotting of an *i* or the crossing of a *t*, and concerning it and its author Mr. Webster, in his first speech on the famous Foot resolution, in the United States senate, on the 20th of January, 1830, spoke as follows :

"At the foundation of the constitution of these new Northwestern states lies the ordinance of 1787. We are accustomed, sir, to praise the lawgivers of antiquity; we help to perpetuate the fame of Solon and Lycurgus; but I doubt whether one single law of any lawgiver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked, and lasting character than the ordinance of 1787. That instrument was drawn by Nathan Dane, then and now a citizen of Massachusetts. It was adopted, as I think I have understood, without the slightest alteration; and certainly it has happened to few men to be the author of a political measure of more large and enduring consequence. It fixed forever the character of the population in the vast regions northwest of the Ohio river, by excluding from them involuntary servitude. It impressed upon the soil itself, while it was yet a wilderness, an incapacity to sustain any other than freemen. It laid the interdict against personal servitude, in original compact, not only deeper than all local law, but deeper, also, than all local constitutions. We see its consequences at this moment, and we shall never cease to see them, perhaps, while the Ohio shall flow."

The "Ordinance of '87," and the "Wilmot Proviso," were the rallying cries of the lovers of liberty and free labor till the footprints of slaves were wiped out of American soil in blood.

Mr. Dane was an eminent jurist, and the author of "Dane's Abridgment and Digest of American Law."

Mr. Burnham's ancestry, both on the paternal and maternal side, has long been distinguished for great intellectuality, moral worth, and the best and noblest characteristics of American citizenship.

His father, Hon. Henry L. Burnham, was, during the whole period of his active life, one of the leading citizens of his town; for thirty years a successful teacher; represented Dunbarton in the legislature; served both as





commissioner and high sheriff of Merrimack county, and was a member of the senate in the years 1864 and '65, where, in the critical period of the culmination of the great civil conflict, he proved a most patriotic and useful legislator.

Since retirement from active business, Mr. Burnham and his estimable wife have made their home with their son in Manchester, in whose charming and delightful family loving hearts and cheerful hands gild the afternoon of their life-journey with the rosy tints of the golden morning.

Judge Burnham's early life was the repetition of the story of many a New England boy who rose to fame and distinction in after life. Assisting upon his father's farm in the summers of his early youth, he attended the district school in winter until sufficiently advanced, when he fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, entered Dartmouth in 1861, and graduated with high honors in 1865.

At his graduation he was selected to discuss, in public debate, the Monroe Doctrine, with Horace Russell, since a judge of the courts of New York. This discussion won him great applause and foreshadowed that splendid and fascinating oratorical power which later years have so rapidly developed.

Judge Burnham, however, was not borne through his educational period in the lap of ease and luxury, but largely assisted in defraying his expenses and lightening the burden which otherwise would have fallen upon his parents, by teaching in his winter vacations.

Upon graduating, young Burnham at once turned his attention to the profession to which his tastes and predilections all inclined him, and to which his natural endowments seemed so remarkably fitted.

After pursuing his legal studies in the offices of Minot & Mugridge of Concord, and E. S. Cutter, Esq., and Judge Lewis W. Clark of Manchester, he was admitted to the bar in Merrimack county, at the April term, 1868.

He at once opened a law office in Manchester, and has practiced his profession with zeal, diligence and enthusiasm to the present time. Although it is true that the law is a jealous mistress, yet the career of Judge Burnham





amply demonstrates that to the true and faithful she is kind and generous to the limit of prodigality.

After practicing a brief period by himself, he formed a partnership with Judge David Cross, then, as now, one of the foremost members of the Hillsborough county bar, and which continued for several years. Later he associated with himself George I. McAllister, Esq., a rising young lawyer of Manchester. His present partners are Albert O. Brown and George H. Warren, under the firm name of Burnham, Brown & Warren. Their business is not confined to Hillsborough county, but is large and lucrative in adjacent counties, and one of the largest in the state.

Judge Burnham has taken a deep interest in Masonry, and after filling all the offices in Washington Lodge of Manchester, received the highest honors of the Grand Lodge of the State of New Hampshire, serving as M. W. Grand Master in 1885. He has also filled various offices in the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the benevolent and noble tenets of these orders challenging his profound admiration and eliciting his warmest sympathy.

Some of his finest oratorical efforts have related to these orders, the most notable of which was his oration at the dedication of Masonic Hall in Manchester, October 15, 1890, universally conceded to be one of the most eloquent and beautiful tributes to the ancient and noble order to be found in Masonic literature.

His genius, however, is not confined alone to prose and oratory, but he numbers among his accomplishments the rare gifts of the true poet. His poem, delivered at the centennial celebration of Dunbarton soon after his graduation, and published among the proceedings of that occasion, bears ample evidence of what he might have accomplished in that direction had he chosen to court the muse rather than the drudgery of the law office and the contentions of the forum.

While avoiding any active part in any enterprises foreign to his profession that would make any considerable draft upon his time, he has, however, lent his aid to the development of such as were suited to his tastes and his other labors would permit. He is president of the Mechanics' Savings Bank, and first vice-president of the



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Manchester Board of Trade, and is in the directory of other business corporations.

Judge Burnham has always been active and liberal in the charities of the city, and is chairman of the advisory committee of the Children's Home. He has likewise taken a deep interest in the educational institutions of the city, and his voice is a familiar one upon public occasions pertaining to them, and he has rendered valuable service upon the school board.

He is the present commander of the famous Amoskeag Veterans, with the rank of major, and his address in this capacity, on Bunker Hill day, at Worcester, at the banquet given by the Worcester Continentals to the Putnam Phalanx and the Veterans, was as fine a specimen of stirring and glowing eloquence as was ever listened to by any one of the commands to whom it was addressed. Under his leadership, the battalion is enjoying great prosperity, and his ambition "to see a hundred men in line" will soon be gratified.

In his home and domestic life no man can be more fortunate and happy than Judge Burnham. October 22, 1874, he married Elizabeth H. Patterson, daughter of John D. Patterson, Esq., of Manchester, and their three daughters, Gertrude E., Alice P. and Edith D., form as fair and lovely a domestic group as ever gladdened parental hearts. Under his hospitable roof and in his typical home three generations are gathered, grandparents, parents and children. Over this happy home Mrs. Burnham presides with that quiet and unostentatious grace and ease so characteristic of the noblest and best in womanhood and so charming and delightful to all.

In politics, Judge Burnham is, and always has been, a Republican, and his Republicanism is something more than a sentiment, or conviction even, for it was "born in the flesh and bred in the bone." His addresses upon political occasions, too few in number as viewed by his party associates and co-workers, are always listened to with pleasure and delight. Strong in his sympathies, positive and firm in his convictions, courteous and kindly to all, with no bitterness in his nature or asperity in expression, he is a most valuable and effective member of his party's organization.





As an orator, Judge Burnham ranks high and is widely famed. No man is more sought for such service, and no one declines more opportunities of this character, which his busy life compels him to forego.

Of Judge Burnham as a lawyer, in which character he is best known to the public, there is little occasion to write for the information of New Hampshire readers. He has been too often before the courts of southern and central New Hampshire, at least, to require an introduction to that section of the state, and few there are, in any part of the state, at all familiar with current judicial proceedings and events, who do not know of him, and do not have their own judgment of his capacity and merit. Besides, he has altogether too much of the "Young America" in his make-up to be yet photographed at his best.

To compare him with his associates of the bar would be indelicate; to attempt to measure and estimate him in his profession, as might be done of one whose work was finished, whose record closed, would be premature.

Such occasional service as Judge Burnham has been induced to render in official stations has been, in the highest degree, honorable to himself and useful to the constituency he has served.

His judicial title, by which he is best known to the public, comes from his three years of service as judge of probate for the county of Hillsborough, from June, 1876, to July, 1879. In this position, his fine judicial powers and strong sense of justice and equity found ample opportunity and were finely illustrated. The office was never more acceptably filled, and his resignation, enforced by the demands of his rapidly increasing law practice, which left him no time for other duties, was universally regretted by all who had business before that tribunal.

He served as a member of the house of representatives in 1873 and '74. His speech upon woman suffrage, at the 1873 session, was recieved with great favor and attracted much attention. He also filled the offices of treasurer of Hillsborough county and associate justice of the police court of Manchester. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1889.

Judge Burnham is one of the few men, perhaps, of his professional, literary and oratorical attainments who has





no aspirations for public service, and neither sees nor seeks prizes in official packages; or, if such aspirations come to him, they are subordinated to the stronger charms and more inviting opportunities of professional life.

The ephemeral fame of political prominence and activity has had no influence thus far in attracting him from his life's work, in which he has already won such distinction, to which he is so admirably adapted, and for which he is so fully and completely equipped.

For the brevity of his official record, however, he is wholly responsible. Opportunities innumerable have presented themselves for his advancement to public life, which he has persistently declined, to the regret of his friends, who would rejoice to see him in the halls of congress, and to the disappointment of his party, which would gladly avail itself of his splendid oratorical powers and exceptional personal popularity.

Judge Burnham is one of the fortunate few who have the choice of ways open to them, and all leading to the front. He is a busy man, of no leisure and little recreation. No man at the New Hampshire bar spends more hours in the exacting labors of his profession, and none have a more numerous or desirable clientage.

In his professional and business relations he is the soul of probity and honor. His spoken word is as sacred as his written bond and as current among all who know him. His friendships are as wide as his acquaintance. Enemies he has none, and even envy is disarmed and shamed into silence by his generous open nature and unaffected friendliness to all with whom he comes in contact in any of the various walks of life.





# RAMBLES ABOUT A COUNTRY TOWN.

## RAMBLE NUMBER XIX.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

"Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen, but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession."—*Shakespeare's Hamlet*.

From the leafy luxuriance of the old maple in front of the house the first glad note of the oriole has come. The lilacs by the gate are masses of purple glory, and the old orchard is one broad sea of tossing pink and white blossoms. The season is propitious, the weather is delightful, heaven smiles, and nature rejoices. "Let us walk down Fleet street," said Dr. Johnson. We will take a walk into the country instead.

The town clock was striking eight, or rather it would have been striking eight if there had been one, as I started on a morning walk along the so-called Joppa road. My objective point was the old cemetery or parade, the site of the first church, the old-time training-ground, and the most ancient necropolis in town. This romantic spot is distant about a mile and a half from Warner village, and can be reached in two directions. It lies at the corner of the old Gould or Bartlett road and the road that leads from the Lower village to the Joppa district. Formerly, another highway bounded it on the west and north, which led down over the hillside and across the river, coming out near the present R. S. Foster place; but this road has long been thrown up, although the old road-bed can be distinctly traced its entire course, and the abutments of the ancient bridge are still in place on either side of the river. The tract embraces at present about four acres, extending some forty-two rods along the Gould road, and about sixty rods back, all enclosed by a rugged stone wall. The entrance is at the upper corner, on the Gould road. It is a portion of the old meeting-house lot which embraced that whole swell of land down to the river, now included in the Sawyer pasture. A thrifty pine growth covers a large part of it to-day, but a hundred years ago, and thirty years before that, it was a beautiful green slope, with scarcely a tree on it.

# RAMBLER ABOUT A COUNTRY TOWN.

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BY FREDERICK MASON COLBURN.

"Come, my spade. There is no ancient cemetery here, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession."—*John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*.

From the leafy binnacle of the old maple in front of the house the first glad note of the oriole has come. The lilacs by the gate are masses of purple glory, and the old orchard is one broad sea of tossing pink and white blossoms. The season is propitious, the weather is delightful, heaven smiles, and nature rejoices. "Let us walk down Pleasant street," said Dr. Johnson. We will take a walk into the country instead.

The town clock was striking eight, or rather it would have been striking eight if there had been one, as I started on a morning walk along the so-called Joppa road. My objective point was the old cemetery or park, the site of the first church, the old-time training-ground, and the most ancient necropolis in town. This romantic spot is distant about a mile and a half from Winter village, and can be reached in two directions. It lies at the corner of the old Gould or Bartlett road and the road that leads from the Lower village to the Joppa district. Formerly, another highway bounded it on the west and north, which led down over the hillside and across the river, coming out near the present R. S. Foster place; but this road has long been thrown up, although the old road-bed can be distinctly traced its entire course, and the abutments of the ancient bridge are still in place on either side of the river. The tract embraces at present about four acres, extending some forty-two rods along the Gould road, and about sixty rods back, all enclosed by a ragged stone wall. The entrance is at the upper corner, on the Gould road. It is a portion of the old meeting-house lot which embraced that whole as well of land down to the river, now included in the Sawyer pasture. A thrifty pine growth covers a large part of it to-day, but a hundred years ago, and thirty years before that, it was a beautiful green slope, with scarcely a tree on it.



These grounds were set aside for a cemetery and permanent training-field, by a vote of the proprietors of the town, at their annual meeting in March, 1784. At the same time a committee was appointed to attend to the matter, consisting of Simeon Bartlett, who lived on the northeast slope of Burnt Hill, and Lieutenant David Bagley, who lived at the present Samuel Dow place. These men duly performed their business, and reported that they had "sett off from the Meeting House Lot about thirteen acres of land for Burying Yard, Training Field and Highways." In the committee's report the metes and bounds of this tract are given in detail, and some four or five years ago were fully established by the survey of the selectmen. It is the town's property to-day, and should receive more care and attention than it does. The enclosure is a wilderness of briars and undergrowth, and the whole place shows a sad neglect of the ordinary guardianship of man. The wall on the west of the enclosure was built near the beginning of the century. Formerly, the cemetery did not extend so far down toward the Bartlett place as now, the parade-ground being at that end. The old militia companies of Captains Davis, Floyd, and others, must often have performed their military drill and exercise on the very ground now occupied by the graves of Col. Bartlett and the Heath family.

The silent decrepitude of neglected old age broods over the landscape. It is a graveyard in a forest, and a perfume of healthy and wild verdure reaches you on the lightest breeze. Glints of sunshine fall in places upon the greensward. Here is a hedge of rose-bushes that will be one bower of beauty a month later on. Year after year the roses bloom here over the deserted graves, uncared for, as if Nature herself wished to atone in part for the neglect of man. Four generations lie here—in some instances the bones of the Revolutionary hero mingling with those of the patriot who laid his life down in the Civil war. What visions of the past come up at the bidding! The place is haunted not by ghosts, but by memories. In the languorous heat of the summer morning we sit upon the tumble-down wall, beneath the shadows of those lusty pines, and dream, we do not know how long, but the shadows point northward when we arise.

Assuming that the reader is free from all qualms on the





subject of graveyard association, we invite him to loiter with us awhile among these old tombstones. We enter by a wide, wooden gate that faces the Gould road, near the southeast corner. On all sides rise the slate and marble memorials of man's mortality. It is very different from rambling among those of the ancient graveyards of Portsmouth, or the old Puritan cemeteries of Boston and Salem. There is much less of stateliness, pomp, and the evidences of human pride than is usual, even. There are none of those grotesque and horrible emblems of skulls, cross-bones, and hour-glasses to be seen; drooping willows, urns, and winged cherubs seem to be the prevailing types of heraldry. One misses, too, the Latin, the blazonry, and the sounding detail of public service so often seen spread over the face of crumbling old tombstones. But quaint epitaphs abound, all more or less characteristic of the old time. In a retired part of the ground is a plain, slate-stone slab, raised to the memory of Miss Sally Aiken, daughter of Mrs. Sally Stewart, who died Oct. 26, 1808, aged 18 years. Her epitaph is the following injunction:

"Retire, my friends; mourn not for me,  
But love the Lord and happy be."

Not far away is another slab, on which we read,—

"Thy languishing head is at rest,  
Thy thinking and aching are o'er;  
Thy quiet, immovable breast  
Is heaved by affliction no more."

Whether this is intended for the husband or the wife we do not know, for both lie there on the western slope of the hill, and are no less personages than Col. Richard Straw and his wife Jane, the former of whom died in 1840, aged 85 years, and the latter in 1829, aged 77 years.

Among other specimens of graveyard literature is the inscription to Mr. John Hoyt, who died Dec. 30, 1814, aged 43 years:

"Go home, my friends, dry up your tears,  
I must lie here till Christ appears."

Such resignation as is here expressed has a pathos that is touching. The words of sympathy graven upon the tombstones in many instances appeal strongly to the heart.





This sunlight is so sweet, the valley is so beautiful, you seem to breathe health and vigor in the air; you want to live. One wishes, as the old poet says,—“*Se rejouir longtemps de sa force et de sa jeunesse.*” The love of life is implanted with the love of light. How often beneath our less cheerful northern skies do we feel a similar desire.

The larger number of the early settlers and their families repose in this quiet, secluded place. Some of them have no stone to mark their resting-place; others are indicated by slate tablets and broken slabs. The leading citizens of the town in the Revolutionary period, soldiers, civilians, ministers, justices of the peace, officers of the old militia, selectmen and representatives, friends and rivals alike, sleep here in peace. Captain Daniel Floyd, Zebulon Morrill, Lieut. Jacob Waldron, Dea. Nehemiah Heath, and Dea. Parmenas Watson lie here with unmarked graves. An ancient slab marks the grave of Elliot Colby, a soldier and father of a soldier of the Revolution. He died in 1811, aged 76 years. Beside him slumbers his first wife, Judith, mother of his ten children, who died in 1782, in the 41st year of her age.

In the southwest corner two simple slabs record the early death of Col. Simeon Bartlett and his wife. He died in 1830, aged 36 years; she died in 1828, aged only 21 years. The inscription upon her stone reads as follows:

“Behold the sad impending stroke  
Which now arrests our eyes;  
The silken bonds of union broke,  
A tender mother dies.”

A little way beyond are the graves of three generations of the Heath family, Dea. Nehemiah, and his son, Dea. David, who were pillars in the early church, and a daughter of the latter who died as late as 1885, aged 74 years.

In the centre of the cemetery is the Currier lot, surrounded by three lengths of iron chains attached to stone posts. Here lie Ensign Joseph Currier and his wife Betsey, Jacob Currier and his wife Ruth, John Currier and his wife Clara,—three generations. With them slumbers Mehitabel, daughter of Ensign Currier, and wife of Capt. Asa Pattee, who died Oct. 18, 1841, aged 87 years. The valiant captain (builder of the first two-story house in our village, the





present Eaton mansion) sleeps far away from his consort, in the town of Canaan.

A black marble slab locates the resting-place of Lieut. Edmund Sawyer. A white slab marks the grave of Dr. Henry Lyman. Near by lie the remains of the first two wives of the late Robert Thompson. On the lower side of the yard, not many feet from the site of the church in which he preached so many years, is the grave of Rev. William Kelley, the first settled minister of Warner, who was called to this little church in the wilderness as long ago as 1771. Many of his family sleep around him.

Now and then we find instances of rare longevity, showing that despite the privations and hardships of the early time, the toil, and the large families they cared for, venerable age was often reached. Mrs. Theodota Currier, mother of Ensign Joseph, died in 1820, aged 91 years. Mrs. Judith Dalton, widow of Dea. Isaac Dalton, and formerly widow of John Hoyt, and who was originally a Sawyer, sister of Edmund, was 93 when she died, in 1855; and Eleanor Heath, widow of Dea. David, was nearly 98, as appears by the dates on her tombstone.

Throughout the enclosure the pious chisel of some "Old Mortality" is painfully in request. The inscriptions on many of the tombstones are either illegible or quite obliterated. Quite a number of the stones have been broken; others are defaced by time. There are stones there dating from 1775, the first year of the Revolution, and some stones with as late a date as 1886. The town fathers should take it upon themselves to keep this ancient necropolis in better condition. A little money might well be spent in clearing away the underbrush, trimming the trees, righting up the monuments, and renewing the fading inscriptions.

This enclosure, as we have already stated, served other purposes than that of a burial-place. The western end was a portion of the old parade-ground, and was so used as late at least as the last year of the century. The "22d company of Foot, in the 9th regiment of militia" used to meet here, under the command of Capt. Francis Davis, in the years just prior to the Revolution, "notified and warned to assemble at the *King's Parade* for military drill and exercise." After the Revolution there were trainings here twice a year, in May and in September, until more popular resorts were chosen.





In the southeast corner, on a little rise of ground, stood the first two houses of worship in town. Warner was permanently settled in 1763. One of the terms of the grant of the township to the proprietors was "that they build a meeting-house and maintain constant preaching there from and after the term of three years from the date hereof." This same care for religion is noticeable in most of the charters granted of the early townships of our state. The proprietors were as good as their word, and in the spring of 1766 a church was erected on this site. It was constructed of logs, and poorly constructed at that. If we may judge from early log meeting-houses in other towns, it was probably without windows, save only large holes in the upper part, which admitted air and light. There was no regular preaching in this house, for neither the proprietors nor the inhabitants of the town were in the condition to provide this, but there was occasional preaching. Timothy Walker of Concord, son of Rev. Timothy Walker, and grandfather of Hon. Joseph B. Walker, preached in this log church a number of times. Another minister who preached there was Rev. Nehemiah Ordway, son of Dr. Nehemiah Ordway of Amesbury, and the granduncle of Hon. N. G. Ordway.

The log church was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1769, some time in the spring, for at a meeting in June of that year the proprietors "voted to build a meeting-house in the township." In March, 1770, they voted to raise \$60 to build the meeting-house, and appointed Ezekiel Evans and Ezekiel Dimond a committee to see to the expending of this sum. The new house was put up the same year. After timber was drawn to the ground and the nails had been purchased, the pioneers all turned out and had a raising, the best workmen directing operations. The first bridges and many of the early roads were built in the same way.

This second church was an improvement on the first, though nothing wonderful. It was a frame building, twenty-four by thirty feet, one story in height, without a steeple, and boarded and covered with long, split shingles. The framing and the boarding were mostly done in one day. At first there were only rough board benches for seats. But in 1772 the pew-ground was sold by auction, and the proceeds of the sale were used for the further furnishing of the house. Of this old-time vendue we have a pretty full





account. It occurred on an autumn day, September 24, 1772, and Captain Daniel Floyd acted as auctioneer. It had been previously voted "that there should be six pews at ye fore side of ye meeting-house, and four at ye back side, and two long pews, one at each end of said house." These twelve pews were sold respectively to Francis Davis, Abner Chase, Dea. Heath, Zebulon Davis, Joseph Currier, Seth Goodwin, Isaac Waldron, Thomas Annis (after whom "Lake Tom" is named), Daniel Flanders, Richard Goodwin, and Dea. Watson. The highest-priced one brought 23 shillings, or \$3.83 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and the lowest fourteen shillings, or \$2.33 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Each of these purchasers, of course, made his own pew to suit himself. Probably none of them were very costly or luxurious affairs. Those who did not feel able to buy pews were provided with benches in other parts of the house. It was in this church that Rev. William Kelly was ordained, Feb. 5, 1772. Ministers were present from the churches of Concord, Pembroke, Henniker, Salem, Hampstead, and Plaistow.

This "sixty-dollar church," as it has been designated, was Warner's only house of worship until 1790, when the "church under the ledge" was built, on the north side of the river. At the March meeting, in 1791, a vote was passed to take down the old meeting-house, and appropriate the timbers towards fencing the burying-ground. An apple-tree has grown up near the foundations of the old church, and in the September weather one can pick appetizing fruit where once our pious ancestors ate of that heavenly food which, once partaken of, no man can ever hunger.

We stand on the old site, and imagine what a busy place it must have been on the Sundays of those by-gone years, before and after the Revolution. Everybody went to church in those times, and the house must have been crowded. They came from "over the Minks," toiling across lots in the summer time on foot, in the winter time over the drifted roads on ox sleds. From Tory Hill and the Gore, from Pumpkin Hill and Burnt Hill, from the North village and Waterloo, from Schoodac and Davisville and Joppa they came,—men, women, and children, old people and young, to sit in the house of prayer. No one stayed at home except from illness. An old lady who died





a few years ago, aged over ninety, has said that she could remember when her father used to yoke his oxen to a sled, put boards on, cover with hay, and hook chains around for a railing, set chairs in, put in quilts, and then take a load of his neighbors to church Sunday mornings through the winter. In the summer one could see long trains of citizens, some on horseback, some on carts, but the greater number on foot, thronging all the roads to the house of God.

Here also were held the annual town meetings, from October, 1774, to March, 1791, and here the legal voters of the classed towns of Warner, Newbury, Sutton, and Andover assembled annually to elect a representative to the general court. What a place it must have been to see the "lions" of those days! Almost can we summon up the old-time figures who here played the part of the heroes of the day,—the Davises, the Floyds, the Waldrons, the Bartletts, the Morrills, and the Beans. The place is calm and still now, as though the voice of prayer or the voice of command had never stirred its echoes. Seldom is the solitude broken of the venerable spot. Almost as peaceful as the quiet sleepers in their graves is the silence that broods over this ancient rallying-place. It is a "city of the dead."

### ON WINNISQUAM.

BY CLARENCE H. PEARSON.

On Winnisquam my light canoe  
Drifts idly half the June day through;  
The while I look with half-shut eyes  
To where the azure of the skies  
Blends with the mountains' deeper hue.

Or, gazing dreamily into  
The waters clear and pure as dew,  
I watch the ripples fall and rise

On Winnisquam.

Green are the shores and fair to view,  
Content and peace the air imbue;  
A low-hung cloud of comfort lies  
Upon the waves, and worry dies,  
And haunting cares may not pursue  
On Winnisquam.





## NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN BOSTON.

BY MARION HOWARD.

Of the hundreds of men of New Hampshire birth now successfully engaged in various avocations in the New England metropolis, several have already been mentioned by the writer in previous articles in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*. Half a dozen more, engaged in different pursuits, are briefly sketched at this time.

### COL. THOMAS E. BARKER.

The senior member of the importing and commission firm of Barker & Harris, 130 State street, Boston, is Col. Thomas Erskine Barker, born March 13, 1839, in the good old town of Canterbury, N. H. His early days were passed amidst the granite hills until the "call to arms" in 1861, when he enlisted in the Second Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, as a private, in company B. He served with honor during the entire war, and was promoted through the various grades to the rank of colonel of the famous Twelfth Regiment.

At the close of the war, as soon as health permitted, he entered the wholesale grocery business with the firm of Wadley, Jones & Co. In 1872 he was admitted into the partnership of Wadley, Spurr & Co.; two years later with Wadley, Andrews & Co., which soon after became Andrews, Barker & Co., and continued until 1888.

In 1889 the present firm was organized, and its business extends not only throughout the United States, but to many foreign countries.

Col. Barker has been especially successful in business life, and he enjoys the confidence and respect of the trade.

He was elected, three successive years, president of the Wholesale Grocers' Association of Boston, and represented the city of Malden two years in the Massachusetts legislature, serving on committees on constitutional amendments and mercantile affairs, being house chairman of the latter committees during the second year.

Col. Barker is an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, is one of the trustees of the Soldiers' Home in





Chelsea, and affiliates, through membership, with the Masons, Grand Army of the Republic, and the Loyal Legion.

But, above all else, he devotes his best thoughts and attention to his home in Malden, Mass., where, with his devoted wife, E. Florence Barker, and two charming daughters, Florence Marion and Blanche Mabel, he is supremely blessed.

The family circle is frequently made complete by the presence of his son, William E., his wife, and baby Ruth. Genuine happiness reigns in this household, and the very best significance of the word home is exemplified.

Well do all Union soldiers know what E. Florence Barker has done in their cause! She is one of the three organizers of the Woman's Relief Corps in this country, and, in Massachusetts alone, 12,000 women are enrolled and "waiting orders." A noble auxiliary indeed to the Grand Army of the Republic!

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#### ORVILLE A. JENKINS.

It is a pleasure to write of a self-made, honorable business man like Orville Augustus Jenkins, who first saw the light of day October 1, 1843, in the old seaport town of Portsmouth. Of his parentage he is justly proud. His father, Augustus Jenkins, was a very prominent man, and a member of the New Hampshire legislature several terms. He was an old-time Democrat and collector of the port of Portsmouth under the administration of Presidents Polk and Buchanan. His mother, Frances (Webster) Jenkins, was a relative of Daniel Webster, and a woman of rare worth. Mr. Jenkins was graduated from the Portsmouth High School in 1859, and immediately engaged in the hat and fur business in the employ of William O. Head of Market street, Portsmouth.

He came to Boston in 1863 and associated himself in business with George N. Bigelow, under the American House, on Hanover street. In 1883 he entered into equal partnership with Mr. Bigelow, at 407 Washington street, where he is at present located. Upon the death of his partner, in 1888, he bought out the widow's interest, and has since continued the business, under the name of O. A. Jenkins & Co.

Mr. Jenkins is very happily married and has two charming





young daughters. He has been an Odd Fellow since 1869, and, in 1883, he joined the Masonic fraternity, as a member of Soley Lodge, Somerville, Mass.

He is a pronounced Democrat, a wide-awake citizen, and one of Boston's most reliable and honored merchants. His establishment is well kept, his clerks proverbially polite, and, in a word, he enjoys the confidence of all who know him.

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#### JOHN D. GILMAN.

While we "eat to live," very much depends upon the cooking. It is said that a man's affection can be retained through his stomach. In that case, it is not surprising that "Gilman's Corner" is a favorite resort in Boston for a square meal.

For nearly thirty years John D. Gilman has catered to the wants of the inner man in a thoroughly satisfying manner. He is a native of Fitzwilliam, Cheshire county, New Hampshire, born December 5, 1839. His parents were Morrill and Laura (Whittemore) Gilman.

Until seventeen years of age, he remained at home on the farm, acquiring what schooling he could in his native town. He then came to Boston and entered the Central House (now combined in the Quincy), working in an humble capacity, eighteen hours a day, for ten dollars a month "and found." At the end of two years he was promoted to clerk, and served for one year.

Then came our Civil war, when young Gilman was offered the position of private orderly to Gen. Simon B. Griffin of the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, of Keene.

Three years were spent in this service. He then returned to Boston, and opened a restaurant on Bromfield street, associating himself in partnership with W. L. Egerton, a native of Langdon, N. H.

In 1867 he leased his present quarters, corner Summer and Arch streets, and started in, alone and without capital, to build up what has proven to be a fine business. The great fire of 1872 proved nearly disastrous, as everything was destroyed except courage. As many will recall, the fire started in his immediate vicinity. Temporary quarters were rented on Essex street, during the rebuilding of his establishment. As his business was on an excellent basis





before the fire, it was not a great while before the clouds were dispelled.

Mr. Gilman is married, and has three children, two of whom, Arthur and Herbert, are associated with him in his business. The family reside at 208 Dartmouth street.

Mr. Gilman owns a farm of 225 acres at Stowe, Vt. At one time he had branch restaurants in various parts of the city, but he has wisely combined his business under one roof. He has nearly fifty employes. His basement restaurant, "for men only," is the resort of most of the business men in the vicinity, and he makes a specialty of certain dishes like Wareham oysters. Mr. Gilman is a Republican.

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#### DR. GEORGE W. GAY.

A prominent member of the medical profession in Boston is Dr. George W. Gay, a native of Swanzev.

The ancestors of Dr. Gay came over from England in 1630, in the old ship "Mary and John." They landed at Nantasket, and, later, settled in the town of Dedham, then called Contentment. There were nineteen settlers to whom the original grant was given, one of them being John Gaye (as the name was then spelled). Here they remained for many years, residing on "Clapboard Hill," West Dedham, and it was here that the father of Dr. Gay (Willard) was born. Willard Gay went to New Hampshire to reside when a young man—first to Washington, then to New Boston, and thence to Keene, where he was married to Fanny, daughter of Caleb Wright of Keene, and finally removed to Swanzev, where the subject of this sketch was born, January 14, 1842.

Dr. Gay received the advantages derived from the common schools of the town and the training at Mt. Cæsar Seminary, then under the tutorship of Rev. S. H. McColleston, D. D., subsequently president of Butchel College, and well known throughout the country. Later he attended the Powers Institute at Bernardston, Mass., and, soon after graduating, began the study of medicine with Dr. Twitchell of Keene.

He came to Boston in 1864, entered the Harvard Medical School, and was graduated in 1868, after two years' work in the hospitals. He began immediately the practice of his





profession, making a specialty of surgery. Dr. Gay is the oldest visiting surgeon at the Boston City Hospital, and is consulting surgeon at four other hospitals, one of them located in Keene. He is next to senior surgeon at the City Hospital.

Dr. Gay has one brother, Phinehas E. Gay, now a resident of Swanzey, and two sisters married and settled in that town. He has literary ability of a high order, and contributes frequent medical essays to magazines and encyclopedias.

He was married, in 1875, to Miss Grace Hathon, a Boston lady of refinement. They reside at 665 Boylston street, and their home is most attractive.

#### MANSON SEAVY.

To "teach the young idea how to shoot" is no easy task, and great credit is due the teachers of the land who help mould the minds of our American youth. Many of Boston's best teachers have come to us from the Granite State, but none more honored than the present master in our English High School.

Manson Seavy was born in Sandown, N. H., May 16, 1838. His parents were Frederick and Hannah Colley (Dutton) Seavey. His father's calling was that of a merchant. The family removed to Chester, N. H., in 1845, to Manchester in 1847, subsequently to Pembroke, and from there to New Hampton in 1854. The early schooling of young Manson was acquired in the Park Street Grammer School, Manchester, People's Literary Institute and Gymnasium, Pembroke, and New Hampton Institute, from the latter of which he graduated in 1857. He entered Dartmouth College March 4, 1858, and graduated in 1861. In the fall of the same year he taught, as assistant, in Gilford Academy, Laconia, with his classmate, Rev. William J. Tucker, D. D., now professor at Andover Seminary.

In January, 1862, he became its principal for the remainder of the school year, when he accepted the position of principal of the State Street Grammar School, Columbus, O., where he remained until the death of his father, which event caused his return to New Hampton to take charge of the estate, and where he was for a time superintendent of schools. In 1865 he returned to Columbus, O., and took





up his former duties, remaining two years, when he was seized with a desire to enter a mercantile career. He engaged in the grocery business at Dixon, Ill., and later in Saco, Me., but not finding it quite congenial, he abandoned it, and resumed teaching as principal of the Saco High School.

In 1873 he came to Boston and accepted the position of junior master in the English High School, and, in 1883, became its master.

Mr. Seavy had one brother, N. H. Seavy, who died September 7, 1879, while filling the position of superintendent of police in Chicago, Ill. He has one sister in Dixon, Ill., the wife of Charles F. Fitts, formerly of Candia, N. H.

In 1862 he was united in marriage with Miss Josephine R. Manson. He resides at 19 Upton street, and spends his summers at Tilton, N. H.

He is a Republican in politics, a Baptist in religious belief, and a thirty-second degree Mason. He is a man of fine presence and of the most gracious and affable manners.

#### IRVINE A. WHITCOMB.

In a cosey office on Washington street, away from the noise of the busy thoroughfare, sits a man whose name (in connection with that of Walter Raymond) is known from Maine to California and Mexico as well as abroad; a man whose personality and rare business qualifications have won him hosts of friends among the great travelling public.

Mr. Irvine A. Whitcomb may be called the pioneer in the excursion business in this country.

He was born in Swanzev, N. H., April 9, 1839, a son of Joseph and Betsey (Page) Whitcomb. His grandfather, Abijah Whitcomb, was an old Revolutionary fighter. He lived to the ripe old age of nearly ninety-six, and drew a pension during life for his brave services.

Young Whitcomb attended the common schools of Swanzev and Mt. Cæsar Seminary, and then started out to earn a living. Three years in a paint shop and then to Lawrence, Mass., where he went into business on his own account, as a dealer in books and periodicals. Here he remained eleven years, and then came his first venture, which led up to his present business.





He was engaged by the Boston and Montreal road as travelling agent, and in a very short time he displayed an unusual adaptability in working up excursions throughout the mountain region, with profitable results all along the line.

In 1877 he formed a partnership with Walter Raymond, and well do many of us know that the names Raymond & Whitcomb are suggestive of all that is delightful and comfortable in travelling.

It was this firm that established the dining-car service across the continent, and sent out the first through vestibule train. The writer well remembers one of the early trips across in a vestibule train at a most dangerous time, when the great strike of the engineers was taking place. But for the cool-headedness of the managers, the constant telegrams of advice and encouragement which came now and then from that "cozey office," when we were tied up hours at a time, seemingly at the mercy of the strikers, a panic might have ensued.

Mr. Whitcomb had been urged many times to extend their excursion system to Europe, and, on February last, the firm sent a special train across, by the French line steamer, together with a large party of excursionists, and a grand tour of Europe was made, covering 114 days. The organized plan of sight-seeing embraced facilities which no individual traveller could command at any price. It was a bold undertaking, yet to a man like Irvine A. Whitcomb it was "nothing venture, nothing have." Needless to say, this "special" attracted widespread attention and favorable comment all through Europe, as no train of the kind was ever seen there. So much for Yankee enterprise and New Hampshire pluck!

Further evidence of it will be seen during the world's fair, when Raymond & Whitcomb will erect a hotel for the exclusive use of the thousand excursionists who will visit the fair under their guidance. The Pullman Palace Car Company are building four new trains for their use alone.

Mr. Whitcomb resides at Winter Hill, Mass. His wife (Miss Emma F. Reed of Swanzy) and three boys complete the home circle. He has one brother, Mr. J. Page Whitcomb, a resident of Keene. Mr. Whitcomb is an honored member of the Masonic fraternity.





## A QUESTION.

BY IDA ESTELLE CROUCH.

O Life, with thy shimmering shadows  
And sparkles of merry light!  
O Life, with thy tempests of passion  
And glimmers of starry night!

What is the tale that you tell us  
From the ages of mystical lore,  
Of the mind and its mighty endeavors,  
And its longings for more and for more?

How it yearns for the true guide of being,  
The sweetness of perfected peace,  
That shall calm the wild heart in its beatings,  
And bid its mad flutterings cease!

Afar from the lonely, arched temples,  
Through time's vaulted corridors ring  
The echoing tones of the sages,  
And this is the burthen they sing:

The lines of the past hold in story  
All deeds, both the foul and sublime;  
They measure the sum of the eons,  
They murmur the music of time.

But these are the glittering caskets  
For jewels we never may prize;  
A hundred lives tell no more truly  
Wherein human destiny lies,

Than one with its lights and its shadows,  
One soul with its joy and its grief,  
One heart with its love and its hatred,  
And longings for nobler relief.





For the one is the type of the many ;  
From birth to death's curious change  
The phases of life bring their secrets,  
With blessings both hidden and strange.

Oh ! in the mysterious chambers  
Where eager souls wrestle with truth,  
We learn that in selfish indulgence  
Lies nothing but bitterest ruth.

We revel in apples of Sodom,  
We drain the cup's deep dregs of woe ;  
Success may be blazed on the heavens,  
But failure makes midnight below.

The souls that in calm inquisition  
Truth's mightiest queries embrace,  
Where law reigns supreme on her altars,  
Where love lights the way with its grace—

These solve the great problem of being  
That links human fates with divine.  
Philosophers ask not for favors :  
They think, and the action is fine.

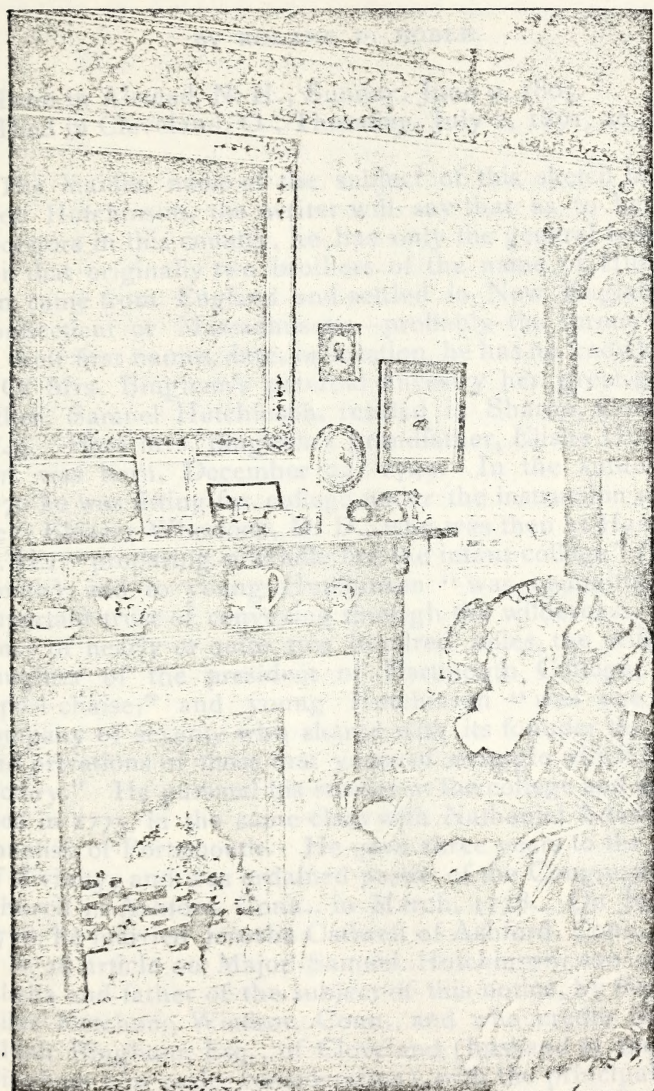
Peace lies not without but within us,  
In far-limpid depths of the soul.  
The phases of life all tend upward,  
And teach us the charm of control.

The calls that awake fiercest passions  
Are love's tones of wisdom supreme,  
That we may grow strong by resisting,  
And know life instead of its dream.

Rico, Col., June, 1892.



248a



PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. R. NOBLE, 1890,

MRS. THANKFUL C. HUTCHINSON-BINGHAM.





MRS. THANKFUL CADWELL HUTCHINSON-  
BINGHAM.

BY ROLAND D. NOBLE.

Born in Alstead, N. H., Sunday, June 9, 1805.

Died in Cleveland, O., Thursday, July 2, 1891, ac. 86.

The maiden name of the subject of this sketch having been Hutchinson, the writer will say that as to her first ancestors in this country, he has only the general information that originally two brothers of the name of Hutchinson came from England and settled in New England, in Connecticut or Massachusetts—probably the former—but of their first names, date, or location, he has no knowledge.

Of Mrs. Bingham's paternal ancestry her great-grandfather, Samuel Hutchinson, resided in Sharon, Conn., in 1749. Here Mrs. Bingham's grandfather, Elisha Hutchinson, was born, December 22, 1749. In the autumn of 1770 he was fitting for college under the instruction of the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, D. D., who was then at Hanover, N. H., "preparing a cradle for the infant college" (Dartmouth), and to young Hutchinson "was committed the important trust of conveying through the wilderness, a distance of nearly or quite two hundred miles, the wife and daughter of the president of Dartmouth College, in a "post-chaise," and young Hutchinson "was one of a company of seventy who shared with its founder the trials and privations of those first years of struggle which led to victory." He pursued his studies at the college and graduated in 1775, in the same class with Nathaniel Adams, the annalist, of Portsmouth. He gave three years to the study of divinity, and was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church in Ashford, Conn., in March, 1778. On July 16, 1778, he married Jerusha Cadwell of Ashford, Conn.

In an article on Major Samuel Hutchinson, son of said Elisha and father of the subject of this notice, by the Rev. Silas Ketchum, Windsor, Conn., and who credits the late Elijah Bingham, Esq., of Cleveland (husband of the Mrs. Bingham now under consideration), with the principal facts relating to Major Hutchinson, published in the GRANITE

MRS. THANKFUL CADWELL HUTCHINSON  
BINGHAM

27 BROAD ST. NEW YORK

Born in Alstead, N. H., Sunday, June 9, 1807.  
Died in Cleveland, O., Thursday, July 2, 1881, a. 74.

The maiden name of the subject of this sketch having been Hutchinson, the writer will say that as to her first ancestors in this country, he has only the general information that originally two brothers of the name of Hutchinson came from England and settled in New England, in Connecticut or Massachusetts—probably the former—but of their first names, date, or location, he has no knowledge. Of Mrs. Bingham's paternal ancestry her great-grandfather, Samuel Hutchinson, resided in Shann, Conn., in 1729. Her mother Bingham's grandfather, Joshua Hutchinson, was born December 22, 1729. In the autumn of 1770 he was fitting for college under the instruction of the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, D. D., who was then at Hanover, N. H., "preparing a course for the infant college" (that month), and to young Hutchinson "was committed the important trust of conveying through the wilderness a distance of nearly or quite two hundred miles the wife and daughter of the president of Dartmouth College, in a "post-chaise," and young Hutchinson "was one of a company of seventy who shared with its founder the trials and privations of those first years of struggle which led to victory." He pursued his studies at the college and graduated in 1775, in the same class with Nathaniel Adams, the annalist of Portsmouth. He gave three years to the study of divinity, and was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church in Ashford, Conn., in March, 1778. On July 15, 1778, he married Jerusha Cadwell of Ashford, Conn. In an article on Major Samuel Hutchinson, son of said Elias and father of the subject of this notice, by the Rev. Elias Bingham, Windsor, Conn., and who credits the late Elias Bingham, Esq., of Cleveland (husband of the Mrs. Bingham now under consideration), with the principal facts relating to Major Hutchinson, published in the *Granite*



MONTHLY for September, 1879 [Vol. II, p. 364], and from which some of the data here given were taken—he says that the Rev. Elisha Hutchinson was dismissed from his pastorate in Ashford, and installed the first minister of Pomfret, Vt., December 14, 1784; dismissed January 8, 1795. After this he appears to have resided at Pomfret till 1800, when he went to Zoar, Mass., where he united with the Calvinist Baptist denomination, and removed to Susquehanna, Penn., from which place he was compelled to flee by the Indians, who at that time invaded our western frontier, under Butler and Brandt, and committed the massacre at Wyoming. He next settled in Marion, Wayne county, N. Y., and, in 1814, became pastor of the Baptist church in Newport, N. H., where he continued in the active duties of the ministry until his death, April 19, 1833.

Of Major Samuel Hutchinson (father of Mrs. Bingham), we quote: "As a boy he labored on his father's farm in Pomfret, and attended school, when there was any, until he was fifteen years old. But, possessed of an active mind and displaying capacity for business, an opportunity was improved of introducing him to a different sphere and to far other scenes than his Vermont home afforded." At this time "Gen. Amos Shepard had been a merchant in Alstead seventeen years. He held the highest military office under the governor, and was one of the wealthiest and most conspicuous men in the western part of the state." Gen. Shepard's wife and Samuel Hutchinson's mother were sisters (maiden name Cadwell). Young Hutchinson entered his uncle's (Shepard's) store, as a clerk, in 1794, and became a member of his family. He was quick to learn, attentive, prompt, courteous, and soon gained the good will of the people and secured their confidence. On reaching his majority he was received as a co-partner in the business, and for the next eleven years it was carried on under the name of Shepard & Hutchinson. He was placed on Gen. Shepard's military staff, with the rank of major, while in his minority. Gen. Shepard died January 1, 1812, and thereafter, until his death, Major Samuel Hutchinson was sole proprietor. As a merchant he was prosperous, and as a citizen he was held in the highest esteem.





## SUMMARY OF MAJOR SAMUEL HUTCHINSON AND FAMILY.

Samuel Hutchinson, b. Ashford, Conn., July 9, 1779; m. Hannah Pratt, Pomfret, Vt., May 6, 1804. She b. Middleboro', Mass., July 7, 1783. He d. Alstead, May 14, 1819, ae. 39. She d. Cleveland, May 21, 1867, ae. 83. Children all born in Alstead.

Thankful Cadwell, b. June 9, 1805; m. Oct. 25, 1827, Alstead, Elijah Bingham, lawyer, b. Lempster, N. H., Feb. 24, 1800. Removed to Cleveland in 1835. She d. there July 2, 1891, ae. 86. He d. there, July 10, 1881, ae. 81. [GRANITE MONTHLY, Aug., 1882, Vol. V, p. 353.] Their golden wedding was celebrated Oct. 25, 1877, with great pleasure, by a large number of relatives and friends. Mr. Bingham was a younger brother of Hon. James H. Bingham (Dartmouth Coll., 1801). He himself entered Dartmouth College, Sept. 18, 1818. March 1, 1819, because of impaired hearing, caused by scarlet fever when but three years of age, he asked and received his dismissal and left college, with the certificate of its president, Francis Brown.

Hannah Emily, b. Jan'y 6, 1807; m. Alstead, Nov. 8, 1832, Charles Frederick Brooks, Westmoreland, N. H. She d. Westmoreland, July 23, 1891, ae. 84. He d. Westmoreland, March 4, 1879. He had been state senator and member of the governor's council. Was a prosperous farmer.

Amos Shepard, b. April 21, 1809; m. (1) Plattsburgh, N. Y., Harriet Elizabeth White, b. May 8, 1811. She d. Cleveland, Oct. —, 1846. He m. (2) April 15, 1851, Cleveland, Ann DeWitt, b. Norwich, Conn., Feb. 14, 1819. She d. Cleveland, July 3, 1884, ae. 65. He d. Cleveland, April 26, 1875, ae. 66.

Samuel Richards, b. Oct. 28, 1811; m. Plattsburgh, Catherine Maria White, b. May 16, 1819. She d. Cleveland, Jan'y 26, 1855, ae. 35. He d. Austin, Nev., Oct. 1, 1869, ae. 58. Buried at Cleveland, Oct. 10, 1869. Amos S. and Samuel R. had both been extensively engaged in merchandising and flour-milling business at Cleveland. They removed there in 1834, from Alstead.

Susan Pratt, b. Aug. 1, 1813; m. Cleveland, George W. Lynde, lawyer. She d. Westmoreland, July 25, 1853, ae. 39. He again m. Susan Hawes, Cleveland, Jan'y —, 1855; and d. Cleveland, April 24, 1885.

James Bingham, b. May 31, 1815; m. Cleveland, Oct. 18, 1842, Sarah M. Cooke. Is now practicing medicine (homeopathic) at Madison, Ind. For many years leading physician there.

Elisha Cheney, b. April 6, 1819; d. Cleveland, April 26, 1839, ae. 20.





Mrs. Bingham was a pupil in Miss Fiske's celebrated school at Keene, N. H., in 1817, '18 and '19. She preserved until her death a cherished list of the pupils there. She was there acquainted with Salmon P. Chase, who was then a pupil in another school in Keene, and was an especial friend of his sisters. Events that to the younger people seem far back in the history of this country were within Mrs. Bingham's recollection. General Lafayette arrived in New York in September, 1824, and made a tour of the country. Mrs. Bingham, then Miss Hutchinson, was then a pupil in Boston, and well remembered the reception given him there. The scholars passed in review before the general at the state house, and the "Welcome Lafayette," "The Republic not Ungrateful," and the like sentiments displayed were indelibly impressed on her memory. The fact that General Lafayette occupied a new house in Boston, newly furnished, and with requisite servants, all provided by the citizens of Boston, she also distinctly recollected.

On June 22, 1825, General Lafayette was given a grand reception at Concord, N. H. Mr. William A. Kent was chairman of the committee of arrangements, and the general was his guest. The then Miss Hutchinson, an intimate friend of the family of Mr. Kent, was a guest at the same time; and she gave interesting accounts to inquiring friends of the general's looks and personal appearance, and of the fine military display and of the orchestral concert in the evening, and general events of the occasion, including, especially, the introduction of over two hundred soldiers of the War of the Revolution to the general in the state house—an affecting scene.

It may be added that the first piano made by Jonas Chickering was purchased for Mrs. Bingham, then Miss Hutchinson, in 1823; and that the first "Chickering" received in Cleveland, and, it is believed, in the state of Ohio, was purchased by Elijah Bingham, her husband, for Mrs. Bingham, and was received in 1836.

A lady (Miss Jane W. Hutchinson), writing of Mrs. Bingham, says,—“Although of a gentle, quiet nature, and of a retiring disposition, she was keenly alive to the warm sympathies of her friends, and retained to the end those social qualities that endeared her to many hearts. Her saintly,





Christian character seem mirrored in the calm serenity of her face, which always expressed that heavenly peacefulness, showing that all conflict was over and that God's will was her will. Her pastor (Rev. Charles S. Pomeroy, D. D.) remarked at her funeral that she preached louder to him every time he called to see her than ever he preached to his congregation, by her quiet way of living. In the home where she had lived over forty-five years she was tenderly cared for in her declining years by her daughter, Mrs. Roland D. Noble."

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

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### HON. ALFRED METCALF NORTON.

Alfred Metcalf Norton, one of Nashua's most prominent business men and citizens, died at his home in that city on Wednesday, July 13.

He was born in Greenland, April 13, 1822. He attended the public schools in that town and graduated at Brackett Academy. April 1, 1851, he entered the service of the Boston Gas Light Company, where, after rapidly mastering the details of the business, he was promoted from one position to another until he became recognized as one of the most expert gas engineers in New England.

In 1853 he was offered the management of the gas works at Dover. He accepted and remained with the company seven years. In 1860 he returned to the employ of the Boston Gas Light Company, and, in 1861, was advanced to the responsible position of manager of the works in East Boston. In 1874 his services were secured by the Nashua Gas Light Company, now the Nashua Light, Heat and Power Company, where he remained till the time of his death, as engineer and manager, a portion of the time filling the office of treasurer.

In 1883 the Democratic party, of which he was an active member, nominated him for mayor, and although it was the minority party, his popularity was such that he was elected. The majority in the city council were with the party that opposed him, but his administration was without friction. In 1884 he was re-elected and gave the city again a very popular administration.





Mr. Norton was made a master mason in Strafford Lodge at Dover and was knighted in William Parkman Commandery, Knights Templar, at East Boston. He affiliated with the lodges in Nashua and with St. George Commandery. During his residence in Nashua he became a member of Aaron P. Hughes Lodge of Perfection, Oriental Council, Princes of Jerusalem, and St. George Chapter of Rose Croix. He was a member of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

He leaves a widow and three daughters, Miss Mary E. of Nashua, Mrs. Jule L. McKean of Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. Leone S. Ivers of North Cambridge, Mass.; five sons, Harry A. of North Cambridge, Mass., and Fred W., Paul T., Arthur E., and Walter F. of Nashua.

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THEODORE H. FORD.

Theodore H. Ford, a prominent business man of Concord, died at Revere Beach, Mass., on Friday, July, 15.

He was a son of William and Elizabeth (Hilton) Ford, born in Sanbornton, December 2, 1819. His mother was the daughter of Colonel Hilton of Deerfield, who was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary war. He learned his father's trade, that of a blacksmith, and was a workman in the navy-yard for five years. In July, 1846, he moved to Concord and was in company with his brother, William P., in the iron foundry business, for eighteen years. Since April, 1865, he had been one of the firm of Ford & Kimball (Benj. A.), iron and brass founders. At the time of his death he was a director in the Page Belting Company.

He was twice married,—first to Elizabeth Harrington of Troy, by whom he had three children, Amaretta, now the wife of Capt. Eugene Freeman of San Francisco, Jerome, who resides on Pleasant street in this city, and Abbie Frances, who died in infancy; second, to Alice Thompson of Lowell, Mass., who survives him, and whose only child, Blanche Thompson Ford, is the wife of Josiah F. Hill of Omaha, Neb.

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LEVI BARTLETT, M. D.

Dr. Levi Bartlett, who died at Skaneateles, N. Y., June 22, was a son of Dr. Ezra Bartlett and grandson of Dr. Josiah Bartlett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was born at Warren, N. H., October 4, 1806,



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THEODORE H. FORD.

Theodore H. Ford, a prominent business man of Concord, died at Revere Beach, Mass., on Friday, July, 12. He was a son of William and Elizabeth (Hilton) Ford, born in Scarborough, December 2, 1819. His mother was the daughter of Colonel Hilton of Bedford, who was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary war. He learned his father's trade, that of a blacksmith, and was a workman in the navy-yard for five years. In July, 1846, he moved to Concord and was in company with his brother, William F., in the iron foundry business for eighteen years. Since April, 1865, he had been one of the firm of Ford & Kimball (Benj. A.), iron and brass founders. At the time of his death he was a director in the Page Rolling Company. He was twice married—first to Elizabeth Harrington of Troy, by whom he had three children, Amanda, now the wife of Capt. Eugene Freeman of San Francisco, Jerome, who resides on Pleasant street in this city, and Abbie Frances, who died in infancy; second, to Alice Thompson of Lowell, Mass., who survives him, and whose only child, Blanche Thompson Ford, is the wife of Josiah F. Hill of Omaha, Neb.

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and graduated from the academical department of Dartmouth College in 1827 and from the medical department in 1837. He was a teacher in Virginia for a time. He was married August 26, 1833, to Amelia Homman of Philadelphia, who died August 7, 1836. He commenced the practice of medicine at Skaneateles in 1838, and continued in active practice there almost half a century, until the infirmities of age compelled him to relinquish it. He attained a high rank in his profession. He was again married, June 19, 1838, to Harriet Elizabeth Hopkins of Skaneateles, who has survived him. He has left two sons, Charles F. Bartlett, a druggist, and Edward T. Bartlett, a well-known lawyer, both of New York city, and a daughter, Mary Bartlett Kellogg of Skaneateles. He was a man of strict integrity and of spotless purity of character, and was highly respected by all who knew him. He was a brother of Dr. Ezra Bartlett, whose death, six days earlier than his, was announced in the last number of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

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JOSEPH HOW TYLER.

Joseph How Tyler, registrar of probate of the town of Winchester, Mass., died at his home in that town on Monday, July 10.

He was born in the town of Pelham, February 11, 1825, fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., graduated at Dartmouth in 1851, studied law with Hon. J. G. Abbott in Lowell, Mass., and was admitted to the bar in 1853. He practiced law at East Cambridge, Mass., was elected registrar of probate and insolvency in 1858, and was re-elected three times to that office. He was a member of the common council of Cambridge in 1862 and 1863, of the board of aldermen in 1864 and 1865, and of the school board in 1868, 1869 and 1870. Mr. Tyler removed to Winchester, Mass., in 1870, and had been three years a member of the Winchester school committee, being its chairman at the time of his death. He had been master in chancery for Middlesex county since 1855, was president of Cambridge Railroad Company, director of Cambridge National Bank, trustee of East Cambridge Five Cents Savings Bank, etc. He leaves a widow and two children, Charles, who was graduated from Harvard College in 1886, and is now practicing law, and Gertrude, a graduate of Harvard annex.

and graduated from the academic department of Dartmouth College in 1837 and from the medical department in 1837. He was a teacher in Virginia for a time. He was married August 20, 1837, to Anna's daughter of Philadelphia, who died August 7, 1850. He commenced the practice of medicine at Skaneateles in 1838, and continued in active practice there almost half a century, until the infirmities of age compelled him to relinquish it. He attained a high rank in his profession. He was again married, June 10, 1858, to Harriet Elizabeth Hopkins of Skaneateles, who has survived him. He has left two sons, Charles F. Bartlett, a druggist, and Edward T. Bartlett, a well-known lawyer, both of New York city, and a daughter, Mary Bartlett Kellogg of Skaneateles. He was a man of strict integrity and of spotless purity of character, and was highly respected by all who knew him. He was a brother of Dr. Ezra Bartlett, whose death, six days earlier than his, was announced in the last number of the *Granite Monthly*.

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## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST.\*

Two books of interest to New Hampshire people, each of verse, have recently been issued. The first, entitled "Abraham Kimball, a Medley," is the third and last in the series of historical classics of the town of Hopkinton, by C. C. Lord, the well-known writer and historian of that town, and is uniform in style with the preceding volumes of the series, "Mary Woodwell" and "The Lookout." Like these it is of historical as well as literary value, embodying facts and legends of local interest, clothed in the true poetic garb. With Mr. Lord's merits as a writer the readers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* are entirely familiar, and it is sufficient to say that this series of historical classics has already greatly enhanced his reputation.

The other book alluded to is one which from its title and the parentage of the author must necessarily command the attention of New Hampshire people, so far as it may be brought to their notice. It is entitled "Songs of the White Mountains and other Poems," and is from the pen of Alvin L. Snow of Cromwell, Iowa. The author, although not himself a native of the Granite State, is of good New Hampshire stock, his parents, Joseph and Wealthy (Patch) Snow, having removed from the town of Eaton to Ellison, Warren county, Ill., where he was born, January 29, 1862. His paternal grandfather, Joseph Snow, was one of the pioneers of Eaton and founded the village of Snowville in that town, where his descendants have long been conspicuous in public affairs.

Mr. Snow has been a resident of Iowa most of his life, his parents having removed to the latter state a few years after his birth. He is engaged at Cromwell, with his father and brother, William J., in stock raising and general farming. He is an ardent lover of nature, of poetic temperament, and his productions in verse have been numerous and much admired. The volume in question contains nearly a hundred short poems, of which the first fifteen pertain to White Mountain subjects, and were inspired by a sojourn in the mountain region during a visit to New Hampshire with his parents a few years since.

\* ABRAHAM KIMBALL, a Medley, by C. C. Lord. Cloth 16mo., green and gold. Price, 50 cts. For sale by E. C. Eastman.

SONGS OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS AND OTHER POEMS, by Alvin L. Snow. Cloth 8vo., green and gold. Price, \$1.25. Creston, Ia. The Gazette Publishing House.

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\* ABRAHAM KIMBALL, a Medley, by C. C. Lord. Cloth, 16mo, green and gold. Price 30 cts. For sale by E. C. Estlin.  
 SONGS OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS AND OTHER POEMS, by A. L. Snow. Cloth, 16mo, green and gold. Price 25 cts. Boston: The Quaker Publishing House.



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## A New Hampshire Magazine

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### CONCORD, N. H.:

H. H. METCALF, } Publishers. { Subscription, \$1.50  
A. H. ROBINSON, } per Year.

15 CENTS PER COPY.

Printed by N. H. Democratic Press Co.

Entered at the Post-Office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.

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## Concord Safe Deposit Vaults.

The First National Bank of Concord, N. H., has established the Concord Safe Deposit Vaults in the United Bank Building, 20 North Main street (corner of Depot), within three minutes' walk of the Railway Passenger Station. These vaults are provided with every approved convenience and device for safety, including automatic electric connection with the police station. Customers will find that nothing has been omitted which could add to their security or comfort. Ventilation and light are abundant. Convenient coupon rooms adjoin the vaults.

Apartment for the sole use of ladies are provided.

Customers' safes range in capacity from 240 to 3960 cubic inches, and will be rented at from \$8.00 to \$75.00 a year. Customers have direct access to their safes and unlock and lock them themselves. Coupons of customers will be cashed, or credited to their accounts in the banking department, if desired. Silverware and other valuables received in the owners' trunks or packages for safe storage.

1848.

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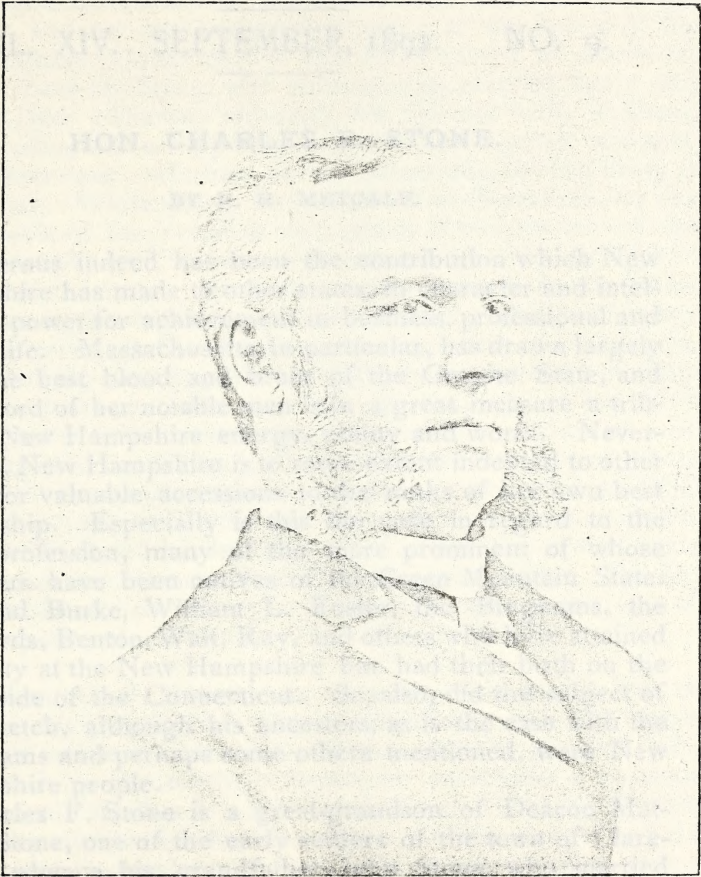


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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV. SEPTEMBER, 1894. NO. 9.

HON. CHARLES F. STONE.



Yours truly  
Charles F. Stone.



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HON. CHARLES F. STONE.

BY H. H. METCALF.

Generous indeed has been the contribution which New Hampshire has made to other states, in character and intellect, in power for achievement in business, professional and public life. Massachusetts, in particular, has drawn largely from the best blood and brain of the Granite State, and the record of her notable men is in a great measure a tribute to New Hampshire energy, ability and worth. Nevertheless, New Hampshire is to some extent indebted to other states for valuable accessions to the ranks of her own best citizenship. Especially is this the case in regard to the legal profession, many of the more prominent of whose members have been natives of the Green Mountain State. Edmund Burke, William L. Foster, the Bingham, the Hibbards, Benton, Wait, Ray, and others who have attained celebrity at the New Hampshire bar had their birth on the other side of the Connecticut. So, also, did the subject of this sketch, although his ancestors, as is the case with the Bingham and perhaps some others mentioned, were New Hampshire people.

Charles F. Stone is a great-grandson of Deacon Matthias Stone, one of the early settlers of the town of Claremont, whence his grandfather, John Stone, who married Betsey Huntoon of Unity, and three other sons of Matthias Stone, emigrated, in 1794, to the wilds of northern Vermont, being among the first settlers of the town of Cabot in that state, where they cleared up farms, and all reared large families. John Stone had ten children—seven sons and three daughters, all of whom lived to mature years. Of the seven sons, four became Congregational ministers,



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Levi H., the second, being one of the number. Born in Cabot, December 10, 1806, he married Clarissa Osgood of the same town, and had there his first pastorate of about ten years. He had eight children by his first wife, the youngest of whom was Charles F. His mother died at his birth, and he was immediately taken to the home of his grandfather, John Stone, and there reared to manhood. Rev. Levi H. Stone, who subsequently married again and had other children, although not favored with a liberal education, was a very able preacher and a pulpit orator of the first rank. He held several pastorates, the last being at Pawlet. While filling the pastorate at Northfield, he was chaplain of the Vermont state senate at two sessions of the legislature, and became well acquainted with the public men of the state. He took a deep interest in the Union cause at the outbreak of the rebellion, addressed many "war meetings," held for the encouragement of enlistments, and his eloquent appeals were greatly instrumental in rallying volunteers. He was himself chaplain of the First Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, and four of his sons were engaged in the Union service during the war, two of whom were taken prisoners, and suffered incarceration in rebel prisons—one at Libby and the other at Andersonville. After he closed his last pastorate he was for several years agent of the Vermont State Temperance Society. He died at Castleton, on the 25th of January last, at the age of eighty-five years.

CHARLES F. STONE was born May 21, 1843. Reared upon his grandfather's farm, and imbued with the industrious habits characteristic of the stalwart pioneers who cleared up the northern forests, he developed a vigorous physical manhood. His educational advantages were necessarily limited, but the desire for knowledge and the ambition to make a "mark in the world" were strong within him, and, at the age of twenty, he started out for himself, determined to acquire an education and to enter upon a professional career.

He entered the academy at Barre, Vt., then under the direction of Jacob Spaulding, a well-known educator, and pursued his studies for two years, fitting for college, and entering at Middlebury in 1865, graduating in the class of





1869. While attending college, as well as the academy, he paid his own way, principally by teaching district school in the winter season, and also by teaching singing schools, being a natural musician and an excellent singer. In fact, from his nineteenth year until his voice was weakened by an attack of pneumonia some three years since—a period of over twenty-five years—he was director of a choir in one place or another.

During the summer of his graduation from Middlebury College, Mr. Stone entered as a student at law in the office of ex-Governor John W. Stewart of that town, and at the same time engaged for one year as principal of the graded school in that place, pursuing his legal studies during the evening, and at such other time as was not required for his school duties. In 1870 he went to the town of Laconia, where he has ever since resided, and continued the study of his profession in the office of Hon. Ellery A. Hibbard until admitted to the bar of Belknap county, at the March term, in 1872. Immediately upon his admission he was taken into partnership by the late George W. Stevens, which connection continued about a year, until the light of Mr. Stevens's brilliant intellect went out in the darkness of insanity. For the next seven years, until 1880, Mr. Stone was alone in practice, diligently acquainting himself with the intricacies of his professional work, and faithfully looking after the interests of a fairly increasing clientage. In 1880 he formed a partnership with Erastus P. Jewell, which, under the firm name of Jewell & Stone, continues at the present time; and, it is safe to say, this firm ranks well among the first in central New Hampshire, both as to ability and success. It is not with Messrs. Jewell and Stone as it is in some law partnerships—one member pursuing one branch of work and the other another. Both are "all-round" lawyers, and equally at home in preparing and putting in a case and in arguing it before the court or the jury. Their practice covers the entire range, but it is probably true that they have been more extensively engaged in criminal causes for some years past than any other firm in the county, their efforts in defence being, also, more than ordinarily successful.

Mr. Stone was reared a Republican in politics. He sympathized with that party in its anti-slavery position, and





continued in alliance with it through the reconstruction period and some years later, though taking no active part in political affairs or party management beyond the town organization. About fifteen years ago he became dissatisfied with the policy of the Republican party and its legislation in connection with financial and revenue matters, and soon after ceased to affiliate with that organization.

Upon the opening of the next presidential campaign, in 1880, Mr. Stone took the stump for Hancock and English, and spoke effectively in many places throughout the state during the canvass. In 1882 he was made chairman of the Democratic state committee, to which position he was three times re-elected, holding the same until the summer of 1890; but during all these campaigns his personal work was done largely upon the stump. It is safe to say, in fact, that he has spoken more extensively and with greater effect than any other member of his party in the last decade.

Mr. Stone served in the state legislature as a representative from Laconia in 1883-4 and again in 1887-8, and was a conspicuous figure in the house during both sessions. In the former he served upon the committees on national affairs and railroads, and in the latter upon the judiciary and state normal school committees. It will be remembered that there was an exciting railroad contest during each of these sessions, and Mr. Stone was prominent in each, antagonizing the "Colby bill," so called from the chairman of the railroad committee, Hon. Ira Colby of Claremont, by whom it was introduced in the session of 1883, and the "Hazen bill," which was the great object of controversy in 1887. In the latter contest, Mr. Stone was a leading spirit in the opposition, and his speech against the bill, upon the floor of the house in the final debate, was universally conceded to be the most able and convincing presentation of that side of the case, and added greatly to his reputation as an eloquent and persuasive speaker.

In educational affairs Mr. Stone has naturally taken a deep interest at all times, and has been a member of the board of education in Laconia since the adoption of the present system in that town, and for some time past president of the board, which position he now occupies. He was, also, for two years a member of the board of trustees of the state normal school. He has frequently





served as moderator in the Laconia town-meetings, but aside from this has held no town office. He is a hearty supporter of all enterprises for public improvement, and is a director of the Laconia street railway company.

Mr. Stone was made a Mason, at the age of twenty-one, in Granite Lodge at Barre, Vt., transferring his connection, after his removal to Laconia, to Mt. Lebanon Lodge of that town. Retaining a strong interest in agriculture, in which occupation he was reared, he joined the order of the Patrons of Husbandry soon after the organization of the Laconia Grange, of which he is a member, as well as of Belknap County Pomona Grange.

July 7, 1870, Mr. Stone was united in marriage with Miss Minnie A. Nichols of Sudbury, Vt., who died September 22, 1875, leaving a daughter, Flora M. Stone, who is still living. He has never remarried. In religious belief he is a Christian of the progressive, liberal type, and affiliates with the Unitarians, with whose society in Laconia he has long been actively connected.

In Laconia and Belknap county, and wherever he is known, there is probably no man more generally popular with all classes of people than is the subject of this sketch. In his professional practice and in all his business and political relations he has been thoroughly honest and honorable, wronging no man, taking no unfair advantage anywhere; and, although he has not accumulated the wealth that some have gained, he has a more desirable possession in the confidence and respect of his fellow-men.

Of commanding presence, graceful bearing, genial manners, kindly and courteous in all the relations of life, mindful of all the obligations of citizenship and the higher and stronger demands of human brotherhood, ranking highly in his profession, though still in the prime of middle life, Charles F. Stone is indeed a fine specimen of American manhood, and well deserving of whatever measure of honor or distinction may await him in the future.





## COLONEL ALEXANDER SCAMMELL.

BY WILLIAM O. CLOUGH.

We read of the standing armies of the old world and the multiplicity of invention for the destruction of property and human life; we note the jealousies, quarrels, greed of power and selfish alliances of the rulers of bankrupt and tottering governments; we search for the cause of revolutions in South America and bandit expeditions in Mexico, and we show our sympathy for the common people who suffer under the iron heel of despotism, by shipments of food and clothing from our graneries and storehouses;—but do we pause as we ought and make comparisons between the anarchy, misery and misfortunes of these distressed countries with the liberty, peace and plenty of our own country? Do we seek to know the foundations upon which we stand—who made the sacrifices by which we became the happiest people on the globe—who marshaled the forces and won the victories that divorced us from like conditions under which the people of other lands groan and sweat in fear and sadness, and gave us the untrammelled right to self-government and the emolument of labor? We incline to believe that the majority of us seldom give the matter even a passing thought. We inherited liberty, peace and prosperity from our fathers, and, at times forgetful of the honor due them, have become too much absorbed in money-getting. However, “it is never too late to mend,” and so let us seek reformation in this particular and devote a little of our time, valuable though it may be, in honoring the memory of a New Hampshire patriot and soldier who “did all that man might do” to give posterity—which posterity we are—the countless blessings we have contrasted with the numberless misfortunes of those who suffer under a weary life,—Alexander Scammell.

This introductory soliloquy comes to us at this time—when the people of New Hampshire are seeking to make amends for the remissness of a hundred years by building monuments to the memory of Stark, Thornton, and other heroes and defenders of the government by and for the people—from the fact that not long ago we mentioned the





name of Alexander Scammell to a party of well-informed gentlemen, and received the frank acknowledgment that they "never heard of him." We inquired of a dozen others, and not one of the number could tell us his Christian name or give the briefest outline of his career. We turned to the history of the state; meagre and unsatisfactory indeed was the story. We sought the pages of Irving's "Life of Washington," and all we could discover was,—“Among the prisoners,” at the battle of Yorktown, “was Major Campbell, who commanded the redoubt. A New Hampshire captain of artillery would have taken his life in revenge of the death of his favorite Colonel Scammell, but Colonel Alexander Hamilton prevented him.” We sought information in "Independence Hall," a book in which the names of more than one hundred heroes of the Revolution—from sergeants to major-generals—are eulogized, but his name was not there;<sup>1</sup> neither is his portrait hung on the walls that echoed the first cheers for the Declaration of Independence. We continued our search, and from various sources secured materials for the following narrative:

Alexander Scammell was the second son of Dr. Samuel Leslie Scammell, who, wearying of the oppression of the mother country, abandoned bright prospects at Portsmouth, England, in 1738, and came to New England. Dr. Scammell settled at Mendon, now Milford, Mass., and it was at that place that the subject of this sketch was born, in 1744. Alexander's first tutor was his mother, a woman of education and refinement. When he was nine years of age his father died, and from that time until he attained his majority he was, with his only brother, who bore his father's name, under the care of Rev. Amariah Frost, a worthy Congregational minister, who fitted him to enter Harvard College, from which university he was graduated in 1769. In 1770 he taught a district school at Kingstone, Mass., and the

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<sup>1</sup> The scarcity of material from which to compile a satisfactory sketch of Scammell is found in the fact that his correspondence with his brother and friends during the war was, many years ago, lodged with a Bostonian who proposed to write his memoirs, but whose death shortly after prevented the accomplishment of the task. This correspondence was never recovered, and is now irrevocably lost. It is a fact greatly to be regretted; it is certain that these letters and papers would have thrown a side-light on the men and movements of his time, by which many things that must always be more or less obscure would have been as clear as daylight.





next year he was master of a more advanced school at Plymouth, in the same state. It was while at the latter place that he became interested in the affairs of state, and became a member of the Old Colony Club, the first society organized for the purpose of doing public honor to the memory of the Pilgrims. In 1772 he went to Portsmouth, this state, where he had relatives, and during the winter of that year taught school in Berwick, Me. During the next two years he was employed by the state of Massachusetts in exploring the territory of Maine—where he became the proprietor of the town of Shapleigh<sup>1</sup>—and New Hampshire, and it is a matter of indisputable record that, with Captain Holland, he run the lines of the disputed Mason and Gorges grant, and assisted in making the first reliable map of the southern sections of these states.

Meantime Scammell made the acquaintance of Major John Sullivan, afterwards general, that sterling old patriot whose name adorns many pages of history, and entered his office at Durham for the purpose of reading law. But, student that he had been from his youth and was at that period of his life, the law proved more monotonous to him than pedagogue. His mind wandered. His thoughts ran in another channel. His restless spirit—made so by the condition of the government—would not down at his bidding, and, besides, he was burning with a desire to participate in the stirring events that were foreshadowed by Samuel Adams, James Otis, and other advocates of the cause of the people, and which promised the freedom his ancestors had been denied in England.

Under these conditions of mind he spent more time in studying the art of war than he did the logic of law, and it is said of him that his enthusiasm was such that he drilled a company of men for the inevitable conflict. Besides this he was one of General Sullivan's trusted lieutenants in that daring exploit that resulted in the seizing of Fort William and Mary, at Newcastle, on the 14th of December, 1774. It was Scammell who pulled down the king's colors from over the fort, and, this being the first authentic record of serious interference with the British flag, it must stand upon the pages of history that the law student of Durham committed the first overt act against the mother country. The

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<sup>1</sup> Drake's American Biographies.





expedition resulted in the capture of over one hundred barrels of gunpowder. This needed supply was stored inland, and a few months later was hauled to Cambridge in ox-teams, under guard, and was used against the enemy at Bunker Hill.

Following the stirring event narrated, young Scammell settled down in Sullivan's office and resumed his studies. He averred, however, that his mind was disturbed by passing events to the degree that he could not recall at evening the substance of a single paragraph he had read during the day. That he remained in Durham and vicinity for some months is certain, for, on the 3d of May, 1775, he wrote a ringing letter from Portsmouth to Sullivan, then sitting as a delegate in the Continental Convention at Philadelphia, in which he described the general gloom in Durham on the reception of the news of the engagements at Lexington and Concord. In this letter he also gave an account of the alarm of the people of Durham through fear of an attack from marines then stationed at Portsmouth, and says he went to Boston by desire of the congressional committee, then sitting at Durham, for the purpose of obtaining credible information relative to the condition of public affairs.

A few days after the date of this letter he went to Exeter, where, on the 17th of May, a convention of deputies assembled for the purpose of devising constitutional government for New Hampshire. This earnest body of patriots was presided over by Dr. Matthew Thornton, and its records show that it framed a proclamation containing these memorable words:

"Painful beyond expression have been those scenes of blood and devastation which the barbarous cruelty of British troops have placed before our eyes. [Evidently referring to the Boston Massacre of March in that year.] Duty to God, to ourselves, to posterity, enforced by the cries of slaughtered innocents, have urged us to take up arms in our own defence. Such a day as this was never known to our fathers!"

A copy of this proclamation was delivered to the Colonial Committee of Safety, in Boston, by Scammell.

In the meantime Sullivan had returned from Philadelphia, and Scammell had joined him at Durham. He was still restless. He saw the storm of battle approaching.





Sullivan was ready to go to the front at a moment's notice. Where was his path of duty? Honor, the cause, patriotism said, "the front with Sullivan." Sullivan said, "No." One who was more than Sullivan to him, one to whom he had pledged himself in sacred vows, was in doubtful mind.<sup>1</sup> Under these circumstances he tacitly agreed to take charge of the general's business and keep a sharp lookout for his interests during his absence.

When, however, a few days later, the storm cloud of battle was approaching, and the cry went up, "Minute men, to arms!" Scammell changed his mind. No promise the general could make; no language the woman of his choice could speak, if affianced he had, neither argument nor tears, pictures of hardships nor recitals of dangers moved him from a fixed and unalterable purpose. He was going to Cambridge with his comrades. He went, and so conspicuous was his patriotism, courage and ability that Sullivan—who knew that he had read more of the art of war than the science of law—appointed him brigade-major. He then served with distinction at Bunker Hill and in the siege of Boston. He accompanied Sullivan in two expeditions to Portsmouth to repel expected attacks of the enemy at that place, and what was exceedingly gratifying to himself and his friends, won the thanks of Washington for his discretion, coolness and efficiency.

Ten days after the evacuation of Boston by the British, on March 27, 1776, Sullivan's brigade was ordered to New York. Scammell accompanied it, and was shortly after promoted to the rank of deputy adjutant-general. Sullivan was ordered to Canada, and, on June 12th, serving under his new commission, Scammell reported the Continental forces in Canada as 6,241, of which only 3,591 were fit for duty. Following the retreat from Crown Point the command reported to Washington at New York, and Scammell and Lewis Morris were appointed aids-de-camp to Brigadier-General Sullivan. The theatre of war was now transferred to Long Island, and, in the movements at Brooklyn Heights, Scammell was the bearer of dispatches from Sullivan to Washington, and with the former was taken prisoner when the troops were recalled across the

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<sup>1</sup> This is unauthentic tradition, and it could not have been General Sullivan's daughter, as hinted, because she was a baby in the cradle.





river. They could not, however, have remained prisoners for any great length of time, for all accounts of the subsequent movements of the army mention them with their commands. September 10th Washington appointed Scammell assistant to the adjutant-general, and ordered him to Heath's division; October 29th he was adjutant-general of Lee's division.

The American cause was now betrayed by a deserter, who gave the enemy plans of Fort Washington, and also seriously jeopardized by General Charles Lee,<sup>1</sup> who, after the fall of the fort mentioned, willfully disobeyed Washington's orders to cross to the west bank of the river and join his command to the retreating column. Lee proposed to remain behind and win a battle that should make him superior in leadership to Washington in the eyes of the American people. In the meantime Heath refused to obey Lee's orders to reinforce him, and then Lee ordered Scammell to perform the duty. Scammell would have obeyed but for timely advice given him by Governor Clinton. At this juncture of affairs Lee attempted to mislead Sullivan and Scammell, who were determined on a movement to join Washington, in obedience to orders, but, fortunately for all concerned, he paused at a tavern, several miles from his men,—where he wrote an indiscreet letter<sup>2</sup> to General Gates, in which he plainly acknowledged his insubordination,—and was captured by a squad of British soldiers while asleep. This turn in affairs simplified matters. Sullivan and Scammell took command of the troops, and although short of rations and harrassed by the enemy, who hung on their rear with bull-dog tenacity,—the British van often entering the towns as the Continental rear guard passed out,—succeeded in reaching the main body of the army in safety.

Washington not only complimented these intrepid patriots, but expressed to them his gratitude in unmistakable language. They had his entire confidence, and when,

<sup>1</sup> Lee was a native of Wales. He had been in the British army, but had left the service and obtained a major-general's commission in the Continental army. He was erratic. Later he showed himself unprincipled and treacherous.

<sup>2</sup> The letter was addressed to General Gates. He said in it, in part,—“The ingenious maneuver of Fort Washington has unhinged the goodly fabric we have been building. There never was so damned a stroke. *Entre nous*, a certain great man is most damnably deficient. He has thrown me into a situation where I have a choice of difficulties,” etc. Really he had no choice. His duty was to obey orders.





a few days later, he had determined to cross the Delaware and hazard an engagement, Sullivan was selected to lead a division. Both were resolute and active. Scammell served as special aid to his chief on that memorable Christmas night, and was in the same boat with him in the perilous passage mid floating ice and blinding snow. In the battle (Trenton) that followed he was again severely tested in courage and capacity, and was not found wanting in either. At Princeton, January 3, 1777, Scammell was again in the thickest of the fight and one of Washington's trusted lieutenants. When the Continental forces were temporarily driven back, he rallied a division and led the charge that turned the tide. Just then Washington rode up, and, to inspire the troops by his presence, stood facing the foe while exposed to the fire on both sides. All were hidden in the smoke and it was expected that both had fallen, but, fortunately for the cause, both escaped unhurt. The battle resulted in a victory to the American army, which immediately made itself safe and snug in the hills of Morristown. Scammell was now the idol of the army and a favorite of his chief. He had earned his honors.

Shortly after the last event narrated it was discovered that Burgoyne was approaching from Canada with a strong force, and Washington argued that his purpose was to seize strategic points on the Hudson river, and thus cut off New England from the theatre of war. To meet this new danger additional troops were needed, and Scammell, who had been given command of the First New Hampshire battalion, was—withstanding it is believed he never stepped foot on New Hampshire soil after his departure for Cambridge—hurried home to recruit the Third regiment. Upon his arrival he found that Stark was again in the field, but for all that he recognized the gravity of the situation and set himself assiduously at work to perform his mission. Whether or not he visited Durham we are unable to discover, but it is certain that he passed through the Souhegan valley, and was at Keene on May 9th of that year, from which place he wrote a letter<sup>1</sup> to the state authorities urging the necessity of enlistments, suggesting that officers be commissioned in towns in that vicinity, and arguing that if the right men were selected enlistments

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<sup>1</sup> See Hammond's Provincial Records.





would follow. He also urged that the men enlisted be hurried forward to Ticonderoga with all possible dispatch. The regiment was raised, and, November 11th of that year, he took command of it, as colonel, the New Hampshire government voting him a commission in December following.

Scammell, however, did not remain in the state any length of time after writing the letter referred to. He hurried forward to Ticonderoga and took command of the nucleus of his regiment in the New Hampshire line, then attached to Arnold's division. The first action against Burgoyne was fought by detached regiments, and Scammell's command was hotly engaged. He was wounded, and, in the retreat to Saratoga, suffered untold hardships in bodily pain, deprivations and mortifications. But notwithstanding all this, he was in his place and resolutely facing the enemy at Freeman's Farm (Bemis Heights), where, in the thickest of the fight, his companion and friend from Durham, Lieut.-Col. Winborn Adams, fell at his side.<sup>1</sup> Of Scammell's position in this battle, Sergeant Lamb says, in his journal,—“Here the conflict was dreadful; for four hours a constant blaze of fire was kept up, and both armies seemed to be determined on victory or death.” Scammell's wound was now very painful, and yet he would not be persuaded to give up the fight. He clung to his command, and ten days later we find him present at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga,<sup>2</sup> and one of the heroes of the hour.

Scammell now busied himself, while recuperating from sickness and wounds, in getting the Third New Hampshire regiment, of which he took command, ready for the emergencies of the future. Colonel Cilley succeeded him as commander of the First New Hampshire regiment.

In 1778 he was called to headquarters, then a few miles outside of Philadelphia, and, by order of the commander-in-chief, commissioned adjutant-general of the army. This promotion to a valiant and magnanimous knight of battle-

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<sup>1</sup> See Carrington's *Battles of the Revolution*.

<sup>2</sup> The results of these battles on the destiny of mankind has never been comprehensively estimated by the American historian. Sir Edward S. Creasy, an English writer of note, made a summarized result of the wars of twenty centuries not long ago, from Marathon to Waterloo, and found that only fifteen battles had a lasting influence upon the world's history. Saratoga was one of them.





scars was more of an honor than the proudest decoration king or prince could bestow, for it was accompanied by the written compliment of Washington, who recognized his gallantry, capacity and patriotism. From that hour to the close of his glorious career he was identified with every movement of his chief. He was with him when the British evacuated Philadelphia, and he delivered the orders to General Lee to make hot pursuit. Lee disobeyed the orders. Scammell reported the situation to Washington, and it is authentic history that he immediately rode upon the field of Monmouth with his illustrious commander and delivered the messages which resulted in re-forming the line of battle. All that long, sultry day he was under fire and in the thickest of the fray. Wherever a battalion faltered, there was Scammell leading the onset and encouraging the men; wherever the line was broken, there was Scammell ordering and superintending the closing up of the column; wherever a change was made in the order of battle, it was to him that Washington intrusted the movement;—in a word, as Washington declared afterwards, “the man who inspired us all to do our full duty was Alexander Scammell.”<sup>1</sup> When the battle was ended, and the enemy had stolen away under cover of night, Scammell performed, by order of his chief, the most painful duty of his life. He arrested General Lee, his old commander, his friend and comrade-in-arms, for disobedience of orders, and held him prisoner until he was dismissed from the army.

The field of operations was now in the South, and Scammell's great effort was to strengthen the main army for the closing struggle. He wrote many and urgent letters to prominent men, among the number being one to Nathaniel Peabody, member of congress from New Hampshire, in which he said,—

“If the regiments are not filled for the war, our cause must fail, I am bold to pronounce. Not a Continental officer, I fear, will be left in the field, if he must, every six months, become a drill sergeant. It is too mortifying to risk a six years' reputation with inexperienced troops. Our good and great general, I fear, will sink under the burthen, though he has been possessed of the

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<sup>1</sup> And Scammell said of Washington, as recorded in Coffin's “Lives and Services of Thomas and Others,”—“Washington never had so fair an opportunity for gaining a decisive victory over the enemy as at Monmouth, had Lee done his whole duty.”





extremest fortitude hitherto, which has enabled him to be equal to every difficulty and to surmount what to human eye appeared impossible. But a continual dropping will impress a stone, and a bow too long strained loses its elasticity. I have ever cherished hopes, but my patience is almost threadbare."

The few of his letters<sup>1</sup> and papers that are discoverable at the present time show that he was a man of large and practical sympathy. He pleaded the cause of his comrades; he explained their sufferings and their needs, and he said to Colonel Peabody, in a letter dated at West Point, September 29, 1779,—

"I shudder at the approaching winter. We shall lose many of our brave officers, who must resign or doom themselves to want and misery by remaining in the best of causes, and which, in justice, should entitle them to liberal consideration and reward. That men who have braved death, famine, and every species of hardships in defence of their liberties and fighting for their country should thereby be reduced to slavery, or what is equally bad, beggary, will be an eternal stigma upon the United States, and prevent proper men from ever stepping forth in defence of their country again."

The epistle, however, that best shows the color of Scammell's scholarly mind, his unselfish patriotism, and his easy and graceful command of the English language, is the following:

"HEAD QUARTERS, October 3, 1780.

"*Dear Sir:*

"Treason! treason! treason! black as hell! That a man so high on the list of fame should be guilty, as Arnold, must be attributed not only to original sin, but actual transgressions. Heavens and earth! we were all astonishment—each peeping at his neighbor to see if any treason was hanging about him: nay, we even descended to a critical examination of ourselves. This surprise soon settled down into a fixed detestation and abhorrence of Arnold, which can receive no addition. His treason has unmasked him as the veriest villain of centuries past, and set him in his true colors. His conduct and suffering at the North has, in the eyes of the army of his country, covered a series of base, grovelling, dirty, scandalous and rascally peculations and fraud,—and the army and country, ever indulgent and partial to

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<sup>1</sup> In one of his letters he uses the expression, "The enemy seems determined to die in the last ditch," an expression that was thought to be a coinage in the War of the Rebellion (1861), but which may be found in British history in the fifteenth century.





an officer who has suffered in the common cause, wished to cover his faults: and we were even afraid to examine too closely, for fear of discovering some rascality. Now, after all these indulgences—the partiality of his countrymen, the trust and confidence the commander-in-chief had reposed in him, the prodigious sums he has pilfered from his country, which has been indulgent enough to overlook his malpractice—I say, after all this, it is impossible to paint him in colors sufficiently black. Avarice, cursed avarice, with unbounded ambition, void of every principle of honor, honesty, generosity or gratitude, induced this catiff to make the first overtures to the enemy, as Andre, the British adjutant-general, declared upon his honor, when on trial before the general officers. This brave, accomplished officer was hanged yesterday.—not a single spectator but what pitied his untimely fate, although filled with gratitude for the providential discovery,—convinced that the sentence was just, and that the laws of nations and customs of war justified and made necessary. Yet his personal accomplishments, appearance and behavior gained him the good wishes and opinion of every person who saw him. He was, perhaps, the most accomplished officer of his age; he met his fate in a manner which did honor to the character of a soldier. Smith, who harbored him, is on trial for his life, and, I believe, will suffer the same fate. May Arnold's life be protracted under all the keenest stings and reflections of a guilty conscience—be hated and abhorred by all the race of mankind, and finally suffer the excruciating tortures due so great a traitor.

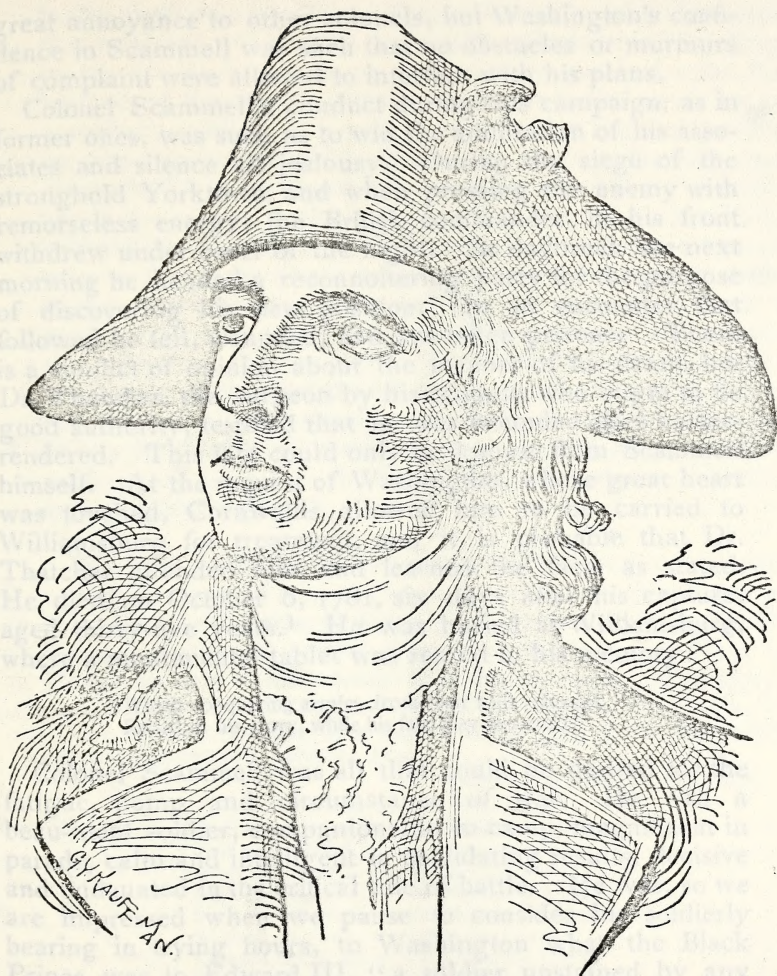
“I am in haste your friend and servant,

“A. SCAMMELL.”

In 1781, when the Continental army was reorganized for the final campaign, the campaign that was to decide for another century, perhaps forever, the fate of government by the people, Washington, who, in this particular, showed the trait of character Grant showed nearly a hundred years later, selected his commanders with unbiassed judgment. He had known Scammell through seven years of war. He had tested his courage; he knew his capacity; he recognized the fact that where he led the way there were no stragglers; that the enemy feared him. He had other brave and deserving officers, and yet he ordered his promotion, and not only assigned him to command the light infantry, “the most soldierly and active young men of New England,” but indulged him the liberty of selecting his subordinate officers. This promotion and liberty was a







[Courtesy Telegraph Publishing Co.]

*Alex Scammell Col.*

From out the shad'wy past  
 Your deeds shine forth like stars at night,  
 Sweet memory watches o'er your laurel wreath,  
 And gratitude, to keep it ever bright.

ANABEL ANDREWS.





great annoyance to other colonels, but Washington's confidence in Scammell was such that no obstacles or murmurs of complaint were allowed to interfere with his plans.

Colonel Scammell's conduct during this campaign, as in former ones, was such as to win the admiration of his associates and silence all jealousy. During the siege of the stronghold Yorktown, and when pressing the enemy with remorseless energy, the British commander in his front withdrew under cover of the night. At daybreak the next morning he headed a reconnoitering party for the purpose of discovering his new position. In an encounter that followed he fell, wounded, and was taken prisoner. There is a conflict of opinion about the manner of his death, but Dr. Thatcher, the surgeon by his request, who ought to be good authority, testified that he was wounded after he surrendered. This fact could only be known from Scammell himself. At the request of Washington, whose great heart was touched, Cornwallis allowed him to be carried to Williamsburg for treatment, and it is probable that Dr. Thatcher attended him and learned the facts as stated. He died on October 6, 1781, six days after his capture, aged thirty-five years.<sup>1</sup> He was buried at Williamsburg, where a monumental tablet was reared to his memory :

"Which conquering armies, from their toils returned,  
Raised to his glory, while his fate they mourned."

Colonel Scammell was all that could be desired for the fatigue, pomp and circumstance of war. He was a beau-ideal soldier, companionable in camp, magnificent in parade, calm and intelligent in calculating results, decisive and undaunted in the critical tide of battle. He was, so we are impressed when we pause to consider his soldierly bearing in trying hours, to Washington what the Black Prince was to Edward III, "a soldier unstained by any blemish"; what Fairfax was to Cromwell, "eminent for courage, capacity and humanity"; what Ney was to Napoleon, the "magnificent and chivalrous knight whose plume

<sup>1</sup> The common soldiers, forty and fifty years after the war, always spoke of Scammell with delight and affection. The estimation in which he was held by his compatriots in arms is shown in the fact that General Peleg Wadsworth of Portland, his classmate at Harvard, Colonel John Brooks, afterwards governor of Massachusetts, Colonel Henry Dearborn, afterwards secretary of war and foreign minister, each named a son Alexander Scammell, as also did many of his less distinguished comrades.





in the fight was equal to a thousand men"; what Sheridan was to Grant, "a trusted leader who counted his life cheap in his country's service so that victory perched upon the banners of the army";—a more brilliant leader never sat in a soldier's saddle. It is said of him that in the social circle he was "easy, graceful, a charming conversationalist, and even playful in his manner," and it is added that "no officer in the service could approach Washington so familiarly without giving offence." It is also said that there was no man in the army whose quips and jokes brought a smile to that grave countenance, and that his chief often made a confidant of him, to the chagrin of Hamilton and other superior officers. In conclusion, the writer feels to add,—this intelligent, high-minded and brave patriot was a fit representative of a university from the halls of which, when the liberty he fought to establish was in peril, many another noble youth passed to the tented field, the storm of battle, and a soldier's grave.<sup>1</sup>

We have said that in the matter of building monuments to the memory of her heroes and defenders New Hampshire has been remiss in duty. We repeat the arraignment. Colonel Scammell served from Fort William and Mary to Yorktown as a soldier from New Hampshire. The story,

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Matthew Thornton, upon hearing of the death of New Hampshire's gallant leader, wrote the following dirge:

"MERRIMACK, 29th Dec., A. D. 1781.

"Ye weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell  
How all-accomplish'd Col'nel Scammell fell;  
You, nor afflicted heroes, ne'er deplor'd  
A loss like that these plaintive lays-record.  
Such spotless honor, such ingenuous truth,  
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth;  
So mild, so gentle, so composed a mind,  
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd.  
His early youth was nursed in learning's arms—  
For nobler war forsook her peaceful charms.  
He was possessed of every pleasing art,  
The secret joy of ev'ry honest heart:  
He was cut off in youthful glory's pride,  
Yet, unrepining, for his country died."

"Though far from the shores of his loved Piscataqua," says Miss Mary P. Thompson in a note enclosing a copy of Dr. Thornton's dirge, "it is morally certain that one who had fought for years with so stout a heart and such loyal constancy must have, as Matthew Thornton says, 'unrepining, for his country died.' Durham is still proud of the military career of its adopted son, and has given its present agricultural association the name of Scammell Grange."





therefore, of his magnificent career should adorn one of the proudest pages of our history, and his portrait, with those of Stark, Thornton, Sullivan, Poor, Cilley, and a score of others, should be hung on the walls of every public library in the state. Besides this, we say the state has a duty unperformed until somewhere, in some conspicuous place, it has erected a statue, and put upon record that will stand while the world stands the name and deeds of the hero who led New England in that sublime hour when the freedom of this country was made a reality,—the hero who turned a deaf ear to society in which he knew he was admired, whose presence was a joy to comrades and commander-in-chief alike, who gave up the bright prospects of a professional life, who stormed one of the last redoubts, and who sealed his devotion to the cause of unborn millions by giving his life to secure their liberty,—Colonel Alexander Scammell.

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### THE CONSTANT HEART.

BY GEO. BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

In the full glory of the dawn  
How splendid shines the dewy lawn,  
Where countless petals, one by one,  
Ope to the warm rays of the sun !

And yet, of all that starry host,  
My lady's pride, the poet's boast,  
That blush so fair, none faithful turn  
Howe'er their lover's kisses burn.

But near yon garden's hidden seat,  
Where blooms no rose or lily sweet,  
Spring's scentless flower, to follow him,  
Is tall, scorned plant, with yellow rim.

O heart, be thou like humble flower !  
Receive God's blessings, own his power ;  
Let love each tender fibre sway,  
And to Him constant look and pray !

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## THE CONSTANT HEART.

BY GEO. MARSHALL SMITH.

In the full glory of the dawn  
How splendid shines the dewy lawn,  
Where countless petals, one by one,  
Open to the warm rays of the sun!

And yet, of all that starry host,  
My lady's pride, the poet's boast,  
That blush so fair, none faithful turn  
How'er their lover's kisses burn.

But near yon garden's hidden seat,  
Where blooms no rose or lily sweet,  
Spring's scentless flower, to follow him,  
Is tall, scorned plant, with yellow rim.

O heart, be thou like humble flower!  
Receive God's blessings, own his power;  
Let love each tender fibre sway,  
And to him constant look and pray!



## HOW MOLLY SAVED THE FORT.

BY EMMA L. MILLS.

It was an autumn morning—a morning that presages a perfect “Indian summer” day. The river fog was lifting from the Merrimack in the distance, the misty exhalations from ponds and swamps lying eastward and southward were rising slowly or vanishing in the morning air. The sun, as it shone more brightly, made the dew on grass, plant or flower sparkle and glimmer like jewels. The forest foliage was tinted already with those glorious autumn colors which mark its crowning beauty before the trees are denuded by the wintry blasts.

The inmates of the North fort in Starkstown were astir early—before the sun had climbed the eastern slope of One-Stack hill—on this autumn morning. When the sunshine was bright and the fog had arisen, Elizabeth Page started from the fort for One-Stack brook to get the water for the morning meal.

Elizabeth was the oldest daughter of Captain Caleb Page, one of the pioneers of Starkstown. He was of English family, whose lineage dated far back in English history. Possessing means from a wealthy ancestry, he sought a home in Massachusetts and became a large landed proprietor. Two years before this story opens he had sold his estate in Haverhill, Mass., for the weight of his wife in silver, amounting to £100, and, taking his family, had started for the then wilds of New Hampshire, taking up a tract of land in the northern part of the territory which was known as Starkstown, which had been granted to Archibald Stark and others only a few months previous.

He was a man possessed of noble and benevolent spirit, with ample means to carry out his generous intentions. He foresaw that the future had in store much for the newly laid-out township, and his was the spirit that could open the way to development.

The tract had never before been settled by the white man, and only twice before had exploring parties passed its boundaries. The first of these occasions was when Capt. Daniel Pecker and his company, in 1722, “marched by





Unhenonuck hill 14 miles," in search of Indians, and the second time was eleven years later, when the surveyors of the grantee, Capt. Samuel Gorham, fixed the boundaries of the land which afterwards was granted to Archibald Stark, and at present bears the name of Dunbarton.

It was midsummer, in 1751, when Capt. Caleb Page and his family arrived at their newly-acquired possession in the wild and unsettled territory. A clearing was made, a log cabin erected, and a blazed road struck out through the woods from the cabin to Capt. William Stinson's, at Gorham pond. The massacre at Rumford, in 1746, and the destruction of the cabins and property of Putney and Rogers in Starkstown, the same year, by Indians, with the present proximity of the hostile Pennacooks,—all these and other dangers decided the matter of a defence for the people, and the settlement of Caleb Page was chosen as the place for protection.

Elizabeth, or "Molly," as she was more often called by her father, was in the seventeenth year of her life, the pride of the pioneer fort, the idol of her father.

The change from her former life to her present was great, undoubtedly,—from what was luxury in those times to the scanty privileges which the wilderness afforded. Her education had not been neglected; for those days, she possessed many accomplishments. She was like her father in many respects—noble, daring and generous. Her life heretofore had been passed without any notable occurrence; now she had entered upon a more trying experience.

The time was full of danger and hardship, but it was a time that developed those traits of character which have given to the mothers of America the noble name so justly due them. The women of the early colonial days possessed noble qualities of mind and heart, and their children, whose characters were developed amid scenes which required daily courage and strength, have done much to make New Hampshire what she is—the sons of the old "Granite State" having been largely influential in shaping the destinies of the republic.

Molly's pretty face, her symmetry of form and gracefulness of manner, made her a general favorite at the fort.

It required a fearlessness of purpose and a resolute determination for those earlier colonists to establish them-





selves in the wilderness amid hostile tribes, but the brave pioneer overcame the obstacles, felled the forest, built his cabin, and reared his family, working daily with his musket at his side, ready to repel the invasions of the lurking foe.

While her father and the other men were working in the fields or forests, it was Molly's custom to take the sentry-box and keep watch and ward at the old North fort, with musket in hand, ready for any possible attack. She was an excellent "shot," had been known to bring down the bird on the wing, and could handle the musket with as much dexterity and accuracy as her brothers, or even her father. Her step-mother was an invalid, and the duties of the household devolved upon her. Her time was well filled, but she found time for the harpsichord and for a few recreations.

Capt. Page was a surveyor by profession, and was often called away from home to make surveys, run lines, fix boundaries, etc. In 1753, the time of this story, he had already marked out and surveyed a road from Stevenstown to Haverhill, under appointment from the governor of New Hampshire. John Stark, afterwards general, who, having been taken over the route as an Indian captive the previous year, was tolerably familiar with the wilderness, acted as his pilot and guard. Capt. Page was preparing to leave, with a surveying party, for the eastern part of the state, on this pleasant morning, and Molly was assisting him in his preparations.

Distant from the fort some rods was the brook to which Molly had hastened in the early morning. The only sounds that she noticed were the leaping of some frightened hares and the chatterings of the squirrels. Nearing the place where she was accustomed to fill the water-bottle, Molly saw a light, curling smoke arising from the opposite side of a huge boulder near the path. Instantly it flashed into her mind that Indians must be near; perhaps in camp behind that very boulder. She also recalled the fact that at the fort, a few nights previous, some person or persons had tried the doors, and on another night a strange Indian had applied for admittance and a night's lodging. Only the day before her brother had told her that there was a large band of Indians at Gorham pond, and that a traveller from Stewartstown had said there was a band of them, in war paint, on the Contoocook river.





She cautiously advanced ; her light steps made no sound as she pressed the fallen leaves to the earth. She listened for an instant, then, going nearer, she peered through a fissure in the boulder. There, stretched before the dying embers, were five stalwart Indians, soundly sleeping, for, wearied with their long journey of the previous day, they had stretched themselves before the fire for rest, and were soon oblivious to all around them.

"If I only had my father's hatchet, I would brain them at once, and carry their scalps to the fort," thought Elizabeth ; "but, as I am only armed with this water-jug, I will fill it and return before they awaken." Then she stole silently to the brook, filled the jug, and with lighter step and swifter pace returned to her home.

"What makes you so pale?" asked her father, as he met his daughter.

"O father, there are five warlike-looking Indians asleep behind that boulder near the path !" Elizabeth exclaimed.

"Five Indians !"

"Yes ; they are in war paint ; I think we may see more of them, father, before to-morrow." Elizabeth began to pour the water from the bottle.

"My child, were you not careless in stopping to get the water?"

"I suppose so, but we must have water, you know, and I thought I would have time to go and get it and come back before they would waken from their nap."

"Don't be too daring, my daughter," her father replied, with a shudder, as he thought in what danger she had placed herself. The horrors of captivity were dreaded, and justly, by the colonists. "If I had known there were Indians near, I would have kept you in the fort. No Indian shall scalp my daughter," and Capt. Page began arrangements for the more secure guarding of the fort.

The proposed surveying trip was postponed and the preparations for it were changed into preparations for defence. So soon as he had completed these arrangements, Capt. Page started, with his musket and a good amount of ammunition, to reconnoitre and warn the inhabitants of other parts of the town. As he bade his wife and "Molly" good-by, Mrs. Page urged upon him the duty of remaining at the fort to guard them in case of attack.





"It is seldom that Indians make an attack in the daytime; I will be back before nightfall and be ready for the redskins," said the captain. "I will warn the South fort and Mountalona, if possible," and so saying he struck out into the forest. The door of the fort was barred, and "Molly" began her watch.

The day passed without any excitement; the sun went down in the western horizon; yet Capt. Page returned not. His continued absence caused great uneasiness at the fort. His wife was overwhelmed with anxiety, fearing the savages had taken him, from an ambush, and had killed him, or were keeping him as a captive for ransom. Elizabeth calmed her fears by saying,—“If father cannot reach the fort with safety, he will keep under cover to assist us, if an attack on the fort shall be made. He will have John Stark with him, too. Trust me with the fort, and with their assistance from the outside, I think all will be well.”

Was "Molly" a prophet, or was she trying to keep up her own courage? The light of the sunset faded and night and silence came. The anxious group in the fort kept an earnest lookout. Only the occasional hooting of an owl was heard.

The fort was built of logs, sixty feet square and ten feet high. The corners were locked, the outside roughly hewn and the crevices plastered with clay. At intervals were loop-holes in the walls, made for the purpose of seeing what was going on outside. The main entrance was from the east and a huge door prevented the ingress of marauding persons. Within was a small log cabin, where the settlers gathered during an attack, and to which their goods were removed. In another part was the yard for the cattle, made of rough logs. The fort was the place of refuge, and in it were placed all valuables that could be moved. When the attack had been made on Starkstown, in 1746, and previous to the erection of the forts in that town, the settlers had gone to Rumford, taken their possessions with them, and had remained there until the danger was passed. The settlement now was larger, and better able to resist attacks, which were not so liable to occur as formerly. But the roving bands of Indians that hunted through these wilds brought terror to the settlements. The hostile Pen-nacooks were always to be feared.





The fort had been built by Capt. Page, soon after his arrival, for his own protection, but it had been enlarged to meet the needs of later settlers in the locality.

"Molly" had begun to think that her fears were groundless, when, suddenly, she heard some one trying the door. More alert than before she peered into the dim outside light and saw one—yes, two, three, four, five Indians, moving stealthily about the fort. "The same Indians, sure, that lay behind the boulder," thought "Molly." Raising her musket, she placed it in the loophole and waited for a good opportunity to fire.

No one in the fort had noticed "Molly's" act, until they were startled by the report of the musket and the wild yell which followed. All was confusion for an instant, but the young lady hushed it warningly, steadily resuming her watch with reloaded musket.

Within half an hour a well-known signal was heard, and the door was unbarred with haste and rejoicing. The captain had returned and John Stark with him, as "Molly" had predicted.

"Well, Molly, you killed your Indian, dead sure. Those five are, or were, the advance skirmishing guard of a war-like band. We have been watching the fort for three hours, waiting for a chance to come in without being taken. But your shot has sent them away for this time."

"Miss Elizabeth, if all were like you, it would not require many to defend the whole territory," said John Stark, approvingly.

In answer to his wife's inquiries, Capt. Page told how he had passed the day in warning the town's people and in following up the red men's camp. "The town is full of their tracks, and I should think there were a good many of the redskins, but they are so cunning in covering their movements that we cannot tell with any certainty what they are up to. But I don't believe Molly's Indians will be back to-night," and Capt. Page glanced with an appreciative smile at his daughter.

Years afterward, when the hostile troops of England and America met each other at Bennington, General John Stark said, addressing his men,—“Boys, we must beat the redcoats to-day, or Molly Stark is a widow to-night!”





## TWO DAUGHTERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY MARION HOWARD.

FANNIE PACKARD HOYT.

The talented young leader of the Isles of Shoals orchestra, whose work has been so highly appreciated for five successive summers, is Miss Fannie Packard Hoyt, a native of the town of Newington.

Miss Hoyt was born on the 20th day of May, 1869, and is the daughter of Joseph S. and Martha Hoyt. When about nine years of age she became fascinated with the tones of an old violin, which by accident she came across, and, without any instruction, she began to draw forth the melodies which her musical sense inspired. At the age of eleven she began the study of the instrument with Mrs. Henry Harlow of Portsmouth, although she had played much in public before that time, always winning the most favorable comments of the press and the unstinted praise of her auditors. A year later Miss Hoyt entered the Boston University, under the direction of Julius Eichberg, where she remained two years, and then for six years she had the guidance of the well-known violin virtuoso, Bernard Listemann. For the past three years she has kept up her studies with Herr C. M. Loeffler, so that the best masters attainable have been hers.

Miss Hoyt, although so young, has made rapid strides in her dearly loved profession, and has a large class of pupils in Boston and elsewhere. Her services are in constant demand for high-class concert work, and her time is wholly occupied in filling engagements all over New England.

She is ambitious to a high degree, and is anticipating a continuation of her studies abroad at no distant day.

Miss Hoyt is a young woman of striking appearance. She is above the average height and her figure suggests unusual strength and power of endurance. Her eyes are wide apart and her brow broad and full, showing great intelligence and an excellent memory. The lower part of the face indicates the sensitiveness belonging to one of her fine musical temperament. She is always at perfect ease

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Miss Hoyt was born on the 20th day of May, 1860, and is the daughter of Joseph S. and Maria Hoyt. When about nine years of age she became fascinated with the tones of an old violin, which by accident she came across, and without any instruction, she began to draw forth the melodies which her musical sense inspired. At the age of eleven she began the study of the instrument with Mrs. Henry Hallow of Portsmouth, although she had played much in public before that time, always winning the most favorable comments of the press and the sustained praise of her auditors. A year later Miss Hoyt entered the Boston University, under the direction of John Eichberg, where she remained two years, and then for six years she had the guidance of the well-known violin virtuoso, Bernhard Listemann. For the last three years she has kept up her studies with Herr C. M. Fischer, so that the best masters available have been hers.

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on the stage and has entire command of herself even at critical moments. She has a bright, happy nature, always cheery and outspoken. Her chief charm is in her entire unaffectedness and lack of egotism.

Fannie Packard Hoyt has a brilliant career ahead and she will do the Granite State still further credit.

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MARY FARLEY SANBORN.

In a comfortable, homelike cottage in Malden, near the beautiful new public library, lives Mary Farley Sanborn, the author of two charming stories, "Sweet and Twenty," and "It Came to Pass."

Mrs. Sanborn is another Granite State woman who has made Massachusetts her home, and one of many whom people delight to know and honor. She was born in Manchester, May 8, 1852, and is the daughter of Alden W. Sanborn, the well-known carriage manufacturer, and Elizabeth, formerly Miss Abbott, a native of Concord.

Her education was attained in the public schools, and much time was given to the study of music, for which she showed an early fondness and adaptability. She was a pupil of Madam Rudersdorff, one of Boston's most thorough teachers, and her soprano voice was heard to advantage in the Franklin Street church, where she sang for two years.

Doubtless many of Mrs. Sanborn's literary and musical traits are inherited from her grandfather, Nathan Sanborn of Henniker, a practising physician and a man of fine musical and poetic tastes and of a sensitive nature. Mrs. Sanborn speaks with pride of the noble characteristics her grandfather possessed, of the grand poems he wrote, and which have been tenderly put together and published since his decease. He was a man in advance of his time and a deep thinker.

Mary Farley Sanborn was married, in 1876, to Mr. Fred C. Sanborn of Manchester, now connected with the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, in Boston. They came directly to Boston to reside, and, in 1878, removed to Malden.

Two children brighten their home, Robert, a sturdy lad of fourteen, who has a bright, honest face, and who strongly





resembles his mother, and a sweet little girl of six, named Hilda.

Although Mrs. Sanborn has written verses and short stories since early childhood, her light has been "hidden under a bushel." When "Sweet and Twenty," that delightful homespun New England story, came out, her nearest friends were taken by surprise, so quietly had she written it. One character in it, that of "Nan," attracted widespread attention for its fine sketching.

"It Came to Pass" is one of the cleverest stories of the year, as it presents so many different types, one of which has a special interest to all lovers of base ball.

Mrs. Sanborn is, in appearance, a modest, unassuming woman, and is thoroughly devoted to her home.

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### BIRDS MUST SING.

BY C. C. LORD.

'Tis eve. A slight bird trills a song,—  
The hawk looks down in airy flight,  
The owl peers through the waning light,  
Yet song and shadow both grow long.

I muse upon this little bird,  
That sings although the hawk doth prey,  
The owl doth ravage on his way,  
And each the buoyant song hath heard.

Perchance a bird hath faith to dare,  
Despite the hawk at once may stoop,  
The fell owl may each moment swoop,  
And hence these blithe notes on the air;

Or yet a simple song may win  
Some mercy from a hawk that lists,  
An owl that hears through evening mists,  
A savage breast hath warmth within.

O well! Each gift will have its spring:  
The hawk flies till the day is gone,  
The owl takes wing when night comes on,  
But God loves song, and birds must sing.





## MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE N. H. M. T. A.

The meeting this year was of unusual interest, and of great benefit to those who braved the extreme heat to attend. The chorus was not so large as last season, but made up of excellent voices and good readers. The lecture, by Prof. Louis C. Elson of Boston, on the "History of German Music," was highly entertaining and most thoroughly educational. It was indeed a rich treat of the music teachers and music lovers of New Hampshire. Let us hope that it may awaken among us a desire to study the history of music of the various schools and nationalities, that our teaching and performances may be guided by an intelligence so greatly lacking at the present time.

The various piano-forte recitals were quite interesting and well received. The discussion, "How shall we foster the growth of musical interest in New Hampshire?" was ably opened by Prof. George Frese of Manchester. To us this seems a great question. We believe that the foundation of all good in this direction must be laid in the public schools. There should be more conscientious efforts on the part of teachers—exactng more from pupils, more frequent lectures and concerts of merit and meaning, forming choral societies in every town where music is taught, thereby giving the people an opportunity of hearing and knowing music of a high order, and, above all, a more united action on the part of teachers. It seems, however, that an interest is being awakened in the right direction at the present time.

The visit of His Excellency Governor Tuttle and staff gave great pleasure to the association. It seems to us as of no small consequence that the chief executive of the state should show his interest and appreciation of the good work attempted by the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association. His remarks were poetic and full of encouragement. As expected, the Hon. J. W. Patterson, state superintendent of public instruction, gave us a very enjoyable talk. His contrasts of twenty years ago and the pres-





ent time were very gratifying to those of us who once in a while feel discouraged at the slow progress of the art and its lack of support. Our state superintendent should always have a part in these meetings; in fact, he should be one of the men to lead in the upbuilding of this branch of education, which so truly elevates and ennobles mankind.

In the discussion, "Music as taught in the public schools of New Hampshire: is it, as alleged, a failure?" the subject was introduced by able remarks by President Baldwin. So far as the discussion was concerned, it was "as alleged, a failure." It is a matter of regret that a subject of such vital importance should be passed by with so little apparent interest. Why should men who profess and pretend show such profound modesty or a willingness to listen and cling to what they know, when an interchange of ideas and facts, based upon experience, is just what is wanted to solve this problem? Such men usually appear later, in groups of three, and "kick" at all that has been said, and answer the same purpose that a fly does—simply that of annoying.

The concert of church music and sacred songs was a move in the right direction. What branch of a musical education is of greater importance than this, and what more neglected? All who participated gave much pleasure by performing music which was appropriate for the worship of God. It is time that all churches should have and perform music identical with their worship—music consecrated to God the Father, and not borrowed from comic opera and other cheap sources. The Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal are the only churches whose music is especially written for their service, and on feast or festival days borrowed by other denominations—some going so far as to change the words to suit their fancies or doctrines.

We believe that a three days' festival, for church choirs alone, performing church music only, discussing that branch of music, its uses and abuses, giving the clergy an opportunity to express their views and ideas, would be of infinite value, and we hope to see a move in this direction ere long.

The programme committee were especially happy this year in their selections of music to be performed, under the head of "Music for Chorus Study." The story of Psyche is wonderfully told by the music of Gade; indeed, it is a





profound study for a student of music. The beautiful Evening Hymn of Reinecke was very satisfactorily performed by Mr. Temple and chorus.

It would give us pleasure to mention all who so kindly and ably assisted at the various recitals and concerts, but the line must be drawn between newspaper criticism and magazine work.

Rev. Dr. Waterman of Littleton was elected president for the ensuing year. In him we find a profound thinker on musical matters, one who has a refined, natural gift and taste, aided by especial advantages, and we look for a most thoughtful management of the affairs of the association.

In closing, let us hope that all teachers of music throughout the state will make an extra effort to sell members' tickets this year, in order that we may meet our expenses without depending on ticket sales at the door, which are very uncertain, as extreme hot or wet weather is sure to bring disaster.

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

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### COL. WATERMAN SMITH.

Col. Waterman Smith, a well-known manufacturer and prominent citizen of Manchester for many years, died at his residence in that city Friday morning, August 5, 1892, from apoplexy.

Col. Smith was a native of Smithfield, R. I., born of Quaker ancestry, July 16, 1816, his parents being Waterman and Sally (Cory) Smith. His boyhood was spent upon his father's farm and at the district school. He attended Greenfield Academy and Bolton Seminary. He then spent ten years in mastering the machinist's trade, and, afterward, had charge of cotton mills at Cumberland and Thompson, R. I., Philadelphia, Pa., and in his native town, whence he went to Manchester, in 1853, as agent of the Manchester Mills, holding such position until 1871, and being for many years also part owner and agent of the Derry Mills at Goff's Falls. He was a Republican in politics, and had served as chairman of the Manchester school board and a member of the state legislature; also as a member of Gov. Smyth's staff in 1865.





Col. Smith married Miss Annie C. Randall of North Providence, R. I., by whom he had four sons and five daughters, four of the latter surviving.

---

GILMAN KIMBALL, M. D.

Dr. Gilman Kimball, the oldest and most noted medical practitioner in Lowell, Mass., died in that city July 27, 1892.

Dr. Kimball was born in New Chester (now Hill) in this state, December 8, 1804. He commenced the study of medicine at the age of twenty years and graduated at the Dartmouth Medical School in 1826, meanwhile and some time later enjoying the tutelage of the celebrated Dr. Edward Reynolds of Boston. In 1827 he commenced practice in Chicopee, Mass. Subsequently he visited Europe, and studied for some time in Paris. Returning to this country, he established himself at Lowell, and continued practice, devoting himself largely to ovariotomy, in which branch of the profession he acquired a world-wide reputation, contributing largely to medical journals on the subject. He had been twice married, first to Mary Dewar, eldest daughter of Dr. Henry Dewar of Edinburgh, Scotland, and second to the daughter of Capt. Henry J. Defries of Nantucket. He leaves one son, John H. Kimball.

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DAVID T. P. CHAMBERLAIN, M. D.

Dr. David T. P. Chamberlain, a prominent physician of Dover, born in West Lebanon, Me., November 21, 1846, died in Dover July 21, 1892. He graduated from the Maine Medical College in 1872, and studied and practiced with Dr. D. T. Parker, in Farmington, before locating in Dover, in 1878. He served on the school board in Dover and Farmington, and represented the former town in the legislature in 1876. He was a Mason of the 32d degree.

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JEREMIAH W. WHITE.

Jeremiah W. White, a prominent citizen of Nashua, and a native of Pittsfield, born September 16, 1821, died July 22, 1892. He was a druggist in early life, but subsequently engaged in railroading and banking, accumulating a fortune. He donated \$5,000 to Pittsfield Academy and \$10,000 for the erection of the First Church chapel in Nashua.





The

# GRANITE MONTHLY

## A New Hampshire Magazine

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### CONCORD, N. H.:

H. H. METCALF, } Publishers. { Subscription, \$1.50  
A. H. ROBINSON, } per Year.

15 CENTS PER COPY.

Printed by N. H. Democratic Press Co.

Entered at the Post-Office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.

HISTORY  
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STATE PROGRESS





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## Concord Safe Deposit Vaults.

The First National Bank of Concord, N. H., has established the Concord Safe Deposit Vaults in the United Bank Building, 20 North Main street (corner of Depot), within three minutes' walk of the Railway Passenger Station. These vaults are provided with every approved convenience and device for safety, including automatic electric connection with the police station. Customers will find that nothing has been omitted which could add to their security or comfort. Ventilation and light are abundant. Convenient coupon rooms adjoin the vaults.

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1848.

1892.

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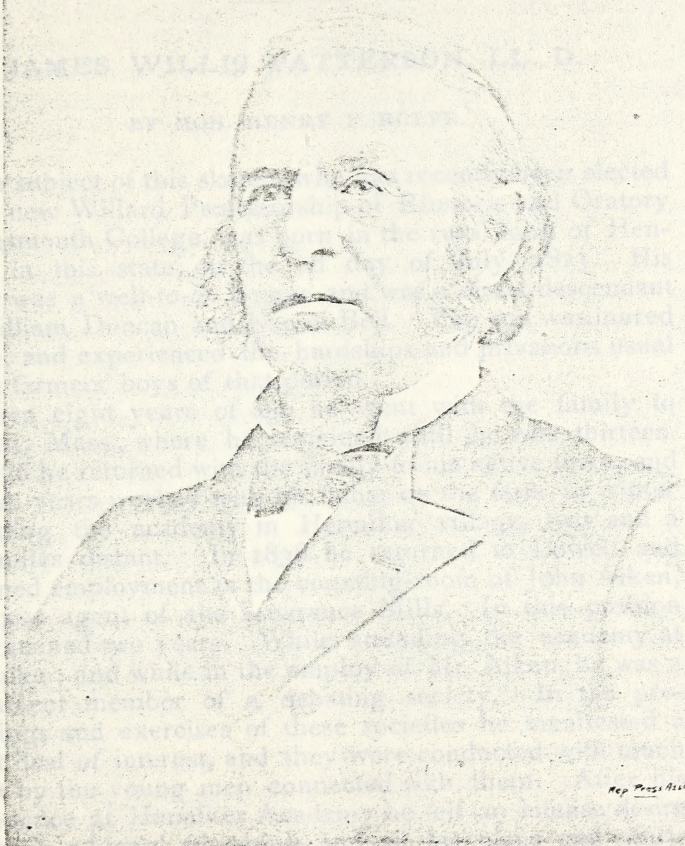


## THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV. OCTOBER, 1893. NO. 10.

JAMES WILLIAM PATTERSON, D.D.

OF AMHERST COLLEGE.



J. W. Patterson





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV. OCTOBER, 1892. NO. 10.

JAMES WILLIS PATTERSON, LL. D.

BY HON. HENRY P. ROLFE.

The subject of this sketch, who has recently been elected to the new Willard Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory in Dartmouth College, was born in the rural town of Henniker, in this state, on the 2d day of July, 1823. His father was a well-to-do farmer and was a direct descendant of William Duncan and Naomi Bell. The son was inured to toil, and experienced the hardships and privations usual to the farmers' boys of that period.

When eight years of age he went with the family to Lowell, Mass., where he remained until he was thirteen. In 1836 he returned with the family to his native town, and for two years worked with his father on the farm, in winter attending the academy in Henniker village, two and a half miles distant. In 1838 he returned to Lowell and obtained employment in the counting-room of John Aiken, who was agent of the Lawrence Mills. In this position he remained two years. While attending the academy at Henniker, and while in the employ of Mr. Aiken, he was a prominent member of a debating society. In the proceedings and exercises of these societies he manifested a great deal of interest, and they were conducted with much spirit by the young men connected with them. After his attendance at Henniker Academy he felt an intense desire to obtain a liberal education, and all his plans and efforts were shaped with that purpose. He resigned his place in Mr. Aiken's counting-room to pursue his preparations for college. In the ensuing winter, at eighteen years of age, he taught a district school in his native town, and in the spring of 1842 went to Manchester, where his parents





resided, and there entered upon his preparations for college with all his energies, and commenced the study of Greek under the tutorship of Governor Moody Currier. With such limited instruction as he received, in 1844, at the age of twenty-one, he entered Dartmouth College, and graduated with his class, in 1848, with high honors. Subsequently, for two years, he was in charge of the academy in Woodstock, Conn., and at the same time was pursuing the study of the law; but, becoming acquainted with Henry Ward Beecher, he was induced by him and others to abandon the study of the law, and turned his attention to theology. In 1851 he entered the theological seminary at New Haven, of which the illustrious Dr. Taylor was the leading spirit, and in a single year completed the prescribed studies of two, at the time teaching in a ladies' seminary, to pay his expenses.

From the theological seminary Mr. Patterson was called back to his *alma mater* to the duties of tutor, and when the chair of Mathematics became vacant, by the resignation of Professor John S. Woodman, he was elected to that professorship. Subsequently, upon the death of Professor Young, he was assigned to the chair of Astronomy and Meteorology, which he filled with conspicuous ability.

From 1858, for four years, he was school commissioner for Grafton county, was secretary of the state board of education, and had the work to do of preparing the annual state reports of education. His duty as school commissioner required him to address the people in all the towns in the county on the subject of common-school education. The ability displayed by Mr. Patterson in these addresses attracted the attention of the people, and caused them to demand his services in the wider field of politics and statesmanship.

In 1862, when the clouds surcharged with rebellion and civil war had burst upon us, and "the affrighted air" was resounding with the thunders of death's struggle, Hanover sent Mr. Patterson to the legislature. The condition of the country demanded the services of her ablest and most eloquent sons, and his reputation and commanding abilities at once gave him marked prominence in the house of representatives. He was appointed chairman of the committee on national resolutions, and the speech he





made on their adoption was characterized by the late lamented Attorney-General Mason W. Tappan as "the most eloquent and thrilling speech he ever heard."

After his brilliant *debut* in the legislature, patriotism and public desire were soon waiting impatiently to confer upon him higher and more deserved honors and more weighty responsibilities; but the waiting was brief. In March, 1863, he was elected a representative to the thirty-eighth congress, and was appointed on the committee on expenditures in the treasury department and on that for the District of Columbia. In 1864 he was appointed a regent of the Smithsonian Institute. In 1865 he was re-elected to congress, serving on the committee on foreign affairs and on a special committee on a department of education. In the house of representatives he was always listened to with most respectful attention, and in 1866 was elected United States senator for the term ending March, 1873.

In the popular branch of congress Mr. Patterson more than justified the high expectations which his entrance into that body awakened. His duties as a member of the committee on the District of Columbia immediately made him acquainted with leading public interests and the prominent business men of Washington; and it is safe to say that during the time he represented the state in both branches of the national legislature no member of either branch performed more effective and valuable service than he, and he left congress with the good-will of all classes in the district. His lively interest in free schools especially won for him the warm regards of all connected with that cause in the district. To him belongs the honor of having drafted and matured their excellent existing school laws, providing for the free education of all the children, without distinction of color, and placing the colored schools upon the same basis as the white schools. A crude bill looking to this result was presented to the senate committee on the District of Columbia, but such was the deference to Mr. Patterson in such matters, that the bill was sent to the house committee, of which he was then chairman, with the understanding that he should draft a school law covering the whole subject. From his first entrance into congress he was recognized by the people of the district as the special champion of education, and was frequently called





upon to promote the cause by public addresses. At the inauguration of the Wallack school-house, the first school edifice worthy of the cause erected in the national capital, July 4, 1863, Mr. Patterson delivered an address, which is one of the best as well as one of his earliest efforts in furtherance of education in the district.

Among the best specimens of his eloquence is his eulogy upon the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, delivered at Concord, June 3, 1865, at the invitation of the governor and council. This discourse delineates the wonderful character of the illustrious martyr with remarkable discrimination and comprehensiveness, while it often rises to the highest style of this species of commemorative eloquence.

Perhaps the ablest, most finished, and eloquent of his early published efforts is the oration which he pronounced on the "Responsibilities of Republics," August 29, 1865, at Fort Popham, Me., on the 258th anniversary of the planting of the Popham colony.

One of his ablest speeches in the house was that which he delivered in 1864, on the consular bill, of which he was the author—a speech which was recognized in congress, at the state department and elsewhere, as an able and exhaustive presentation upon that important subject, to which congress had not before given attention. His speech on the constitutional amendment may also be mentioned as one of the best of the many able arguments made in the house at the time of the passage of that supremely great measure.

His services in the various presidential campaigns since 1864 have made his finished and popular eloquence familiar to every section of the country. On the stump he has perhaps been surpassed by no orator in the popularity and effectiveness of his eloquence. In all his efforts he deals almost exclusively with the great philosophical principles of government and of parties, appealing to the understanding, and not to the passions, of his audience.

While in the senate he instituted the bill for the establishment of the "Deaf and Dumb College" in the District of Columbia, and when the institution was established the senate made him one of its trustees, and, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation, on the 8th of May, 1889, by invitation of the trustees, he delivered the quarter-centennial address, at Washington. He also reported and





pushed through the bill establishing the department of justice.

In the senate Mr. Patterson reached a high position. His broad, liberal culture, the deliberative character of his eloquence, and his habit of grappling with subjects in their foundation principles, all combined to give him great influence in the senate. He was chairman of the committee on the District of Columbia and also of the joint committee on retrenchment and reform.

Soon after leaving the senate, Mr. Patterson made an extended trip abroad, through England, Scotland and Ireland, and over a large part of the continent. After his return he gave numerous lectures on the scenes and experiences of his journey in Europe, and in three political campaigns threw himself with his accustomed force and effectiveness into the discussion of the issues before the people. He has been called upon more frequently perhaps than any other public speaker in New England to deliver memorial or historical addresses on occasions of great public interest. His address at the dedication of the soldiers' monument at Manchester was one of great power and felicity of expression. Governor Van Zandt of Rhode Island remarked, at the close of the exercises, that "he had come to New Hampshire to hear for the first time in his life *true eloquence*."

His oration, too, at the unveiling of the Stark statue presented in a form of enduring eloquence a chapter of state history hitherto imperfectly known, and often misrepresented. On that day the orator rescued the honor of the state from a perverted record, and turned to the light the most glorious events of its military annals. This oration will be read with interest so long as the statue of bronze shall endure; and so long as the fame of the renowned soldier shall live, the renown of the orator will go along with it.

His speech, delivered in the opera house in Concord, on the centennial of the adoption of the constitution of the United States by New Hampshire, attracted much attention at the time, for the skill with which it marshaled a wide range of historic facts, so as to present in a clear and logical form the story of the most trying and dangerous period in our country's history.

In 1881 Mr. Patterson was appointed by Governor Head State Superintendent of Public Instruction, a position which





he has held, by successive appointments, from that to the present time. During this period he has completely revolutionized the educational system of the state, and advanced the character of the schools till they stand among the best in New England. He has devoted to this work his extensive knowledge of the principles and policy of education, and allowed no other interest to divert him from an enthusiastic prosecution of the legitimate work of the department.

His services have been frequently demanded outside the state in addresses and discussions upon the philosophy and method of pedagogical science. He was president of the American Institute for two years, an association which dates back more than fifty years. His addresses will be found in the annual volumes published by that association for many years.

In 1891 he was a delegate to the International Congregational Council, held in the city of London, England, and his address before that council, in the City Temple, in behalf of "A Treaty of Arbitration, or a Code of International Law as a Basis of Peace," was received with great favor as a sound and statesmanlike presentation of the subject, and was universally commended for its finished rhetoric, and regarded as one of the ablest papers presented at that great meeting.

His speech at the reception given the American delegates at Old Plymouth, in England, received enthusiastic encomiums on all sides.

In 1868, Grinnell College, Iowa, conferred upon Mr. Patterson the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Mr. Patterson was united in marriage with Sarah Parker Wilder, the only daughter of Thomas Wilder, Esq., of Lake Village, now Lakeport, December 24, 1854. Their children are Rev. George Willis Patterson, now of Hamilton, N. Y., and Arthur Herbert Patterson, who died in infancy.

In this condensed narrative of our distinguished citizen the impression may be left that he is simply a scholar and an orator. He has been pre-eminently the architect of his own fortune, and has shown in every department of labor and enterprise upon which he has entered that he is a man of great practical ability, and everywhere his efforts have been crowned with success.





No one born and reared on the soil of New Hampshire has made so many stump speeches, delivered so many addresses and pronounced so many orations as James W. Patterson. Next to Daniel Webster he is the most cultured and eloquent orator the state has produced. The loss to the cause of education by his retirement from the position he has held and adorned since 1881 will be great. No one can probably hope to fill his place; but what is the state's loss will be Dartmouth's gain.

---

## RAMBLES ABOUT A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

### RAMBLE NUMBER XXXVI.

The story of the old homesteads of Warner would make a very romantic history. It would be the very cream, the quintessence of history—the living spirit of that dried, mummified form so often given this august title. One would not fall asleep over the pages of such a chronicle, for it would breathe and glow with romance. The family annals of the early settlers, in many instances, furnish interesting reading to those who care for the past or desire to cherish the memories of the forefathers. It is as exhilarating as a novel to follow the career of one of those pioneers, to witness his privations and achievements, the toils he underwent, the triumphs he secured. The greater number of these experiences have never been told, perhaps never will be told; but we get hints now and then from some public record or family chronicle, and the few glimpses are entertaining. We wish to tell to-day the story, so far as we know it, of one of those old homesteads—to trace its history from its earliest occupancy up to the present time through all its vicissitudes of change. We refer to the residence of Richard S. Foster, which for more than a century was known far and near as the Ensign Joseph Currier place, and which sheltered three generations of his descendants.

Here, to-day, as in the olden time, is the broad stretch of meadow skirting the river, which flows along with full banks





on this November day. Back from the river a quarter of a mile, and parallel to it on the northern side, is an elevated plateau that extends eastward—the site of the “Upper Lower Village.” From one to the other there is a sloping, intervening stretch of land quite steep in many places. On the very westerly edge of this higher terrace stands the house, so placed that from its windows and piazzas a fine outlook is afforded of the river and intervale, a hundred feet below. The house has been somewhat enlarged of late years, and beautified by a piazza on the south side, but it is mainly the same structure that Joseph Currier erected on that very site somewhere along those years that marked the close of the Revolutionary contest. This house, however, was not the first habitation built on the place, nor was Mr. Currier the first owner of this patrimony.

Among the very earliest of the settlers of Warner were the Waldrons—Isaac and his son, Isaac, Jr., and Jacob. They all came into town in the fall of 1763. They built a log cabin on Waldron’s Hill, so called, somewhere above the Hunt place, now owned by the Thompsons, on the old Gould road, where they all lived the succeeding winter. The next spring Jacob Waldron went down into the valley, and, crossing the river, erected his log cabin on the very spot where the Foster barn now stands. His farm included all that is now in the Foster place—two eighty-acre lots of upland and lowland, most of it very fertile land. Mr. Waldron continued to live here till 1769, when he exchanged farms with Joseph Currier, and went back to live near his father and brother on Waldron’s Hill.

Joseph Currier was from Amesbury, Mass., where he was born in 1747. The year that he was twenty, 1767, the pioneer came into town with his girl bride, Betsey Stevens, who was one year younger. The two rode into the new settlement on one horse, she sitting on a pillion behind her husband. Mr. Currier had previously been here and secured his lot, and in all probability built his cabin. The latter stood on Waldron’s Hill near the Mary George place, and their first child was born there. But after a two years’ residence on the hill he chose a home in the valley, and thereafter the “Ensign Joe Currier’s place” was the old homestead which we are visiting to-day.

The life of the early settlers in any country has a fascinating interest. The settlers of Warner endured hardships





and privations that might well appall their degenerate descendants. Their daily life was hard and exacting to the extreme. They had few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of our own day. Their early dwellings were rude and simple. For eleven years after the permanent settlement there were none but log houses in town. The first frame house was built in 1773, by David Bagley, at the present Samuel H. Dow place. It is likely that these early log cabins were similar in size and appearance. They were obliged by the conditions imposed by the proprietors to be at least eighteen feet square and seven feet stud—the greater number of them probably larger than this. Some of them had stone chimneys and others had no chimney. Moses Colby, the grandfather of Samuel W. Colby, who settled on Burnt Hill in 1772, lived fourteen years in a log house with neither chimney nor windows. The ovens were made of stone and later of brick, and the fireplace, when there was one, had an iron crane, to which pots and kettles were hung. Indian corn, beans, rye, potatoes, pumpkins and turnips were the leading products raised on the land. Fish and game were plentiful when the settlers had time to catch them. Bear meat was often served on the settler's table. In the scarcity of other provisions, beech leaves were sometimes boiled for food. Money was scarce, and the hardy consorts of the pioneers wove and made the clothing for their respective families.

There is nothing to show that the fortunes of the Currier family differed materially from those of their neighbors. The young settler cleared his land and made what improvements he might while his family increased in number. Nine children in all blessed the home of Joseph and Betsey Currier, and it must at times have put the parents to their utmost mettle to find the wherewithal to feed the additional mouths in the household. Those were the days of large families, and small households were the exception. Some of the early settlers had as many as twenty children. Oftentimes the older children would be married and have families of their own when the last prattler came along. Nearly all of the pioneers, however, were thrifty, prosperous people.

In the year that the Revolution closed Joseph Currier went across the road, higher up the plateau, and dug a





good cellar, and over it the same year raised a two-story dwelling of fair dimensions, built of old-growth pine. It was not painted at first, but subsequently it received a coat of white paint. The saw mill was at Davisville, and the boards must have been drawn from that place. The frame was hewed by the settler's own hand, and so likewise were the shingles and clapboards—the work of many an hour through the cold winter months. The settler's barn was built on the rising swell of land just westward of the present structure.

All his life long Joseph Currier bore the title of "Ensign," from the military commission he held in the town militia. This officer, who carried the colors or ensign of the parading troops, was usually selected for his good height and excellent bearing, and Ensign Currier was well fitted in person for this honorable position. His personal appearance was striking. He was about six feet two inches in height, and well proportioned, being neither slender nor massive, and very erect and dignified in bearing. He was decided in character and had rather a stern expression, but was a pleasant and at times even a jovial companion. He was quick to resent an insult, and on one occasion knocked a man down for some slurring speech. His insulter subsequently admitted his fault and asked Mr. Currier's pardon. "Granted," answered the latter; "I would not have struck you had you not been to blame."

Mr. Currier was slow to forgive an injury where it was intentional and continued. One of his neighbors who had removed a landmark, or who he believed had displaced it, he refused to speak to for years, nor would he have any associations with him of any kind. A mere personal injury he might in time have overlooked, but there was a principle at stake here that he could not forget without lowering his sense of manhood.

He is remembered by a number of his descendants now living as erect and stately as ever to the last year of his life, and retaining the queue, knee breeches and silver buckles that distinguished the masculine costume of half a century before. He may be said to be the last of the "cocked hats" in Warner. He died in October, 1837, in the ninety-first year of his age. His wife had died several years previously. They both rest in the old cemetery by the Parade.





Ensign Currier was of a fair complexion and had blue eyes and light hair. Mrs. Currier, who was a vivacious and high-spirited woman, was a brunette with black eyes. Their children, male and female, all inherited their mother's dark eyes, and later descendants have the same noticeable feature. Mr. Currier was master of the shoemaker's trade, and made and mended shoes for himself and his neighbors. His old account book is still preserved at the residence of B. F. Heath, and is a valuable relic of the old time.

The children of Joseph and Betsey Currier were as follows: Joseph, John, Benjamin, Jacob, Eleanor, Louise, Betsey, Lois and Sally. Eleanor married Richard Bartlett, who lived at one time in the Leslie house, and died twenty-five years ago in the Burbank house; Louise married a Bixby; Betsey married Robert Davis, who lived on Pumpkin Hill on the present Henry Seavey place; Lois married Stephen Currier, who lived on the Frank Osgood place; Sally married Benjamin Noyes, who lived at the Major George place. Of the sons, Joseph, the oldest, went to sea, and died abroad. John married Lydia Davis of Hopkinton, a sister of Joseph Bartlett's wife. He carried his wife into a house just built for him on his father's land. It stood a little west of the Currier barn on the same side of the road, and the depression where the old cellar stood is still visible to-day. Jump over the wall opposite the well by the side of the road, walk about two rods in Mr. Foster's field, and that is the foundation of the house where John Currier lived during the first years of the century. John died while still a young man, and his widow subsequently married James Thorndike, son of Paul Thorndike, who lived on Tory Hill.

The house was then moved across the road and set up over a cellar on the westerly end of the present Foster garden. It became the residence of Benjamin Currier, who married a Noyes, and whose oldest son, Daniel, who lived at the present Mitchell place, was born there in 1809. Long afterwards the house was moved to the lower end of the street, and was known to this generation as the Leslie house. In the spring of 1891 it was pulled down, and some of its timber was used by Dr. Rix in enlarging his handsome residence at the main village.

Jacob, the youngest son of Joseph Currier, succeeded him in the ownership and occupancy of the great farm





and the house whose history we have begun to relate. His wife was Ruth Pattee, born in the Dr. Eaton house in 1788, daughter of Captain Asa Pattee. The marriage occurred in December, 1809. Their children were Czarina, married to Hon. Mitchel Gilmore of Concord, for many years register of deeds for Merrimack county; Sally B., married to Hiram Buswell, postmaster of Warner for sixteen years; Betsey S., married to R. D. Moore of Concord, whose daughter Florence was the wife of Col. Thomas Cogswell of Gilmanton; and John, who succeeded his father on the old homestead. Jacob Currier died in January, 1853, aged sixty-nine years. Mrs. Currier died in 1852.

Jacob Currier was a licensed taverner, and at the annual town-meetings he had the privilege, with others, of dispensing spirituous liquors to his fellow-citizens, the greater number of whom liked their West India rum and metheglin. We can imagine the hospitable doors wide open at those times, and the surging crowd that came and went and made business lively for the thrifty yeoman in those years from 1825 to 1845, and perhaps later.

John Currier occupied the homestead of his ancestors through life, and was a man of mark in his day. He was one of the early school superintendents of the town, serving in 1841, '42 and '45. Later, in 1847, '50 and '51, he served as selectman. In 1856 he was appointed deputy sheriff, succeeding Franklin Simonds. He was a successful business man, but he died comparatively young, April 15, 1861, aged forty-eight years. By his first wife, Clara Thompson, whose mother was a sister to Daniel and Stephen George, he had one child, Susan, who married Asa Sawyer in 1863, and died in 1864. Mr. Currier was buried beside his parents in the old cemetery. His second wife was Harriet C. Smith of Hopkinton, who subsequently married Joseph Smith of Sunapee, and is still living. This family of Carriers trace their descent from Richard Currier, born in 1617, who came to Salisbury, Mass., from England, in 1640. He was the father of Thomas, who was the father of Daniel, who was the father of Benjamin, who was father of Joseph, the early settler of Warner. There were eleven different families of Carriers in town at one time, none of them having any connection with the other. The same cannot be said of any other family name in Warner.





The farm was sold by Mrs. Currier, in the fall of 1863, to Richard S. Foster, the present owner. A few years after he came in possession of the premises he raised the roof of the house about a foot and built the pleasant piazza on the front side. As it stands at present it is a substantial, commodious farm house, looking none the worse for its one hundred years and more of existence. The original barn, which stood to the right of the old road that formerly ran down through the intervale and across the river to the Bartlett or Gould road, was torn down in 1845, and the pleasant structure erected lower down on the very bed of the former highway. This was in the time of Jacob Currier.

One of the attractions of the old place when I was a boy was a magnificent grove of oaks that stood on the hillside north of the house. I remember well the cool, shady retreat it offered on a sultry day. Several of the trees were of mighty growth, fit to shelter a "royal Charlie" from his foes, or to canopy a Saxon Witenagemot. This grove was cut down in 1864, and the timber, at least a portion of it, may be floating upon the sea to-day in the shape of stately schooner or graceful sloop. A second growth of pine or oak is rapidly taking the place of that other "stately temple not made by hands."

A few rods west of the house, close to the left side of the road going down, there is a stoned well, ten or twelve feet deep, dug under the ledge. This is believed to have been the first well dug on the place, and provided water for the pioneer's household for many years. But it has long been in disuse, and those who drank at this fount thirst no more.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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## THE CLAREMONT ASHLEYS.

BY C. B. SPOFFORD.

Too hasty acceptance of authority regarding the ancestry of Col. Samuel Ashley necessitates the correction of an article appearing in the May number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*. In the preparation of the sketch, the statement of Potter, in the *Military History of New Hampshire*, was





accepted as conclusive—*i. e.*, that he was a son of Rev. Joseph Ashley. [Vol. II, Adjutant-General's Report, 1866, p. 305.] Later researches prove Mr. Potter to have been in error, the following notes being more nearly correct.

Robert Ashley, the progenitor of the family in America, was one of the founders of Springfield, Mass., being, as early as 1639-40, a juryman. He married, August 7, 1641, Mary, wife of Thomas Horton, who then had "two children, one sucking, the other three years old." Robert Ashley died November 29, 1682; his wife September 19, 1683. Their children were—

1. David, b. May 3, 1642.
  2. Mary, b. April 6, 1644; m. John Root, Westfield.
  3. Jonathan, b. February 25, 1645.
  4. Sarah, b. August 23, 1648; d. before 1682.
  5. Joseph, b. July 5, 1652.
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- (1.) David, b. May 3, 1642; married November 24, 1663, Hannah, daughter of Henry Glover of New Haven, Ct. To them were born eleven children, the elder being Samuel, born October 26, 1664.
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- (6.) Samuel, b. October 26, 1664; married April 27, 1686, Sarah Kellogg of Farmington, Conn. They were ancestors of eleven children, the third and eleventh being—
- (7.) Daniel, b. September 7, 1691.
- (8.) Joseph, b. October 11, 1709.
- 
- (7.) Daniel, b. September 7, 1691; settled in Westfield, Mass.; married 1718-19, Thankful, daughter of Eleazer Hawks of Deerfield, Mass., and widow of Thomas Taylor, who was drowned at Northfield in 1717. Daniel Ashley died, and she was married, third, Col. William Symes of Keene, one of the earliest settlers of that place. The children of Daniel and Thankful (Hawks) (Taylor) Ashley were—
- (9.) Samuel, b. March 20, 1720.
- (10.) Martin, b. September 17, 1724, and probably others.
- 
- (8.) Joseph Ashley, b. 1709 (October 11th); graduated at Yale, 1730; was settled November 12, 1736, as the first minister of Winchester, N. H.; removed to Sunderland, Mass., on account of the breaking up of that settlement, and was installed as pastor in the latter place in 1747;





dismissed in 1784, because of his Tory sentiments. He married February, 1736, Anna Dewey of Westfield, and they had children,—Joseph, Stephen, Gideon, Anna, Sarah, and perhaps Polly and Lucretia.

- (9.) Samuel Ashley (Col.), son of Daniel,<sup>(4)</sup> Samuel,<sup>(3)</sup> David,<sup>(2)</sup> Robert,<sup>(1)</sup> was born in Westfield, Mass., March 20, 1720; married Eunice, daughter of Rev. Benjamin Doolittle of Northfield, and died February 18, 1792, at Claremont, N. H. [His services during the Revolution were enumerated in the sketch published May, 1892, of the GRANITE MONTHLY. Some errors were then made, and it is in correction of those that we make these additions.] The children of Col. Samuel and Eunice Ashley were—
- (11.) Oliver, b. October 20, 1743.  
Tirza, b. December 24, 1745.
- (12.) Samuel, b. September 29, 1747.  
Thankful, b. Nov. 10, 1749; married October 7, 1771, John Alexander, who died December 16, 1807. Thomas' Almanac of 1812 gives an account of the tradition "that six months after his death he appeared and had a long talk with his wife."  
Eunice, b. December 17, 1751; m. January 7, 1777, Rev. Augustine Hibbard, chaplain of Revolutionary war.  
Son, Horatio Gates, b. October 14, 1777.
- (13.) Daniel, b. January 15, 1754.  
Luther, b. April 27, 1762; died young.
- (14.) Luther, b. August 19, 1764.  
Susannah, b. Dec. 16, 1766.
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- (10.) Martin Ashley, b. September 17, 1724; married Sarah —; resided in Winchester, N. H., and had three daughters, b. 1750, '52, '55.
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- (11) Oliver Ashley (Capt.), b. October 20, 1743; married October 18, 1788, Olive Lawrence; removed to Claremont; became one of its most influential settlers; was captain of its company at Bennington; established "Ashley's Ferry," in 1784, and died in Claremont April 9, 1818, leaving a wife, who died October 20, 1825, æ. 74. They never had children. [Another record shows Oliver Ashley to have married, August 9, 1770, Eunice Doolittle, a cousin; if the same Oliver, and if this record be true, Olive Lawrence was probably a second wife.]
- (12.) Samuel Ashley, Jr., b. September 29, 1747; married Rocenna Goss of Winchester, N. H.; removed to Clare-





mont, N. H. He was lieutenant in the Bennington company, under command of his brother Oliver. He removed, about 1818, to Susquehannah county, Pennsylvania, where he died in 1820.

#### CHILDREN.

1. Nathaniel; removed to Grant county, Wisconsin.
  2. Lydia; widow Daniel Burt; removed to Grant county, Wisconsin.
  3. Charles; had a son, Oliver, b. 1811; married Catherine Ainsworth, to whom was born a daughter, Mary, now wife of W. M. Smith of Claremont. Mrs. Ashley died 1888, ae. 76.
  4. Roccenna; widow J. E. Dodge, and removed to Grant county, Wisconsin.
  5. Oliver; removed to Pennsylvania.
  6. Samuel, b. 1774; married June 29, 1796, Anna, daughter of Col. Benjamin Sumner of Claremont. He died January 10, 1813, ae. 39. Anna died April 23, 1850, ae. 76.
  7. Lucien; removed to Mauch Chunk, Pa.; married and had two sons, Rollin and H. H. Ashley.
  8. Caroline; widow J. P. Blakeslee of Mauch Chunk.
  9. William D.; resided in Grant county, Wis.; removed to Stockton, Cal., and died there in 1860, leaving two sons and two daughters.
  10. Rachel Matilda; married J. E. Dodge, the husband of Roccenna.
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- (13.) Daniel Ashley, b. January 15, 1754; married Sally Alexander of Winchester; died in Claremont October 8, 1810, "with a cancer on his face," ae. 57. No record of children.
- (14.) Luther Ashley, b. August 19, 1764; married Sarah Jones, daughter of Lieut. Ezra Jones of Claremont, July 26, 1785.

#### CHILDREN.

Robert, b. October 21, 1786; married August 5, 1806, Fanny Petty.

Chloe, b. March 12, 1788; married May 10, 1813, Jared Taylor.

Alfred, b. November 19, 1789.

George, b. October 6, 1791.





## OUR GRANITE LAND.

[Written for the annual field meeting of Merrimack Co. Pomona Grange.]

BY H. H. METCALF.

Lift up your heads, O mountains !  
 O silver lakes, shine bright !  
 Send forth your streams, O fountains,  
 In crystalline delight !  
 Proclaim the BEAUTY of our Granite Land,  
 Decked by a thousand charms on every hand !

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There is no land on all the wide earth's face  
 So gemmed with beauty in her primal grace ;  
 No land within the circle of the sun  
 Where nature's work has been more grandly done.  
 Here, too, amid these mountains bold and grand,  
 On these fair hillsides by pure breezes fanned,  
 In these sweet vales by brook and river side,  
 True, earnest men have lived and wrought and died ;  
 Hence patriots, stern, went forth, with hearts aflame,  
 Arms nerved for battle in great Freedom's name,  
 And fought the minions of a tyrant power,  
 Till Liberty, in triumph, blessed the hour.  
 Still other sons in later years upheld  
 Their country's flag on many a stricken field,  
 Defending right and home and native land  
 From foreign foe or red rebellion's hand.

Yet not alone the men who faced the foe  
 In line of battle, dealing deadly blow ;  
 Not those who stood with Sullivan and Stark  
 'Gainst British arms in early days so dark,  
 With Miller bravely fought at Lundy's Lane,  
 Or gallant Pierce upon the Mexic plain ;  
 And still not those who, daringly and well,  
 Performed their part where Cross and Putnam fell,  
 In that great struggle with Secession's power  
 Which saved the Union for the Nation's dower,—  
 Not these alone, however brave and true,  
 However great the work they found to do,  
 Have made the record of New Hampshire's fame ;  
 'Tis gemmed and starred with many a brilliant name,





Conspicuous in the walks of civil life,  
In public station or in legal strife:  
A Webster, Hale, an Atherton and Chase,  
A Cass and Fessenden of courtly grace,  
A Woodbury, Dix and Wilson,—all unite,  
New Hampshire's honor in their lives to write.

And tens of thousands more, whose deeds untold—  
Unsung by poet and unpaid by gold—  
Have raised the standard of man's moral worth  
More than all honors gained through princely birth,—  
Strong toilers in life's humble, common way,  
Who met each duty firmly day by day:  
These, too, at home, abroad, where'er they wrought,  
Served well their state e'en though they knew it not.

So far New Hampshire's honor is secure;  
Her past is safe; its record will endure;  
But who shall say what Time yet has in store,  
As broadening vistas open up before?  
Oh! who can say the record fair and bright  
Shall shine undimmed in all the future light?  
That all the generations yet to be  
Shall stand by truth and right and liberty?

O sons and daughters of the Granite State,  
On us, to-day, depends her future fate!  
If we be true to every just demand,  
Meet well each issue, obey each command  
Of public duty and of private right  
In present time, then shall a future bright  
Reach out before us, and the coming day  
Resplendent shine on our advancing way!

Then let us use each agency and power,  
With earnest purpose each succeeding hour;  
Each patriotic impulse let us heed,  
Be true and faithful in each word and deed;  
Give firm support to every righteous cause,—  
Peace and good order, based on order's laws.  
Let no red fires of anarchy arise  
With lurid light to paint our Northern skies,





Nor yet monopolistic power gain sway,  
But equal right maintain her even way.  
Let church and school and speech and press, all free,  
In this fair mountain land forever be,  
And Home and Grange their influence ever lend  
To best promote such glorious aim and end!

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Then lift your heads, O mountains!  
O silver lakes, shine bright!  
Send forth your streams, O fountains,  
In crystalline delight!  
Proclaim the HONOR of our Granite Land—  
HONOR and BEAUTY shall together stand!

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN FITCHBURG, MASS.

BY MARION HOWARD.

In almost every city and important town in the country the sons of the Granite State are found among the foremost in every profession and avocation. In the thriving young city of Fitchburg, Mass., there is found no exception to the rule. Among New Hampshire men living and laboring there, a few are briefly sketched, as follows:

### HON. AMASA NORCROSS.

The first mayor of the city of Fitchburg was the Hon. Amasa Norcross, a man widely known beyond the confines of New England. It was in 1873 that the honor was conferred upon him, and wisely, too, as events proved.

Mr. Norcross is a native of Rindge, born June 26, 1824, a descendant of Jeremiah Norcross, who came to America in 1642. His father, Daniel Norcross, was a thriving New Hampshire farmer, and his mother, Mary (Jones), was also a Granite State woman. He received an excellent education in the schools of his native town and at the Appleton Academy of New Ipswich. In 1844 he became a student in the law offices of Torrey & Wood of Fitchburg, and, in 1847, he was admitted to the bar.

A residence was taken up in the city of Fitchburg, and the practice of law commenced and successfully continued





until he now stands at the head of the legal fraternity in his section of the state.

Mr. Norcross has been especially prominent in public life, having held responsible offices for nearly a quarter of a century. Three times he was elected upon the Republican ticket as a member of the Massachusetts house of representatives, and served on important committees during the administration of Massachusetts' "War Governor," John A. Andrew. In 1862 he was appointed by President Lincoln United States Assessor for the ninth district of Massachusetts, comprising seventy-two townships, and held the office until its abolishment, in 1872. For three times, also, he was elected to Congress, serving his first term in 1876.

Local matters have always interested him, and in the administration of the city's affairs his rare executive ability has been strongly manifested. Educational advancement is what he has sought to gain, and well has he labored in the good cause. An active part was taken by him in the formation of the Fitchburg Benevolent Union, of which he was the first president, and of which he is now a life member. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Mr. Norcross by Dartmouth College, in 1862.

Of the several offices now held by ex-Mayor Norcross, the most important are these: trustee of Lawrence Academy, Groton; president of the trustees of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, of the Fitchburg Mutual Fire Insurance Company and the Worcester North Savings Institution, and director of the Rollstone National Bank.

For the past eight years most of his time has been spent in extensive travel abroad. Although he has led a very active life, he is still vigorous and a fine specimen of well-preserved manhood.

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JOSEPH G. EDGERLY.

Prominent among those who have honored their native state by thorough service in the cause of education is Joseph G. Edgerly, who for a quarter of a century has filled the important position of superintendent of public schools, eight years of which were passed in Manchester, and the past seventeen in Fitchburg, Mass. He is a typical self-made man, and comes of old Puritan stock.

Mr. Edgerly was born October 12, 1838, in the town of Barnstead, and is the son of Samuel Johnson and Eliza





(Bickford) Edgerly. He is a descendant of Col. Samuel Johnson, the first settler of the town of Northwood. The family moved to Manchester in 1844. When Mr. Edgerly was a lad of ten he entered the mills in Manchester, and, two years later, he went to Dunbarton, on a farm, doing chores, attending the district school at the same time. He very early displayed marked proficiency as well as ambition to learn, and every spare moment was utilized in study. We find him teaching school, at the age of nineteen, in New Boston, and, later, in Manchester, after having taken a high-school course. Then came the Civil War, when he entered the government postal service at Fortress Monroe, during McClellan's Peninsula campaign. Ill health overtook him, forcing him to return home, where he renewed his teaching and studying, in order to enter Dartmouth College, from which he was graduated in 1867. He was immediately elected superintendent of schools at Manchester. The call to Fitchburg came in 1875, where he then went to reside.

Mr. Edgerly was married, in 1877, to Mary J. Graves of Groton, a sister to the present mayor of Fitchburg, and has one daughter, a bright little girl of thirteen. Mr. Edgerly has two brothers, Col. M. V. B. Edgerly of Springfield, and Clarence M. Edgerly of Manchester. Mr. Julian C. Edgerly, on the staff of the *Boston Globe*, is a nephew—a son of the eldest brother, Gen. Andrew J. Edgerly, who died in 1890.

He is a thirty-second degree Mason, and also prominent in Odd Fellowship, being a charter member of Apollo Lodge and its first Noble Grand. Mr. Edgerly is universally liked and respected. As a teacher he has given most faithful service. He is a man of most genial manners, and is popular personally and socially.

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EDWIN R. LOCKE.

Certain peculiar qualities are necessary to him who properly fills the position of chief of police. That the subject of this sketch possesses them is apparent at a glance. His face indicates in his make-up a combination of kindness, firmness and integrity, and his brow shows fine perceptive faculties and strong individuality.

Edwin R. Locke is a native of Stoddard, born September 18, 1832, and his sixty years sit very lightly on him, indeed.





His parents, Enos and Harriet Locke, were farming people, and his early schooling was attained in the public schools and at Marlow Academy. At eighteen he began teaching, and continued for five years, when he entered a large wholesale millinery house in Boston. With six years' experience he then returned to his native state, and started in business for himself, in Keene, as a dry goods dealer, and met with success. He also held positions of trust, and served on the board of selectmen and as chief of police before Keene was made a city, and city marshal for nearly ten years after, besides serving for many years as United States gauger.

When Mayor Graves of Fitchburg looked about for a suitable man for chief of police, he very wisely called on Edwin R. Locke, because of the excellent qualifications he possessed. He responded to the call and removed to Fitchburg.

Mr. Locke is married, and has three children—Ida M., Hattie E. and Edward E., the latter already a noted musician. He is a brother to "Father Locke," that dear old war songster, who resides under the shadow of the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea, Mass. "Father Locke" is now seventy-five years old, yet within a week it has been our privilege to hear him sing. When the war broke out, this soldier at heart, being disabled, went to President Lincoln and said, "What can I do for the cause; they won't let me fight?" The reply came, "Go down and sing to the boys." He went, and for three years he remained and sang his patriotism. Chief Locke is a man who will never fail to do credit to his native state.

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#### SULLIVAN W. HUNTLEY.

The very popular and distinguished-looking gentleman who occupies the position of agent of the Old Colony Railroad in Fitchburg is Sullivan W. Huntley, born in Marlow, September 30, 1837. He, too, has an ancestry worthy of mention. In the genealogical record it is said that John Huntley and wife came to Boston in 1652. Of their descendants (of whom the subject of this sketch is a direct one) many migrated to other places. Nathan Huntley, a great grandson, moved up the Connecticut river to Walpole, then into the wilderness, and was one of the early settlers of the town of Marlow.





Mr. Huntley's father was Rufus M.; his mother, Edna M. Huntley. His parents removed to Fitchburg in 1847, and the boy's schooling was attained in the public schools of that city. It was intended by his father that he should enter Tufts College and be fitted for the ministry, but fate willed it otherwise. On his majority he entered the employ of the Fitchburg Railroad, as clerk, and served faithfully for fifteen years. He became treasurer of the Boston, Clinton & Fitchburg Railroad, and held that position until circumstances resulted in leasing the road to the Old Colony Company. Mr. Huntley was then offered the position of purser for the Boston and Azorean Steamship Company, and made four voyages to the western islands. Not caring for "a life on the ocean wave," he returned to Fitchburg and assumed his present position. He is a Mason and a member of Aleppo Temple of Boston. He has served in the common council, and is a working Republican in the ranks. He has been for six years secretary of the Worcester North Agricultural Society, and is associated in partnership with Mr. J. W. Wilder of the Butterick Publishing Company.

Mr. Huntley was married, in 1860, to Lucy Jane Pond, and has two sons, Henry W. and Fred S. Huntley. He is identified with the social element of Fitchburg, and is personally popular with all.

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#### JOHN ADDISON JOSLIN.

Of the various callings so ably represented by New Hampshire's sons in Fitchburg, none is more so than that of the grocery trade in the person of John A. Joslin, a young man of sterling qualifications, who for twenty years has been one of Fitchburg's most active citizens.

Mr. Joslin was born in Stoddard, April 29, 1848, and is the son of Stephen and Hannah (Towne) Joslin.

He is justly proud of his ancestors, as they were of good, sturdy stock, and helped to form the backbone of more than one town in New England. His grandfather was an early settler of Leominster, Mass. He later went across the border into the Granite State, entered the woods, and there named the place Leominster Corner, now a part of Stoddard. It was here that his son and nine grandchildren were born, one of whom is the subject of this sketch.





In 1856 Mr. Joslin moved to Marlow village, and in 1869 to Keene, where he entered the grocery business, as a clerk. Three years later he went to Fitchburg, as book-keeper for the firm of T. F. & W. P. Guy. In 1875 he entered into partnership with N. D. Flinn, but disposed of his interest in a few months to form a new partnership with W. L. Humes. At the end of the first year Mr. Joslin bought out his partner's interest, and is now sole proprietor of one of the largest grocery stores in the city. He thoroughly believes in advertising, being well known as the "O. L. P. G." (Original Low-Price Grocer).

There were seven brothers, three of whom are now living. One, Luke Edward, resides in Keene, while the youngest, Arthur E., is associated with John A. in business. Mr. Joslin is married, and has one child, a bright little girl of nine summers. The Knights of Honor claim him as a valued member. In person he is tall, of fine build, and has an extremely pleasing expression and manner.

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DAVID H. PIERCE.

David H. Pierce is the senior shoe dealer in Fitchburg, and has enjoyed the confidence of the community for nearly twenty-five years. Chesterfield, N. H., claims him as a native. He is the son of Daniel and Almira Pierce, and was born May 26, 1841. At eighteen he went to Keene and entered the employ of N. & F. Jennison, as clerk, where he remained three years. Then he migrated to New York and back again to New England, to Lynn, Mass., where he remained until, in 1869, he took up a permanent residence in Fitchburg. He was at one time associated in business with Mr. George H. Chapman. Since 1877, however, he has "paddled his own canoe," and occupies a very neat store in the American House Block, carrying a stock of the finest shoes made. Mr. Pierce married Angie M. Bennett, a native of Chesterfield, and has a son, Daniel B., and a daughter, Carrie, who is associated with her father in the business, and makes a most agreeable clerk.

He has two brothers, Henry D., superintendent county farm, Cheshire county, and William H., a farmer. Mr. Pierce is a member of the Board of Trade, Knights of Honor, Bay State Commandery, Odd Fellows, Knights and Ladies of Honor, and is treasurer of the Merchants' Association. He is a Republican, but not a politician.





## DR. NATHAN SMITH.

[From a paper read before the N. H. Medical Society, June 16, 1891.]

BY JOHN W. PARSONS, M. D.

Nathan Smith was born in Rehoboth, Mass, September 30, 1762. He died in New Haven, Conn., July 26, 1828. His father was a farmer of moderate pecuniary resources, and removed to Chester, Vt., about 1770, when Nathan was a youth. His early days were those of the ordinary life of a farmer's son, and the district school was the only advantage for an early education, with the additional discipline of occasional teaching of others.

When about the age of twenty-one he was incited to become a physician through accidentally having an opportunity to witness an amputation of the thigh by Dr. Josiah Goodhue of Putney, Vt., when he offered to hold the limb and tie the arteries as Goodhue took them up. He requested Dr. Goodhue to take him as a pupil, but he was advised to further perfect his education, and accordingly he put himself under the tuition of Rev. Mr. Whiting of Rockingham, Vt., and after studying several months he returned to Dr. Goodhue, with whom he studied three years. In 1787 he began practice in Cornish without any degree, remaining about two years, when, becoming conscious of the necessity of perfecting himself further in the knowledge of his profession, he entered the medical department of Harvard and received the degree of M. B. in 1790, being the only graduate of that year in a class of four. He returned to Cornish, and practiced for the next six years. It was at this time that he made known his long cherished desire to found a medical college, and importuned the board of trustees of Dartmouth College to consider a plan he had devised to establish a Professorship of the Theory and Practice of Medicine. This project, suggested in August, 1796, was not adopted, although looked upon with approbation, and Mr. Smith, still eager for further advancement in his acquirements, for a second time left his practice to become a student, and sailed from Boston, December 17, 1796, in the bark *Hope*, for Glasgow, where he attended lectures, and also at Edinburgh, where he was diligently engaged in the hospitals, with





eminent physicians, for four months. He sent and brought home many books and instruments which he thought indispensable for his future work of teaching. He arrived at Boston on the ship *Apollo* about September 10, 1797, and that fall delivered his first course of lectures.

The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Mr. Smith, in 1798, by Dartmouth College. A Professorship of Anatomy, Surgery, Chemistry, *Materia Medica*, and Theory and Practice was created, and Mr. Smith was immediately chosen to perform the almost incredible duties of this office, with little prospect of proper pecuniary compensation.

In 1799 a small room in Dartmouth Hall was set apart for Professor Smith, which served as lecture hall, dissecting room, laboratory, and library. In 1803 another room was provided for the same purpose, and these two were used till the present building was erected, in 1811.

In 1801 he received the degree of M. D. from Dartmouth, and in 1811 the degree of M. D. was conferred upon him by Harvard. Nathan Smith was President of the New Hampshire Medical Society in 1812, and during the same year Yale College determined to establish a medical department, and Dr. Smith was called to take the foremost place in this school.

He accepted the appointment of Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine and of Surgery, commencing his lectures in 1813, when fifty-one years old, which he continued annually through life. His resignation at Dartmouth was not accepted till 1814. He was re-elected in 1816, but declined the election, gave a final course of lectures in 1816, and removed to New Haven in the spring of 1817.

In the spring of 1821, Dr. Smith was called to organize the medical school at Bowdoin college, and from 1821 to 1825 he gave all the lectures except in chemistry and anatomy, from which he was relieved after the first two years. He also gave four courses of lectures, from 1822 to 1825, on medicine and surgery at the University of Vermont. To him more than to any other man, it is believed, may be ascribed the rapid increase in the advantages for medical education in America at this date.

Dr. Smith was famous for his success in surgery, and originated new methods and operations. It is asserted





that he was the first in America to perform staphyloraphy, and it is recorded that he performed an original operation of ovariectomy at Norwich, Vt., on July 5, 1821, entirely without the knowledge of the fact that he had been preceded by McDowell, in 1809. He was the first in this country (in 1824) to amputate at the knee joint, the patient making a prompt and thorough recovery. Dr. Smith's name is intimately connected with the history of the treatment of dislocation of the hip by manipulation or maneuver. Although some such a procedure had been mentioned by Hippocrates and others, he was one of the first in this country to teach and practice this method as early as 1815, and perhaps earlier.

He left no written account of his views and methods, but his son, Dr. Nathan R. Smith of Baltimore, has fully and clearly given them in a memoir of his father, in 1831, and discussion elsewhere has fully proved that numerous surgeons who were students of Dr. Smith were in the habit of reducing dislocations in this manner as taught by him.

He devised and introduced a mode of amputating the thigh, which although resembling methods that had been previously used, is sufficiently original to bear his name. He developed important scientific principles in relation to pathology of necrosis, on which he founded a new and successful mode of practice.

The first application of the trephine for inflammation and abscess of bone, threatening to pass into necrosis, is generally ascribed to Sir Benjamin C. Brodie. The credit of priority, however, is justly due to Professor Nathan Smith, who performed the operation as early as the latter part of the last century.

The publications of Dr. Smith are not numerous. One of the most important and best known is a Practical Essay on Typhus (Typhoid) Fever, which has been stated to be the first comprehensive description of typhoid fever written, antedating by many years the discoveries of Louis in the hospitals of Paris. He edited, with copious notes, A Treatise on Febrile Diseases by A. P. Wilson Phillips.

Though he labored sufficiently for earning three fortunes, he died leaving none. He was more extensively known in New England than any other medical man, or, indeed, than any man of any profession. The assertion that he has done more for the improvement of physic and





surgery in New England than any other person will by no one be deemed invidious, and his influence over medical literature was equally extensive.

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### WHEN THE LEAVES TURN RED.

BY CLARENCE H. PEARSON.

The year has rolled around again, October's artist hand  
Once more has dyed the forest leaves and glorified the land ;  
And once again alone I stray within this wooded shade,  
Where in the days of long ago a happy child I played ;  
The same old trees, the same old paths, the same small,  
    noisy stream,—  
I throw myself upon the ground and idly sit and dream.

A sound of childish revelry comes riding on the breeze,  
A score of jolly phantoms flit among the ancient trees ;  
And lo ! I see my oldtime mates, their faces wreathed in  
    smiles,  
As when we all together trooped adown the forest aisles ;  
While at our noisy roistering the timid partridge fled,  
And startled squirrels chattered in the branches overhead.

Here we made the stately chestnut rain its wealth upon our  
    heads,  
And searched for shining pebbles in the shallow brooklet  
    beds ;  
We crowned our girlish favorites with garlands made of  
    leaves,  
And frolicked till the god of day had gathered in his sheaves ;  
Each heart o'erflowed with happiness, and every flaxen  
    head  
Was filled with mirth and mischief when the leaves turned red.

O comrades of those golden days, our erstwhile happy band  
Is broken, scattered far and wide by Fate's relentless hand !  
And some of you wear priestly robes, some bear a war-  
    riors' scars,  
And some have gone beyond the seas, and some beyond  
    the stars ;  
But once a year you gather here, the living and the dead,  
And I greet you all in spirit when the leaves turn red.





## MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

### COLEBROOK MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The fifth annual festival of the Colebrook Musical Association was held September 5-9, inclusive. The talent engaged this season were H. G. Blaisdell, conductor; Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, pianist; Mrs. Louise Laine Blackmere, soprano; Miss Helen B. Wright, soprano; Mr. Thomas H. Norris, tenor; Mr. F. G. Reynolds, reader and impersonator, and a quintette club from Blaisdell's orchestra of the following members: H. G. Blaisdell, violin; W. S. Cotton, violin; W. A. Jones, viola; F. C. Landsman, cello; Oliver Wheaton, flute. The chorus was not so large as in former years, due mainly, as near as we could ascertain, to the change of time in holding the festival. It was made up of excellent material, however, and performed the numbers assigned in a very finished manner. It indeed is a gratification to those who are interested in musical culture in that vicinity to note the growth and improvement of the chorus from year to year, which promises at no distant day to place northern New Hampshire on a level with, if not in advance of, other parts of the state, which have had many advantages that the towns so far north cannot expect to enjoy. The music performed was of rather a miscellaneous character, but educational and creditable, and consisted of "The Evening Hymn," by Carl Reinicke, "The Sirens," for female voices, by Harry Brooks Day, part songs, by Mendelssohn, and choice selections of sacred music. The soloists are entitled to warm words of praise for their efforts. With care and unity of action on the part of the committee, the Colebrook festival will become a fixture, and work great good for the extreme northern section of our state.

The Rev. Dr. Lucius Waterman of Littleton, president of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association, was a visitor at the Colebrook festival, and in an earnest address to the chorus set forth the object and worthiness of the work of the Association.





We are informed that Littleton has been enjoying a very creditable performance of the opera of Priscilla, given mostly by local talent. This is a very pleasant summer pastime in a musical way, and in many ways works to the good of the art. The one great advantage is the development of local talent, which is too much neglected everywhere.

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Mr. Arthur F. Nevers, who has been cornet soloist for Blaisdell's orchestra for several years past, and who has been offered good positions in Baldwin's Cadet Band of Boston and Park Theatre, has decided to remain in Concord, as sufficient financial encouragement has been promised. This will not only please the musical people of Concord but of the whole state, as it is an acknowledged fact that there are not over six as able cornetists as Mr. Nevers in the United States.

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Blaisdell's orchestra of twelve pieces, who were engaged at Hotel Wentworth during the summer, returned to Concord September 1st.

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Eastman's orchestra of Manchester were stationed at the Pemigewasset House, Plymouth, and at the Crawford House, White Mountains, this summer.

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Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Straw, who have been engaged at the Senter House during summer travel, returned to their home September 12th.

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The vested choir of St. Paul's Church, Concord, began their year the first Sunday in September, under the most favorable auspices. The choir numbers thirty men and boys, with H. G. Blaisdell as choir master, and Miss Nellie M. Clough, organist.

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Mr. C. S. Conant, vocal teacher, and in whose hands the musical care of the schools of Concord and Laconia has been entrusted, returned from a very enjoyable summer outing September 5th. It was a high but merited compliment that State Superintendent Patterson paid Mr. Conant, when, before the music teachers of New Hampshire, at the annual meeting at the Weirs, he said that Concord could boast of the most conscientious treatment and the best results of any schools in the state.





Newport and Claremont held their annual musical festivals in August. Not having programmes or circulars at our command, we are unable to give to the public the music performed or the artists who took part. The veteran conductor, Carl Zerrahn, and Martha Dana Shepard, pianist, were present in both instances. If those in authority throughout the state would take pains to send in programmes of the various musical performances and undertakings, we should be pleased to give them full justice in every sense. If anyone is slighted, let the blame rest with themselves and not with us.

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

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WILLIAM WESLEY WILKINS, M. D.

Dr. William W. Wilkins, born in De Peyster, N. Y., June 17, 1829; died in Manchester, September 1, 1892.

Dr. Wilkins was a direct descendant of Rev. Daniel Wilkins, the first settled Presbyterian clergyman of Amherst. His father, also named Daniel, removed to northern New York, where he married Betsey Russell, by whom he had several children, including William W. and E. R., the present chaplain of the N. H. state prison. He obtained his preliminary education at Derry Academy, and at Fitchburg, Mass., and graduated at the Vermont Medical College, at Woodstock, in June, 1856. He practiced medicine at Henniker until 1861, when he removed to Manchester. In June, 1861, he enlisted in the Second N. H. regiment, and was in the engagement at Bull Run. In September following he was appointed acting assistant surgeon in the navy, serving till the fall of the following year, when he resigned on account of sickness in his family; but in August, 1863, he accepted a commission in the Tenth N. H. regiment, and served until the fall of 1864, when, broken down in health and ordered to a hospital, he resigned. Subsequently he practiced medicine for eight years in the town of Bedford, and then returned to Manchester, where he was engaged the remainder of his life, a portion of the time as a partner of the late Dr. George A. Crosby. During the latter portion of his career he made a specialty of diseases of the eye.





## HON. FRANCIS B. BREWER, M. D.

Francis B. Brewer, born in Keene, October 8, 1820; died at Westfield, N. Y., July 29, 1892.

Dr. Brewer graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1843, and from the Dartmouth Medical School in 1845. He practiced medicine in Vermont and Massachusetts till 1851, when he removed to Titusville, Pa., and engaged in the lumber business. Two years later, in connection with others, he organized the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company, the pioneer petroleum enterprise, which sank the first oil well in the country. Soon after, he located at Westfield, N. Y., where he continued to reside until his death. He was a representative in the New York assembly in 1873 and 1874, and the latter year was appointed government director of the Union Pacific Railroad. He was for a time a manager of the State Insane Asylum at Buffalo, was president of the First National Bank of Westfield, and a member of the U. S. House of Representatives in the 48th congress.

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HON. JOHN R. ROLLINS.

John Rodman Rollins, born in Newbury, Mass., February 9, 1817; died in Derry, N. H., September 12, 1892.

Mr. Rollins was a graduate of Dartmouth, in the class of 1836, and was, for some time subsequent, a teacher in the Dummer Academy, at Byfield, Mass. Afterwards he conducted a boarding school for eight years in Lunenburg, Mass. From 1849 to 1853 he was in the employ of the Fitchburg Railroad, in Boston. In 1859 he removed to Lawrence, where he was paymaster for the Essex Mfg. Co. about a dozen years. Subsequently, he was paymaster in the Pacific Mills, and later, cashier of the Lawrence National Bank, which position he resigned three years ago, taking up his residence in the town of Derry, in this state. He was fifteen years a member of the school board in Lawrence, and also served as a captain in Gen. Banks' Louisiana campaign.





The

# GRANITE MONTHLY

## A New Hampshire Magazine

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### CONCORD, N. H.:

H. H. METCALF, } Publishers. { Subscription, \$1.50  
A. H. ROBINSON, } { per Year.

15 CENTS PER COPY.

Printed by N. H. Democratic Press Co.

Entered at the Post-Office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.

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## Concord Safe Deposit Vaults.

The First National Bank of Concord, N. H., has established the Concord Safe Deposit Vaults in the United Bank Building, 20 North Main street (corner of Depot), within three minutes' walk of the Railway Passenger Station. These vaults are provided with every approved convenience and device for safety, including automatic electric connection with the police station. Customers will find that nothing has been omitted which could add to their security or comfort. Ventilation and light are abundant. Convenient coupon rooms adjoin the vaults.

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Customers' safes range in capacity from 240 to 3960 cubic inches, and will be rented at from \$8.00 to \$75.00 a year. *Customers have direct access to their safes and unlock and lock them themselves.* Coupons of customers will be cashed, or credited to their accounts in the banking department, if desired. Silverware and other valuables received in the owners' trunks or packages for safe storage.

1848.

1892.

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VOL. XIV. NOVEMBER

SHADDEU ... M. D.

A black and white portrait of Dr. Thaddeus Parsons, a man with a full beard and mustache, wearing a suit and tie. He is looking slightly to the left of the camera.

The Grand Encampment was formed at Concord, July 18th, 1846, by a convention of delegates from the above named encampments, under a warrant from Henry Fowle of Boston, Deputy Grand Master of the General Grand Encampment of the B. I. O. O. F.

Courtesy Yours

J. E. Sanger





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV. NOVEMBER, 1892. NO. 11.

THADDEUS EZRA SANGER, M. D.

Dr. Thaddeus E. Sanger of Littleton, who was elected R. E. Grand Commander of the New Hampshire Grand Commandery, Knights Templar, at the last annual conclave, September 27, 1892,\* was born in Troy, Vt., March 12, 1833. His parents were Ezra and Sarah M. (Brown) Sanger, his father being for many years a merchant at Troy, but removing with his family, in 1834, to Honeoye Falls, N. Y., where he died in 1840.

Dr. Sanger completed his preparatory education at St. Johnsbury, Vt., academy, but the fortunes of the family not admitting his pursuit of a college course, he heroically sacrificed his cherished ambition in that direction, but clung to his determination to fit himself for and enter upon a professional career as soon as circumstances would permit.

Leaving school at eighteen years of age, he went to Toledo, O., where he was engaged for two years as a clerk

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\* The Order of Knights Templar was first introduced into New Hampshire by the organization of Trinity Encampment, at Hanover, April 15th, 1824, of which James Freeman Dana, a professor in Dartmouth College, was Grand Commander. January 13th, 1826, DeWitt Clinton Encampment was organized at Portsmouth, and in May of the same year Mount Horeb Encampment was organized at Hopkinton.

The Grand Encampment was formed at Concord, June 13th, 1826, by a convention of delegates from the above named encampments, under a warrant from Henry Fowle of Boston, Deputy General Grand Master of the General Grand Encampment of the United States.

The Grand Encampment held its annual conclaves regularly, without adding to the number of subordinates, until June 14th, 1837, which is the date of the last record.

About this time, when there was a strong anti-Masonic excitement in the country, threatening to destroy every vestige of





in a drug store, meanwhile devoting all the spare time at his command, often into the small hours of the night, to the study of medicine. Subsequently, he attended medical lectures in Philadelphia, and then regularly commenced his professional study under the direction of Drs. Stone and Sanborn at St. Johnsbury, Vt., continuing, later, with Dr. Darling at Lyndon, in the same state. Devoting himself persistently to the work in hand he made rapid progress, and, in 1856, was graduated from the Homeopathic Medical College at Philadelphia.

He commenced the practice of his profession at Hardwick, Vt., where he remained two years, but removed to Littleton, this state, July 12, 1858, and has remained up to the present time, building up a large and constantly increasing practice. He was the pioneer in the homeopathic system of medicine in northern New Hampshire, being the first physician of this school to locate in the state north of Lake Village. He has given enthusiastic pursuit to the duties of his profession, and has established a reputation as a learned and skillful practitioner throughout a large section, being frequently called in consultation throughout Grafton and Coös counties and northeastern Vermont, not only by physicians of his own school but by the adherents of the allopathic system as well.

In 1865 Dr. Sanger became a member of the New Hampshire Homeopathic Medical Society, of which organization he has been an active and efficient member. He

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Freemasonry in the land, many ardent members of the order became discouraged, and some of the bodies ceased to keep up their organization—some from want of support, some from fear, and others from a sense of prudence and sound discretion. As the persecution abated and the public mind became more tranquil, Freemasonry began to revive and flourish with new life. Dormant lodges were resuscitated, new lodges formed, and the number increased to a degree heretofore unknown in the history of the fraternity.

The Order of Knights Templar, as well as Symbolic, Capitular and Cryptic Freemasonry, received a new impulse. Two of the encampments which had long lain dormant, Trinity at Hanover and Mt. Horeb at Hopkinton, reorganized, the former removing to Manchester and the latter to Concord; two new commanderies were instituted, North Star at Lancaster, and St.





was one of the censors of the society for fifteen years, was its vice-president in 1876 and 1877, and president in 1878, 1879 and 1880. He was also chiefly instrumental in the organization of the Connecticut Valley Homeopathic Medical Society of Northern New Hampshire, and was for two years president of the same. In 1867 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Homeopathic Medicine from the Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical College, and was appointed a pension surgeon under the United States government in 1871, holding the position until his resignation, about the middle of President Cleveland's administration. He has also been for many years medical examiner for the Knights of Honor, and for the Provident Mutual Relief Association of New Hampshire.

Dr. Sanger was made a Mason, in Burns Lodge at Littleton, December 7, 1870, and has since been a devoted adherent of the fraternity, and strongly interested in its prosperity. He received the Chapter degree in Franklin Chapter, at Lisbon, in 1881, and was made a Knight Templar in St. Gerard Commandery, at Littleton January 23, 1882. He took the Council degrees at Omega Council, Plymouth, February 11, 1884, and received the 32d degree, Scottish Rite, at the Valley of Nashua, December 21, 1883. He has held various offices in his own lodge and Commandery, including Master of Burns Lodge in 1891, and Eminent Commander of St. Gerard Commandery in 1884-6. He was made Grand Captain of the Guard in

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Paul at Dover,—all giving promise of future prosperity and usefulness.

By a revision of the constitution of the General Grand Encampment, in 1856, the name was changed to that of "Grand Encampment of the United States." State grand bodies were styled "Grand Commanderies," and their constituents "Commanderies."

A convention of delegates of the several commanderies in the state was held at Concord, June 12th, 1860, and the Grand Commandery of the State of New Hampshire was formed. Under the authority of a warrant from Benjamin Brown French, Grand Master (a native of Chester, N. H.), the organization was perfected August 22d, 1860.

Since the organization of the Grand Commandery five commanderies have been instituted,—Sullivan, at Claremont, Hugh





the Grand Commandery of the state in 1884, and has passed up through the various chairs in that organization until his recent election as R. E. Grand Commander.

Politically, Dr. Sanger is a Republican, but takes no active part in political work, and has never sought public office. He is interested in educational matters, and has served six years as a member of the board of education in Union School District in Littleton.

He takes much interest in social and business life, and gives a ready support to all enterprises calculated to advance the general prosperity of the town and community. He was for some time a director in the Granite State Glove Manufacturing Company of Littleton, and since the union of that with the Saranac Company has been director in the latter.

Dr. Sanger's success is a fair example of what may be accomplished in life by determined purpose and unswerving application, where natural talents have been given as a basis. Commencing practice at a time when the prejudice against his school was strong, and in a community largely adverse in sentiment, by his industry and devotion he has overcome all prejudice and won both popularity and success. With a genial temper, a brilliant intellect, clear

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de Payens, at Keene, St. George, at Nashua, St. Gerard, at Littleton, and Pilgrim, at Laconia, making ten commanderies, with a membership of one thousand seven hundred and forty.

The succession of Grand Commanders has been.—John Harris, Hopkinton; Joseph W. White, Portsmouth; Timothy Kenrick, Lebanon; Andrew Pierce, Dover; Brackett L. Greenough, Bristol; Robert Smith, Portsmouth; Daniel Balch, Manchester; Albert R. Hatch, Portsmouth; John S. Kidder, Manchester; Charles A. Tufts, Dover; Henry O. Kent, Lancaster; William Barrett, Nashua; John D. Patterson, Manchester; Abel Hutchins, Concord; Joseph W. Fellows, Manchester; Solon A. Carter, Keene; John R. Holbrook, Portsmouth; Chauncy H. Greene, Littleton; Albert S. Wait, Newport; Joseph W. Hildreth, Manchester; Benjamin F. Rackley, Dover; Nathan P. Hunt, Manchester; Milton A. Taylor, Nashua; Andrew Bunton, Manchester; John F. Webster, Concord; Don H. Woodward, Keene; Charles N. Towle, Concord; John J. Bell, Exeter; Edward R. Kent, Lancaster; Charles C. Danforth, Concord; Henry A. Marsh, Nashua; George W. Currier, Nashua; Thaddeus E. Sanger, Littleton.





perception, ready wit and aptness in repartee, constant good nature and superior conversational powers, he has made a host of friends, and is esteemed alike in the community, at the fireside and in the social circle.

Dr. Sanger was united in marriage, December 22, 1856, with Ianthe C. Kneeland of Victory, Vt., by whom he has three daughters—Ellen L., born December 22, 1866, Lillian E., April 20, 1873, and Katie F., April 7, 1879. With his family he occupies a spacious residence on Main street, in the western part of Littleton village,—a place as widely known for its business enterprise as for the picturesque beauty of its location.

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## RAMBLES ABOUT A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

RAMBLE NUMBER XXXVI—Concluded.

Stepping across the highway we notice a depression of the road bank, which can be traced under the wall and down towards the present barn. This is the beginning, or rather the end, of the old road that led across the intervalle, over the river and up through the woods, to the former Gould road. The Foster barn stands on a portion of it. From there one can follow the old road-bed along to the right of the row of apple-trees in the former field, through the hollow to the railroad track; thence passing below the large elm tree it runs along the west side of the wall that separates the Foster intervalle from the Major George intervalle, now owned by W. H. Sawyer, and on to the bend of the river, where can still be seen the stone abutments of the old bridge or bridges that once spanned the tide. From this spot it can be followed in nearly a southerly direction over the hill to its junction with the Gould road, a few rods west of the old cemetery or parade-ground.

It makes a charming ramble to follow the track of this deserted highway. Were the old bridge there, and the time June or September, it would be simply delightful. I have visited it at all times and seasons up from my boyhood days. In the early autumn it is like a poem—a pastoral of ever fresh delights. The ugliness of stone walls and





"worm" fences is disguised by grapevines and ivy and the beautiful clematis; elms and willows join hands across the way; golden rods of all kinds nod in the soft breeze; the hoary apple-trees bend beneath the weight of ripening fruit, and in the ditches and by the river banks you can occasionally see the showy spikes of the cardinal flowers or purple-fringed orchis. Standing by the bend of the river I have seen the fish-hawk dive for his finny prey in the stream, and heard the cry of the heron darting through the shrubbery. If you follow the old path over the hill it is not less romantic and pleasing. It is comparatively easy of access, and to those who love to trace the footsteps of the fathers it has other attractions than those which bring them into communion with nature.

This ancient highway was laid out in 1774. The great political and religious centre at that time was the meeting-house which stood on the parade. As under the Cæsars all roads led to Rome, so in those early days all roads led to the house of God. That was the pivotal point of the town. This road was for the accommodation of the settlers in the west and north parts of the town. Another road led down from the church on the east, and a bridge had been built across the river some twenty rods below the present structure, by the brick school-house, in 1773. This was the first bridge in town and had long been needed.

The bridge was built by the aid of Colonel Daniel Warner of Portsmouth, a member of Governor Wentworth's council, and a rich old patrician, who contributed forty dollars towards its erection. Colonel Warner was one of the grantees of the neighboring town of Springfield, and visiting that township once on a time rode through Warner, which was directly in his course. This was in 1772. Noting the absence of any bridge, the generous aristocrat, though he undoubtedly believed it would be of benefit to himself in some future journey, voluntarily contributed this amount, equal to \$200 in these days in purchasable power, for the building of a structure across the river. It must have been a great help to the people of our township, who were not in most cases overburdened with ready money.

In the warrant for the first town meeting after the incorporation of our borough, called on the 4th day of October,





1774, there appears this article: "Sly to see if the town will Build a Bridge over the river in this town." At that meeting it was voted to build a bridge over the river "this fall." The bridge thus built was the second in town, and was constructed across the river at this point, on the great bend of the river. How it was built, or who built it, we do not know, but it showed that the town was increasing in population and wealth, and also that the tide of population was drifting in a westward and northward direction.

It was not the best place in the world for a bridge. The bank is too low on the north side. At high water the river sweeps down here with resistless force—a roaring flood that cannot always be held within bounds. More than one bridge has been swept away from its foundations at this spot. The first bridge was washed away in the spring freshet of 1783. April 28th of that year there was a special town meeting called, Captain Tappan Evans acting as moderator, at which it was voted "to Bild a Bridge over the River on the Road that leads from the Meeting House to Mr. Benjamin Currier's."\* Also it was voted "to raise 15 pounds Lawful money towards Bilding the Bridge above mentioned to Be worked out at 3 shilling per Day."

This second bridge was carried away and still another built in its place, which was swept off by the great August freshet of 1826. Nearly every bridge in town was carried off by this flood. The town never built another bridge at this place. The road had already ceased to be a public highway. At the annual March meeting of 1817 it was voted "to Discontinue the road from the Gide post near Joseph Currier's acrost the river to the Gide post southerly of Buring Ground to the road leading to hinniker." It was also voted "to raise \$800 to pay fine on the indited Road from Ensign Joseph Currier's to hinniker line."

The reasons for discontinuing this old highway were several. In the first place, the centre of population had changed, and the church and place of public assemblage were both now on the north side of the river. This, of

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\* NOTE.—The Benjamin Currier alluded to was the father of Ensign Joseph Currier, who in his old age came to Warner to live with his son. Being the older man he is thus mentioned rather than Joseph Currier. Benjamin Currier died, an old man, at the Currier place, and his wife, Theodate, who lived to be 97 years of age, also died there, in 1825.





course, made the road useful only to those who lived on the south side of the river towards Henniker. In the second place, the cost of keeping a bridge at this point had been a great tax to the town, and there was feeling about this; then, owing to neglect and the lack of sufficient means to keep the road in proper condition, it became so bad that it was indicted. The town voted to pay the fine, as it would have been obliged to do, but it also voted to discontinue the road as a public highway. Still it remained open, and was used considerably until the bridge was carried away.

At a special town meeting, held June 16, 1827, the following action was taken: "On motion of Major Joseph B. Hoyt voted to rebuild the bridge by Jacob Currier's, 53 voting in favor and 52 against it."

"On motion of Mr. H. G. Harris voted to authorize the selectmen to hire a sum of money not exceeding 7 1-2 per cent., for the purpose of building the bridge by Mr. Currier's."

Major Hoyt lived at the present Greagor place, and, of course, was in favor of keeping the road open and having a passage over the river at this place. All that part of the town was at his back to a man. It was also supported by most of the people of what is now the main village, for whom Mr. Harris was the spokesman. On the other hand, all the lower end of the town were opposed to it. The vote, as we have seen, was very close.

At a later hour, at that same meeting, the town clerk records: "On motion of Stephen Bartlett voted to reconsider the vote to build the bridge by Mr. J. Currier's, 30 voting in favor and 24 against it."

However, at the annual town meeting, in March, 1828, it was voted, "to build a bridge across the river near Ensign Joseph Currier's." But all was not harmony. A great deal of feeling existed in town, and the opponents of the measure had a meeting called on the 23d of the following August. Meanwhile, several of the enemies had become friends of the measure, and the meeting only emphatically indorsed the action of the previous meeting. We copy the following from the town clerk's records: "On motion of Joseph Bartlett, Esq. voted to build the bridge and repair the road from Ensign Joseph Currier's to the old





burying ground." "On motion of Benjamin Evans, Esq. voted to direct the selectmen to draw a plan of the bridge and notify a meeting for selling the building of it to the lowest bidder to be struck off at auction."

Before this was done there was another town meeting warned, at which, October 1st, 1828, "it was voted to reconsider the vote to build the bridge near Ensign Joseph Carrier's, passed the 23d day of August last."

The matter was not taken up again, and no bridge was ever built there again by the town. It seems a little strange to us that there was not. A bridge over the river at this place would have been of great convenience to a large part of the town. Everybody north and west of the lower village had to go down to the present lower village bridge if they wished to go to Joppa or to Henniker. People living in the Sanborn district, in the Kimball district and at Joppa, had to drive out over Kelley hill, and down by the site of the first church, and over the lower village bridge to attend church or town meetings,—a roundabout way. A lady now living remembers going to a party at Wells Davis's, now the Pratt place, in the north village, in 1826 or '27. She lived at the Sawyer place, or old poor farm, on the old Henniker road, and to get to the party she and her escort rode down to Kimball corner, thence out over Kelley hill to the lower village, up to the main village, and crossing the river again below the present railroad station, went up the old road by W. W. Davis's house, and out by C. M. Keyser's and W. M. Flanders's to the Pratt villa. So much have the routes of travel changed within the last sixty years.

In the warrant for a special meeting, called November 5, 1832, there appeared an article on the petition of Joseph B. Hoyt and others for a road from C. F. Kimball's to E. C. Badger's. This was the first movement toward laying out what we now call the Joppa road. The article was passed over that year, and not until 1841 was the highway laid out over the so-called Dalton bridge. There were objections to this as there have been to everything in Warner, and it was predicted that a bridge would never stand on that site, although there is a natural abutment on the south side. The bridge was built, however, and has never occasioned any trouble.





The new road ran along on the west side of the Currier farm for more than a quarter of a mile, and at one place, at the top of the sand knoll beyond Amos Clark's, it detached a narrow portion of land from that estate. The piece was so small that it was never fenced by Mr. Currier, and in process of time was absorbed in the neighboring Bartlett pasture. It bisected the Bartlett farm in unequal portions, and further along the same road cut off the long, narrow, gore-like piece of land from the Kimball estate, which was lately sold by S. J. Dimond to Lewis Flanders. This was fenced, however, and retained by the Kimballs for a long time.

Going back to the river at the Currier place, we find that Major Daniel George, who owned the intervale below and the pasture beyond, built a bridge for his own accommodation on the old abutments, about 1830. It remained a few years and then was washed away. For more than half a century there has been no passing there, and the road has been allowed to grass over and grow up to bushes till it is as wild and romantic as the path that Christian saw leading away from the meadows in "Pilgrim's Progress."

For private use the Curriers built a bridge over the river a number of rods above this, and a crossing has been kept there ever since, though one or two bridges have been swept away by high water.

The changes of time are marked on everything around us, but nowhere do they seem more visible and solemn than about the cellar of a ruined homestead or the grass-grown bed of a deserted highway. They all tell so much of the past, present so many pictures of life in the dead bygone time; and the reproach of their silence is so eloquent that we are profoundly affected, as though standing by the corpse of a dear friend. Ah, me! the sun shines just as brightly, the birds sing as sweetly, the breezes blow as caressingly as when the happy young bride stepped over the threshold, or the children prattled under the windows of the ruined mansion, or the carriages rattled over the sandy road-bed, and lovers walked there telling the story old as Eden and sweet as Paradise.





## REMINISCENCES OF GEN. GILMAN MARSTON.

BY WILLIAM H. PAINE.

In the fall of 1886 I went to study law in the office of General Gilman Marston of Exeter. At that time there was another student in the office, but much of the office business fell upon me. Previous to entering his office I had heard much concerning his character, and to one unacquainted with him he was a continual study. I had been told he was very cross and impatient, and it was with no little fear that I saw him come from his back office with a paper in hand, approach me, and ask me to copy it. Did you ever see his writing? When in a hurry the penmanship of the general was much inferior to that of Horace Greeley. The paper was a brief in a well-known divorce suit, and it took me an hour to decipher the first page. I have no doubt I strained his patience, for, after going to him several times, he said,—“If you can't make out everything in that brief, make it up;” and I am sure I took advantage of the opportunity. From that time all fear of him disappeared, and during the four years I was in his office he never spoke a cross word to me. I have seen many men in high standing, but I think he was in some respects more imposed upon than any, for there was always some one to take advantage of his magnanimous nature. He was always ready to listen to a tale of suffering or want, and never failed to respond in a very liberal manner. Any one who knew there had been a battle between '60 and '65, or could tell a musket from a carbine, never went away empty-handed. One day a man who looked to me as though he was a “tourist,” clad in a blue army coat with brass buttons on it, entered and asked me if the general was in. I sized him up as one of the many who wished to see the general and secure a temporary loan, and so I told him that he was, but was very busy. “Well,” he said, “if he's in, I am going to see him,” and he strode into the general's office. I heard an ominous grunt as the door closed upon the, at this time, unwelcomed visitor, and the grunts gradually grew to sounds whose meaning could not be mistaken. Thinking there would be some fun, from the sounds I heard, I kept a close watch, and soon the



In the fall of 1850 I went to study law in the office of General Gilman Marston of Exeter. At that time there was another student in the office, but much of the office business fell upon me. Previous to entering his office I had heard much concerning his character, and to one unacquainted with him he was a continual study. I had been told he was very cross and impatient, and it was with no little fear that I saw him come from his back office with a paper in hand, approach me, and ask me to copy it. Did you ever see his writing? When in a hurry the penmanship of the general was much inferior to that of Horace Greely. The paper was a brief in a well-known divorce suit, and it took me an hour to decipher the first page. I have no doubt I strained his patience, for, after going to him several times, he said,—“If you can make out everything in that brief, make it up;” and I am sure I took advantage of the opportunity. From that time all fear of him disappeared, and during the four years I was in his office he never spoke a cross word to me. I have seen many men in high standing, but I think he was in some respects more imposed upon than any, for there was always some one to take advantage of his magnanimous nature. He was always ready to listen to a tale of suffering or want, and never failed to respond in a very liberal manner. Any one who knew there had been a battle between 60 and 65, or could tell a misquet from a carbine, never went away empty-handed. One day a man who looked to me as though he was a “tourist” clad in a blue army coat with brass buttons on it, entered and asked me if the general was in. I sized him up as one of the many who wished to see the general and secure a temporary loan, and so I told him that he was, but was very busy. “Well,” he said, “if he’s in, I am going to see him,” and he strode into the general’s office. I heard an ominous grunt as the door closed upon me, at this time, unwelcome visitor, and the grunts gradually grew to sounds whose meaning could not be mistaken. Thinking there would be some fun, from the sounds I heard, I kept a close watch, and soon the

inside door opened with a bang, hurried footsteps sounded in the hallway, and the visitor was rushed out by the general in terms more forcible than elegant: "Get out of here, you impostor; you don't know Bull Run from a bull's foot. I'll teach fellows like you to impose on me." This is not a fair sample, for frequently he would give them money, not only to relieve, but to get rid of them.

Nothing affected the general more easily than music, and any reminder of the music played and heard by him during the war would almost invariably move him to tears. There was, during my stay in his office, a little boy who frequently came in to do what jobs and errands he could, and he had by his pleasant ways and manners made a decided impression upon the general. Among his other accomplishments he played the harmonica in an entertaining manner. One day he was playing to me, when the general happened to come in and asked him if the piece he was playing was all he could play. "No," replied the boy; "I can play anything you want." "Well, play 'Yankee Doodle,'" said the general. The boy played it as rapidly as the general required. He then gave him a dime and asked him to play "Marching through Georgia." The boy began, and, before he played it half through, the general reached for his handkerchief and blew a blast from his nose. This was the signal. Sobs shook the frame of this giant of legal lore, and, turning his back towards the boy and myself, he placed his handkerchief to his eyes with one hand and took a silver quarter from his pocket with the other, extended his arm behind his back, and, nearly choking with emotion, said, "Here boy; here boy." Who can tell what thoughts of war, suffering and hardship caused this outburst? It showed what an impression the late "unpleasantness" made upon him, and to his dying day he bore the scars of battle and gloried in the thought that he had been a participant in one of the greatest wars that was ever known.

The first time I remember of seeing him in court was in the case of Cochrane against the town of Exeter. He had for an opponent General Butler. It was a contest of legal giants, and though I was not sufficiently acquainted with law and court procedure to judge of the relative merits of the two men as lawyers, it is certain that General Marston





left no stone unturned to insure the verdict. It is related that after the trial one of the jurymen who sat on the case said,—“We warn’t going to let Butler beat ‘Old Gil’ anyway, that way.”

In the trial of a cause the general said and did many strange things. You could never tell what cases would be tried and what would be continued. He never did anything by chance; you could rest assured that there was a good reason why, if it proved to be many cases were continued. The judge who held the term might not be just the one he wanted. Perhaps he was acquainted with but a few of the jurymen, and if either the judge or jury did not please him you could rest assured that very little business would be transacted in court. As the general grew old I think I noticed a reluctance, more and more marked, to try a jury case. The men who were then drawn on the panel were of a different class than he had been acquainted with, and it was no uncommon thing for him to get a list of jurymen and make inquiries of any one likely to know them, as to their habits, occupation and ancestors. But towards the last of his practice he always found fault with those drawn because he did not know them and could not get acquainted with them. Herein, to my mind, lay his great strength. In his opening statements and in his arguments he always used language such as the jurymen used in their various vocations, and such as they could understand. His style was simplicity itself. His sentences were short, and he always selected an Anglo-Saxon word when it would answer as well as a Latin or Greek derivative. It has often been said the general was indolent, and while in some things it might appear true, in fact he was never at rest, for while he was stretched out at full length, as though the cares of a large business did not affect him, you might be sure, if you were the opposing counsel, that beneath that calm exterior there was a tumult of thought and deep-laid plans for future action. He never tried a case without the best possible preparation. He would walk the floor for hours stating and re-stating his opening in an important case, and he always said “a case well opened is half won.”

The general was a stickler for forms, and never trusted any one to do anything out of sight of his watchful eye. A rather amusing incident occurred at the time when any





one could serve a libel for divorce. The general had filed a libel for divorce against a man in Seabrook for extreme cruelty towards his wife. He waited several days after it was filed, hoping to see some one from that town who would serve the libel upon the libelee, and a few days before the last day of service, as he was writing at his desk, he looked up and saw a man who had come in, unnoticed, standing before him.

"Hello, Chase," said the general, "you're just the man I want to see. I want you to serve a libel for divorce on old Eaton, down in Seabrook. Do you suppose you can do it right?"

"Yes," said Chase; "serve it right, course I can, general."

"Well, I never knew you to do anything right, but I'm going to try you this time," said the general. "Now, you see, here are two papers," he went on; "one is the original and the other the copy. Now I want you to put this," showing him the original, "in your inside pocket, and this," showing him the copy, "I want you to give Eaton. When you have served it on Eaton, take out the original and make a minute of the day and time, and some day when you are up I will make the return for you. Now can you serve it right?"

"Yes, yes, general; course I can serve it right, now."

"Well, I'll see what luck you'll have, but I'll bet you'll make some mistake. I don't see how you can, but if there is a way you will be sure to find it."

Chase did the business he came in for and went home. In the course of a week after the last day of service for that term of court had expired Chase came up, prepared to complete the proceedings.

"Served it all right, did you, Chase?" asked the general.

"Oh, yes, general; nothing easier than that," said Chase, as he handed the general the clerk's copy.

"Well, now I'll make your return." So the general said aloud, as he wrote, "State of New Hampshire, Rockingham ss. Now what day was it you served it?" said the general. "I don't remember the date," said Chase, "it is on the paper. I saw Eaton as I was riding along to church, and gave it to him on the Lord's day." The general jumped more than three feet from his chair. "There,





by —, that's what I thought and expected. There wasn't but one chance for you to make a mistake, and, by —, you made it."

It is better to draw a veil over Chase's discomfiture and the general's exclamations of anger, for at the next law term a rule was made requiring that all libels for divorce should be served by a sheriff or his deputy.

Few lawyers could retain their clientage if they should treat their clients as the general often did. He would frequently order them from the office when they wished to consult him about matters then pending, and it was, to my mind, an additional proof of his greatness, for he retained them by the force of his great powers and genius rather than by his social qualities. He hated a coward or a man whom he could browbeat or terrify, and often when he was cross and impatient, and carried his feelings so far as to cause people to turn on him and "give him as good as he sent," as they expressed it, he would instantly change his manner and be as genial and social as he only knew how to be, and the apparent altercation would end with an invitation to dinner.

He was for many years a member of the state legislature, and he might well be called the watchdog of our statute books. No unconstitutional or unnecessary bill escaped his watchful eye, and I have heard him make a speech of not over six minutes in length against a bill and cause its defeat that before seemed certain to pass by a large majority. On the other hand he was instrumental in drafting and securing the passage of laws which, to-day, do not meet with universal approbation. The most striking illustration is the "Tramp Law." In some counties it is impossible to convict a person of this offence. At one term of court a jurymen said,— "I'll rot before I vote to convict a man of this offence, under Old Gil Marston's law." One thing is sure, however, we secured temporary relief from the pestilent tramp after the passage of this law.

General Marston was distinctively a New Hampshire man. He loved his native state and could never be induced to leave it for brighter fields in the practice of law. It may well be said of him, in the language of a New Hampshire poet, that he is numbered among—

"New Hampshire's glorious dead. Oh, where are names more fair to live in  
song and story,  
Than those which frame a halo round thy brow of never-fading glory!"





## NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN FITCHBURG, MASS.

BY MARION HOWARD.

[CONCLUDED.]

## HON. RODNEY WALLACE.

Visitors to the thriving city of Fitchburg are always attracted towards the Wallace library and art building, the gift to the city of Hon. Rodney Wallace, a native of New Ipswich, N. H., a man whose noble nature, benevolence, industry and integrity have been an inspiration to all with whom he has come in contact. This worthy man has already been sketched in a former issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, and his kind, benevolent face pictured to its readers. It only remains to add that his two sons, Herbert I., and George R. Wallace, who were taken into partnership with him in 1879, have proven worthy of the trust, and are numbered among Fitchburg's finest young men to-day.

Another beautiful structure in Fitchburg is the new Wallace Building, erected by Hon. Rodney Wallace, and shortly to be the home of the *Fitchburg Sentinel*, a most worthy journal to be issued from such a fine edifice. Mr. Wallace is at present taking a much needed rest abroad. In the words of the *Sentinel*, let me add that "his noble, generous nature, his unassuming benevolence and kindly manner have made him beloved by all who know him, and his character inspires others to better and nobler things."

## CARM M. PARKER.

The public-spirited president of the Fitchburg Merchants' Association is a native of the town of Merrimack, where he was born August 8, 1835, and where he resided until 1880. His parents were Elkanah and Sarah Parker. His father was a merchant. The common schools at Reed's Ferry, together with a course at the Normal Institute, furnished his education.

At twenty-one he commenced active life, fitting himself for a business career, as a manufacturer of furniture. In 1866 a partnership was formed with a relative, and his ability for designing soon became widely known. The establish-





ment turned out the highest class of goods, and gave employment to eighty men. After several years of success, he decided to remove the plant to Fitchburg, which he did in June, 1880, with about fifty of his employes, and also established a retail business. After a time, with characteristic far-sightedness, he started a new venture for the manufacture of all kinds of screws, and closed out his furniture factory, and later his retail business, until now his interests are centered in the Boston Screw Company, as established through his efforts. Although the company is still in its infancy, the demand for the goods is far greater than the capacity for supply, and an increasing business is insured.

Mr. Parker is not a politician, yet he served in the legislature of his native state in 1878 and 1879, and in the city government of Fitchburg two years, faithfully. Many higher positions of trust have been offered him, all of which he has declined.

Mr. Parker is married to a daughter of Hon. Isaac McGaw, of the Rockingham county bar, and has three sons, the oldest of whom, George L., has musical ability of a high order, and has recently entered Brown University. Mr. Parker is a member of the New Hampshire Club.

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#### GEORGE H. COLE.

It is never a matter of surprise to find that the leading hotels in any place are kept by New Hampshire men. It seems a peculiar feature of the state to send forth good housekeepers of either sex. The American House in Fitchburg has at the helm the firm of George H. Cole & Son, and it is safe to say that never in the history of the house has it been so ably and successfully managed.

Mr. Cole was born June 4, 1826, in Westmoreland, adjoining Keene, and his parents were Abel and Louise Cole. His early life was uneventful, so far as known to the writer, but like many of the boys of his day he made a stride towards self-support when quite young, and finally drifted into the hotel business, in 1864, in Vermont. Ten years here, and then to Leominster, Mass., where he continued in the same business.

In 1886 he removed to Fitchburg and assumed the management of the American House, which, as many travellers





know, is most conveniently located near the Fitchburg railroad station. The building was erected in 1847, but so many additions and alterations have been made from time to time as to make it now a model house.

Mr. Cole is married and has five children, two sons and three daughters. One son, Walter S., is a musician of prominence, residing in Orange, Mass. Will A. Cole, another son, is associated in business with his father, and is a very courteous man, as well as experienced, having grown up in the business.

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DR. GEORGE JEWETT.

While nearly every profession and trade in Fitchburg is represented by New Hampshire brain and brawn, the medical profession has here three New Hampshire men in its ranks worthy of special mention.

Dr. George Jewett, son of Thomas and Rebecca Jewett, the former a physician, is a native of Rindge, born April 28, 1825.

He had excellent advantages in the way of schooling, and was graduated from the Berkshire Medical School in 1847. After a course at the Harvard Medical School, he began practice in Baldwinville, Mass., and later in Gardner. He went to Fitchburg in 1858, and since then has been one of its honored citizens and leading physicians. During the civil war he served as assistant surgeon of the Tenth Massachusetts volunteer infantry, in Gen. McClellan's army, and as surgeon of the Fifty-First regiment. At the close of the war he made an extensive tour abroad, visiting European hospitals, and gaining valuable experience to aid him in his work.

Dr. Jewett has literary ability of a high order, and contributes many interesting essays to various publications. He has one son, Walter Kendall Jewett, a student at the Harvard Medical School, and a very promising young man. Dr. Jewett is a member of the Loyal Legion, G. A. R., Massachusetts Medical Society, and many other organizations. He now holds the office of U. S. examining surgeon for pensions, and is a member of the school committee of Fitchburg.





## DR. GEORGE D. COLONY.

The name of Colony is closely associated with the town of Keene, as several generations of the family have sprung into existence there. A great grandfather of Dr. Colony, named John Colony (or Connelly as the name was then spelled), was one of the first settlers of the town. His grandfather, Timothy Colony, was a noted man in his day, while his father, Josiah Colony, founded one of the present leading industries of Keene, that of woolen manufacture, which, under the name of Faulkner & Colony and Faulkner-Colony Manufacturing Co., has existed more than seventy years.

Dr. Colony, a son of Josiah and Hannah (Taylor) Colony, was born May 6, 1831. He attended the public schools, Keene Academy, Kimball Union Academy and Dartmouth College. From the latter he went to the University Medical School, Penn., and was graduated in 1856. He began practice in Athol, Mass., and removed to Fitchburg in 1861.

Dr. Colony is married, and has five living children. The eldest son, Joseph P., is treasurer of the Faulkner-Colony Manufacturing Company of Keene. The eldest daughter, Mary, is the wife of the well-known lawyer, Melvin O. Adams. Dr. Colony has attended very closely to his profession, and is thoroughly domestic in his tastes. He is vice-president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, which has a membership of nearly 2,000. He is independent in politics, with a leaning towards Democracy.

## DR. CLARENCE WALTER SPRING.

It is always a pleasure to note the rapid strides our young men of to-day are making in various walks of life. The subject of this sketch is an excellent example of youthful energy and ambition.

Dr. Spring is a native of Salmon Falls, born April 14, 1859. His parents, John L. and Ellen M. (Fountain) Spring, removed early to Wilton, then to Milford, and when he was about twelve years of age, they settled in Lebanon.

After a public-school course, he attended the Kimball Union Academy, and at the age of twenty-one he was graduated from Dartmouth College. He taught mathe-





matics and sciences for a year, and, in the fall of 1881, entered the Harvard Medical School, Boston. His degree was taken in 1884. During the time a year was devoted to hospital work. In 1885 he located in Fitchburg, where he enjoys a steadily increasing practice. He has also spent some time abroad in the interest of his profession, and contemplates renewing his studies in Europe in the near future.

Dr. Spring is unmarried. He has two brothers, John R., living in Lebanon, and Arthur L., a rising young lawyer of Boston; also one sister, Mrs. Carrie M. Clark. In person he is most attractive. His face is indicative of strong individuality and fine character. His cosy office in his adopted city shows plainly the taste of its occupant. Dr. Spring is an Odd Fellow.

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WESLEY W. SARGENT.

The trusted and sagacious superintendent of the Fitchburg & Leominster Street Railway Company, Wesley W. Sargent, is a native of the capital city of New Hampshire, a son of Charles W. and Thankful F. (Smith) Sargent, born August 29, 1860. His father is a printer by occupation, and was about thirty years connected with the *Statesman* establishment as journeyman printer and foreman. After attending the public schools until seventeen, he also entered the printing office to learn the trade, where he remained two years. At twenty he went to Boston, and was engaged for a time with H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, but soon entered the employ of the Lynn & Boston Horse Railroad Company. He served as conductor, driver, time-keeper, starter, clerk in receiving office, and as assistant superintendent of the Chelsea, Revere and Woodlawn division. He ultimately had charge of all the cars of the company running into Boston, and the making of the time-tables. His successful work and rapid promotion attracted attention elsewhere, and, in the spring of 1886, he was chosen superintendent of the Fitchburg Street Railway Company, which position he accepted. Upon leaving the service of the Lynn & Boston road the employes of that company presented him with an elegant gold watch, chain and charm, as an expression of their esteem.

Mr. Sargent has been annually re-elected superintendent





by unanimous vote. He has had charge of the construction work of the company as well as the operation. He built the Leominster road last year, and has built and equipped six miles of electric road this year. This road has always paid and is now a splendid property. Its electric cars run 400 miles daily. In 1886 it carried 365,000 passengers, with a mileage of 3.26; the last year, 856,654 passengers, with a mileage of 11.64.

Mr. Sargent married Alice E. Cary of Fitchburg, February 1, 1888, and has one child, a boy of three years. He is an Odd Fellow, Knight of Pythias and a Red Man, and attends the Baptist church.

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#### MAJ. BENJAMIN DUDLEY DWINNELL.

No institution in the state of Massachusetts has a better record than the House of Correction at Fitchburg, which for seventeen years has been under the management of Maj. Benjamin D. Dwinnell, a native of Charlestown, N. H. His life has been most eventful. He was for a time connected with the *National Eagle* at Claremont, then he drifted into the grocery trade in Worcester, and, later, became a member of the firm of Dwinnell & Taft.

In 1862 he entered the United States service as quartermaster of the Fifty-First Massachusetts regiment, and, later, of the Second Massachusetts heavy artillery. He served on the staff of Generals Foster, Vogdes, and Palmer, and was mustered out of service September 23, 1865.

He remained in the South two years after the war, and then returned to Worcester. He was assistant postmaster under General Pickett. In 1875 he removed to Fitchburg.

Major Dwinnell is a member of Edwin V. Sumner Post, 19, G. A. R., is a trustee of the Fitchburg Savings Bank, of the Burbank Hospital, of the Worcester County Institution for Savings, and a director in the Worcester Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

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#### JOSEPH CARR MOULTON.

The veteran photographer of Fitchburg, who established his business there in 1848, in the days of the daguerreotype, is Joseph C. Moulton, a descendant of Gen. Moulton of Revolutionary fame, born January 1st, 1824, in Sandwich. His parents, Jonathan S. and Polly Moulton, were





farming people. He left home at twenty-one, and went to Newton, Mass., to work in a machine-shop, which employment did not suit him, so he started in the daguerreotype business as a venture, and from the time he went to Fitchburg he has advanced steadily in the art of photography. He has made over 30,000 negatives, and his patronage includes not only local residents but suburban. His establishment is a credit to him and to the city.

Mr. Moulton's family consists of his wife, one son, and two daughters. One of the latter, Alice, has a decided talent for painting.

Mr. Moulton is prominently identified with church work, and was the first president of the Y. M. C. A. He served three terms in the Common Council, is a Chapter Mason, and a member of the Board of Trade and Merchants' Association. The fine photographic work of the *Fitchburg Sentinel* souvenir, gotten out recently, is a sample of Mr. Moulton's endeavor, and speaks for itself.

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#### CAPT. GEORGE H. PRIEST.

Another young man in Fitchburg who has achieved considerable prominence in business as well as military circles is George H. Priest, who, since the death of his father, in 1887, has managed the Charles A. Priest Lumber Company's business successfully. He is a native of Hillsborough, born September 24, 1865. His parents removed to Fitchburg when he was a lad, and his schooling was attained in the public schools. Soon after his graduation from the high school, in 1883, he became associated with his father, Charles A. Priest, in the lumber business. He is actively interested in military matters, and from a private in the ranks of the local militia he has risen to the captaincy of Company B, a company in which Fitchburg prides herself.

Mr. Priest is also a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. He is married, and has one child, a boy of four years.

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#### HENRY W. EMERY.

Adjoining the old *Sentinel* building is a neat provision store, presided over by a pleasant-faced man, who claims the Granite State and the town of Jaffrey as his birthplace.





Henry W. Emery is the son of Ralph and Susan (Williams) Emery, and first saw the light of day July 14, 1830. His first experience in seeking self-support was in Keene, where he remained five years, as clerk in a hotel. Desiring a change, he went to Gardner and worked at chair-making ten years.

He removed to Fitchburg June 1, 1861, worked at his trade awhile, then entered the employ of William C. Emory, a provision dealer. After seven years' experience he entered into partnership with his employer, and finally bought out his partner's interest, and now "plays a lone hand."

Mr. Emery was married, in 1857, to Caroline Robbins, also of Jaffrey. They have two children, George H., a noted artist of Rutland, Vt., and Lula M., a bright scholar in the Fitchburg schools.

#### A. A. BUXTON.

As "cleanliness is next to godliness," we must not forget to say a few words of A. A. Buxton, who runs the Fitchburg Steam Laundry, and who also carries on the paper-hanging and picture-frame business at 209 Main street.

Mr. Buxton went to Fitchburg from Manchester in 1875, although he was born in the town of Nelson, August 27, 1845. His parents were Eli and Abigail (Sawyer) Buxton. His early schooling was gained in Antrim and Hancock. When the civil war broke out he was one of the first to enlist in the Sixteenth New Hampshire regiment, and went to the front and returned before he was eighteen years of age. When asked about his record, his reply came, "Say that I have a fine hospital record." Although said jokingly, it carries its own story of physical injuries, which doubtless have had lifelong effects, judging from his frail physique.

Mr. Buxton is married to Emma Young, a native of Manchester, and they have one daughter. When he first went to Fitchburg he was engaged in the millinery business, but soon took up other lines. He is a member of Post 19, Fitchburg, the Knights of Honor, Knights and Ladies of Honor, I. O. O. F., Encampment and Canton. He is ably assisted in his business by his wife, who is a veritable helpmeet.





## EDWIN M. READ.

A man who furnishes "sweets to the sweet," and who attends carefully to the wants of the "inner man," is Edwin M. Read, a Swanzey boy, born in 1854. He is a fine specimen of physical manhood, and full of pluck and energy. Mr. Read removed to Fitchburg at the age of twenty-seven, and entered the employ of T. C. Caldwell, a grocer. In 1884 he started in business for himself, with little capital but plenty of backbone. Within two years he has added catering and candy manufacture to his already thriving business, and his neat, well-stocked establishment is a credit to the city. Mr. Read has served as president of the Merchants' Association, and is connected with various secret organizations. He is a typical self-made man.

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## THE POET'S AUTUMN.

BY C. C. LORD.

There is a sadness in the sky,  
The scene is dark and drear,  
But the world hath balm for its tender eye  
Till the bright, spring rays appear.

There is a sighing in the breeze,  
The leaf and bloom are fled,  
But the earth hath cheer for its mournful trees  
Till the buds wake from the dead.

There is a silence in the breast,  
The smile and love depart,  
But the soul hath hope for an accent blest  
Till a song breaks from its heart.





AN OCTOBER SUNSET.

BY GEORGE LANCROFT GRIFFITH.

344a.



B. B. DAVIS.

"Uncle Ben."





## AN OCTOBER SUNSET.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

A moment and the sun will sink !  
 Now pure rose color is his light  
 That falls upon the zenith's brink,  
 And countless cloud forms all are bright.  
 One molton, mantling sea of fire,  
 The whole sky glows ! The snow-white flakes  
 In purple film are mounting higher,—  
 What hues each thread of vapor takes !  
 The black bars into massy gold  
 Are turned above the old elm trees ;  
 Even the shadows seem less cold  
 Where tall pines ripple in the breeze.

EAST LEMPSTER, N. H.

## MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

BENJAMIN B. DAVIS.

No great structure can ever be reared, except the foundation be thoroughly laid. Benjamin B. Davis, commonly known as "Uncle Ben," has certainly done as much, yea, more, to lay a foundation for that mighty structure, music, than any other man of the old school living in New Hampshire to-day. Born at a time when music was in its infancy in New Hampshire, especially gifted in the art, possessing enthusiasm and power, tinged by a quaintness of speech which was sure to receive recognition, he seems to have been especially ordained to open the gates of harmony and melody, that those who came later might not only enjoy more fully, but also have their own work made easier.

The subject of our sketch was born in Loudon, September 1, 1821, and lived at home until he was fourteen years of age. The two years following he worked on a farm in Canterbury and attended school. It was at this time that he first attempted to sing. The next we hear of him is as an employé in a cotton mill at Methuen, Mass. Here he





learned to read music, under the instruction of Miss Martha Burt. He lived in Methuen four years, having during that time been voted in as a member of the choir of Rev. A. A. Miner's church. Returning to New Hampshire, he attended school at Springfield and Meriden. Following this we find him engaged at short intervals in different honorable occupations, all the while being a conscientious student of music.

In 1852 Mr. Davis entered into musical relationship with Mr. J. H. Morey, and has so continued up to the present time. He studied music at the Boston Academy of Music, under Dr. Lowell Mason, G. J. Webb, B. F. Baker and L. H. Southard, in the class with Prouty, Presby, Dr. Dana, Gill, Blair, Cram, Perkins and Cheney,—all well known and celebrated vocal teachers of their time. He was faithful in attendance to both oratorio and opera, and heard all the noted singers of those times, such as Jenny Lind, Madam Anna Bishop and Anna Stone. He was a member of the chorus of both peace jubilees. No man has taught more singing schools than Mr. Davis, and no man has been more faithful to both student and public than he. The demand for his services at one time was so great that he refused thirty-five schools in one season. He was popular with his classes, and among them could be found enrolled the names of men who have since become prominent as clergymen, judges, doctors and singers, and we have yet to hear one speak other than with the most profound respect of "Uncle Ben," both as a man and teacher.

He lives quietly now in his apartments in Masonic Temple, surrounded by his pet birds, and no "old timer" who visits Concord considers his duty or pleasure as complete without a visit to his "old friend Davis;" and to-day there is no more true friend of the young who are desirous of obtaining knowledge in the art of singing than "Uncle Ben." Through his efforts, thirty-one years ago, the State Musical Festival was organized, and continued many years, doing great good. To him the musical people of the state owe a debt of gratitude which will ever remain unpaid. May his days on earth be many and happy, and when called to a better and brighter life, we feel sure the reward of the "good and faithful" will be bestowed upon him.





## MUSICAL GROWTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The question is often asked and discussed how the interest, growth and study of music at the present time will compare with that of thirty or forty years ago. The marvelous inventions, improvements and progress of the nineteenth century, particularly of the last twenty-five years, would naturally lead to the conclusion that music has kept pace with everything else. This is true, considering the United States as a whole; but to return to our own state, New Hampshire, we find food for reflection and much that can be said on both sides of the question.

The first great musical instrument is God's own invention—the voice. That being so we should begin, right here, our discussion. Twenty years ago, and dating back to the earliest days of New England, the people were blessed with what modern musicians are pleased to term “the old-fashioned singing school.” One evening each week was given up to the study and practice of music. Whole families attended these schools. Happy indeed were the evenings at home during the interim, where the soprano of the mother, the contralto of the daughter, the tenor of the son, and the basso of the father united in one grand effort, searching for the beauties of the art; singing praises to God with a warmth, sympathy and earnestness which home association only can give. Those were days when little country towns could muster a chorus larger than many of our cities of to-day. Those were days when the dude was not known; when twenty-five-cent literature was not entertaining or a companion for young ladies; when whist, living or dead, afternoon teas, theatres, struggling for the latest fashions, practicing upon a banjo, cutting garments for a poodle dog, were not known; and is it a wonder that those who were active in the past should comment on the apparent indifference and inability of the young of to-day? Not at all. It is certainly a sufficient cause for lamentation. Visit our musical festivals of the present time and you will find the old-time singers at their post, laboring hard and to be depended upon, while the “music-in-the-schools” pupil is silent,—placed upon the back seats by the musical director because he has no time to teach musical notation. There are few exceptions in New Hampshire to the above statement;





hence our conclusion must be, however much we regret to say it, that we are not in as good condition for chorus work as we were thirty years ago.

We have quite a number of resident vocalists who do good church work, but in this line the demand is greater than the supply. Several of the churches in the city of Concord employ singers who are non-residents of the state, and it is fair to assume that other places are put to the same inconvenience. In the line of instrumental music the relative improvement is very marked. We have at least two orchestral organizations in the state which can do oratorio or symphony in an intelligent manner, also a few very good dance orchestras. In military music the improvement is also worthy of special mention. This is due largely to the impetus given by the New Hampshire National Guard, each of the three regiments having a band, and officers as well as band-masters take a pride in making their music attractive. It is also advantageous that double the number of reed instruments are available, than was the case twenty or more years ago.

The people as a whole are far in advance, in the sense of true musical appreciation, of what they were years ago. There are several reasons for this. Almost every home now has a musical instrument, and our people in large numbers attend the opera and the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A better class of concert companies are on the road, and lecture committees engage the best as a rule. The several festivals throughout the state are performing a better class of music, and are doing much good. Orchestras are attempting to put before the people a high class of music. Teachers are taking more pains with their pupils. All this tends to educate the masses. What seems to demand our most careful attention now is the education of the young in vocal music, by organizing, wherever it is possible, choral societies or glee clubs, studying music in a progressive way, encouraging the development of home talent, and thereby putting ourselves on record with the musical world; for in no way can a people give evidence of their musical accomplishments except through the efforts of their singers.





NOTE: We acknowledge a letter from Fred Gowing, superintendent of schools of Nashua, wherein he expresses the feeling that our criticism in the September magazine, in its tendency to slur public school music teachers, is unfair. He also says that "Nashua men had no invitation to participate in the discussion at *your* N. H. M. T. A." We see no occasion to change our views as yet, and can answer in no better way than to quote from the highest authority known, "By their works ye shall know them," and to add that when pupils, as a rule, graduate from our high schools with a fair knowledge of the rudiments of music, then, and only then, shall we feel encouraged to speak favorably of the present methods of teaching. The N. H. M. T. A. is a state institution, organized for the musical good of the state. Any one can become an active member by the payment of one dollar to the secretary. This includes the invitation to speak, discuss or defend any subject which is before the meeting. No special invitations are issued except to non-residents, and no compensation is allowed any resident except orchestral performers.

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### A FRAGMENT.

BY PERSIS E. DARROW.

Mountains green with spruce and pine,  
Mountains bald and ragged,  
Cutting scallops on the sky  
With their edges jagged—

Distant mountains dim and blue  
In the summer hazy,  
Mountains by October dressed  
With a splendor crazy—

Mountains white, their robes betrimmed  
With cloud-hues eve and morning,—  
Isn't this a wondrous place  
For a poet to be born in!





## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

HON. JOHN R. REDING.

John R. Reding, for many years noted as the oldest surviving ex-congressman in the state, died at his home in Portsmouth, October 7, 1892.

Mr. Reding was a native of Portsmouth, born October 18, 1805, and was a son of Captain John Reding, a well-known shipmaster, who died from yellow fever, in the port of Savannah, in 1822. He attended the Portsmouth public schools in boyhood, and subsequently entered the office of the *New Hampshire Patriot*, in Concord, then conducted by the noted Democratic leader, Isaac Hill, to learn the printer's trade, which he mastered at the age of twenty-one years. He then immediately engaged in the office of the *Boston Statesman*, edited by Col. Charles G. Greene, as foreman, holding the position two years, at the end of which time he started out in business for himself, establishing the *Democratic Republican*, at Haverhill, in this state, of which paper he was sole editor and proprietor until 1841, making it a vigorous exponent of Democracy.

In March, 1841, Mr. Reding was elected a representative in congress from this state, his associates, all elected on a general ticket at that time, being Tristram Shaw of Exeter, Ira A. Eastman of Gilmanton, Charles G. Ather-ton of Nashua, and Edmund Burke of Newport. He served in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth congresses, from 1841 to 1845. In the twenty-eighth congress his colleagues from this state were Edmund Burke, John P. Hale and Moses Norris, Jr., the representation of New Hampshire having decreased, under the new census. In congress he was distinguished throughout his term for conscientious fidelity to duty, and thorough devotion to the principles of his party. He had previously served ten years as postmaster of Haverhill, and held various town offices. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1840, and again in 1852, when General Franklin Pierce was named for the presidency; and upon the assumption of the executive chair by the latter, the position of naval storekeeper at Portsmouth was given him. He thereupon removed his residence to the latter city, where he continued until death, serving several times in the state legis-





lature, and, in 1860, as mayor of Portsmouth. After retiring from the federal service he was for a time associated with Hon. Daniel Marcy and Hon. Richard Jenness in commercial operations, but for some years past has been wholly retired from business.

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EDWIN A. PETERSON.

Edwin A. Peterson, son of Adrian A. and Frances (Bell) Peterson, born in Portsmouth September 10, 1828, died in Greenland October 11, 1892.

He attended school in Portsmouth until about sixteen years old, when he went to New York city as a clerk in the carpet firm of Peterson & Humphrey, the senior member of the firm being his brother, Andrew A., with whom, four years later, he was associated in business in the same line, continuing for many years with great success. About twenty years ago he retired from business and established his home in Greenland, where he afterwards resided.

Mr. Peterson was a director of the Portsmouth Trust and Guarantee Company, and of the New Hampshire National Bank in Portsmouth, of which he was also president from 1882 to 1890. He represented the town of Greenland in the state legislature in 1877 and 1878, and was at one time the Democratic nominee for councillor in the old first district. He married Miss Valina V., daughter of the late Abram Q. Wendell of Portsmouth, who survives him, with three children, Edwin J. of Greenland, and Mrs. Harry Salter and Wendell J. of Brooklyn, N. Y.

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JOHN FARR.

John Farr, one of the oldest and best known residents of northern New Hampshire, who was born in Littleton, May 22, 1810, died in that town October 12, 1892.

In early life Mr. Farr was engaged in mercantile business, commencing as a clerk in the general store of W. C. & A. Brackett in Littleton village. Subsequently he was in trade for himself, and later was engaged with Redington & Gould. Meeting with business reverses he removed to Glover, Vt., where he remained two years, but returned and took up the study of the law in the office of the late Hon. Henry A. Bellows, afterwards chief-justice of the supreme court, and was subsequently in legal practice





with his brother, William J. Bellows, and still later alone. Previous to his residence in Vermont he had served as selectman in Littleton, and he was also for five years sheriff of Grafton county. He was a county commissioner in 1862 and again in 1868. He was the first president of the Littleton National Bank, serving for many years in that capacity, and still later as a director, and it was while sitting in a chair at the bank that he finally passed away. He was three times married, and leaves a widow, three sons and three daughters, all but one daughter being the children of the first wife. The sons are George, one of the proprietors of the Oak Hill House, John, Jr., of Orlando, Fla., and Charles A., a merchant of Littleton; and the daughters, Mrs. James A. Page of Haverhill, Mrs. B. F. Page and Miss Stella B. Farr of Littleton. The late Major Evarts W. Farr was a son of the deceased.

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HON. JACOB BENTON.

Jacob Benton, a leading lawyer at the Coös bar, long prominent in public life, was killed, by being thrown from his carriage, in Lancaster, September 29, 1892.

He was a son of Samuel S. and Esther (Prouty) Benton, born in Waterford, Vt., August 19, 1814. He was educated in the academies at Lyndon, Peacham, Newbury and Manchester, Vt., and commenced the study of law with Heaton & Reed, at Montpelier, in 1841. In the fall of that year he became the principal of the academy at Concord Corner, Vt., and continued law study with Hon. H. A. Bellows. Two years later he removed to Lancaster, which was ever after his home. He completed his study with General Ira Young of Lancaster, and was there admitted to the bar, forming a partnership in practice with General Young, which terminated with the death of the latter.

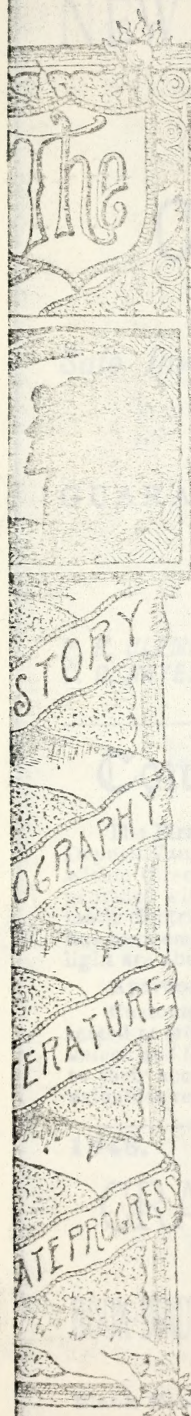
He practiced alone for many years, but had the late Hon. Ossian Ray as a partner from 1855 to 1865, and Josiah H. Benton, Jr. from 1867 till 1871.

He was active in political life, as a Republican, for many years, and served in the legislature as a representative from Lancaster in 1854-'55-'56. He also represented the old third district in congress from 1867 till 1871.

In 1860 he married Louisa Dwight, daughter of General Neal Dow of Portland, Me., by whom he is survived.







# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

## A New Hampshire Magazine

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### CONCORD, N. H.:

H. H. METCALF, } Publishers. { Subscription, \$1.50  
A. H. ROBINSON, } per Year.

15 CENTS PER COPY.

Printed by N. H. Democratic Press Co.

Entered at the Post-Office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.





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## Concord Safe Deposit Vaults.

The First National Bank of Concord, N. H., has established the Concord Safe Deposit Vaults in the United Bank Building, 20 North Main street (corner of Depot), within three minutes' walk of the Railway Passenger Station. These vaults are provided with every approved convenience and device for safety, including automatic electric connection with the police station. Customers will find that nothing has been omitted which could add to their security or comfort. Ventilation and light are abundant. Convenient coupon rooms adjoin the vaults.

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1892.

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N. J. Bachelder, Master.

J. E. Shepard, Overseer.

E. C. Hutchinson, Secretary.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE GRANGE.





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XIV. DECEMBER, 1892. NO. 12.

THE GRANGE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY N. J. BACHELDER.

Of the many farmers' organizations brought into existence in recent years for advancing the interests of husbandry, none have achieved so great success or assumed such a permanent character as the Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry. The foundation of the organization was laid in the city of Washington, D. C., by seven men, whose names have since become household words throughout the country. The names of those men, which are always spoken with reverence and respect, are, William Saunders, John Trimble, F. M. McDowell, J. R. Thompson, W. M. Ireland, O. H. Kelley and A. B. Grosh. These men were connected with the agricultural department of the United States, and thus had an opportunity of knowing the needs of the agricultural class, and realized the necessity of some organization, the work of which could be brought into closer contact with the farmers than was possible through a national or state department. After

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NOTE.—The frontispiece herewith presented includes portraits of six present and past officers of the New Hampshire State Grange, who by their zeal and devotion, in one direction or another, have contributed more than any others to the strength and progress of the order in the state.

PAST MASTER WILLIAM H. STINSON was born on the old Stinson homestead in Dunbarton, July 21, 1851. He was educated at Appleton Academy, Mont Vernon (now McCullom Institute), and Pembroke Academy; taught school, was chosen town clerk of Dunbarton at 21 years of age, and subsequently served as town treasurer, chairman of the board of selectmen, and member of the school committee. He was a member of

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Next.—The Grange, heretofore mentioned includes portions of six present and past officers of the New Hampshire State Grange, who by their zeal and devotion, in one direction or another, have contributed more than any others to the strength and progress of the order in the state.

Past Master WILLIAM H. STURGEON was born on the old Stinson homestead in Dunbarton, July 21, 1821. He was educated at Appleton Academy, Mount Vernon (now McCollum school), and Dunbarton Academy; taught school, was chosen town clerk of Dunbarton at 21 years of age, and subsequently served as town treasurer, chairman of the board of selectmen, and member of the school committee. He was a member of



a thorough study of the question and widespread investigation, covering months of earnest and persistent work, the framework of the organization was perfected and submitted to the farmers of the country for an endorsement, on the fourth day of December, 1867. The men who have the honor of bringing the organization into existence, and who have the heartfelt gratitude of the farming class from Maine to California, lived to witness the grand result of their efforts. Five of them are still living, two of whom, Messrs. Trimble and McDowell, are the present secretary and treasurer of the National Grange.

The farmers at first were somewhat suspicious of the new organization, and during the first year its progress was slow. Its practical qualities for advancing the interests of the farmer and his family were appreciated as soon as understood, and Granges were organized with great rapidity throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The first State Grange was organized in Minnesota, February 23, 1869, and the second in Iowa, January 12, 1871. The movement did not reach New England as early as some other sections of the country. The first Grange in New Hampshire was organized at Exeter, August 19, 1873, known as the Gilman Grange, No. 1,

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the staff of Gov. Charles H. Bell, with the rank of colonel, and engrossing clerk of the state legislature in 1881-2. He early became a member of Stark Grange, Dunbarton, and filled the chairs of Lecturer and Master; was elected Secretary of the State Grange in 1879, serving until 1883, when he was elected Master, which office he filled till 1886, when he resigned, having been appointed, the year previous, a special agent of the U. S. Bureau of Labor, under Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, being promoted to a first-class agency when the bureau was organized into a department, and which he resigned, in January last, to engage in business in Boston. September 30, 1885, he married Ellen F., daughter of Dea. W. H. Conant of Mont Vernon, and has three children—two sons and a daughter. His home has been in Mont Vernon for the last seven years, where he owns a residence and is interested in agriculture, and is also a member of the school board. He is a Congregationalist in religion: in politics, a Republican.

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PAST MASTER CHARLES MCDANIEL was born July 22, 1835, on the homestead in Springfield, originally settled by his great-





with Hon. John D. Lyman, Master. A meeting was held in Manchester, December 23 of the same year, for the purpose of organizing a State Grange. Fifteen of the seventeen subordinate Granges organized in New Hampshire previous to this date were represented at the meeting. T. A. Thompson, Lecturer of the National Grange, presided, and organized the New Hampshire State Grange, with the following officers :

Master, D. T. Chase, Claremont; Overseer, C. H. DeRochmont, Kingston; Lecturer, John D. Lyman, Exeter; Steward, L. T. Sanborn, Hampton Falls; Assistant Steward, I. A. Reed, Newport; Chaplain, J. F. Keyes, Ashland; Treasurer, D. M. Clough, Canterbury; Secretary, C. C. Shaw, Milford; Gate-Keeper, J. U. Prince, Amherst; Ceres, Mrs. C. C. Shaw, Pomona, Mrs. J. U. Prince; Flora, Mrs. A. B. Tallant, East Concord; Lady Assistant Steward, Mrs. L. T. Sanborn.

Since the organization of the New Hampshire State Grange one hundred and eighty-nine subordinate Granges have been organized in the state, twenty-four of which have been brought into existence during the year 1892. One hundred and fifty-six of the total number organized hold meetings regularly and are doing active work. The

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grandfather, James, a descendant of the Scotch McDaniels of the north of Ireland. He was educated at the Andover, New London and Canaan academies, and taught school one or more terms every year from the age of eighteen to nearly forty. He made his home with his father, and worked on the farm a portion of the time, purchasing the interest of the other heirs in the same upon his father's decease, and since adding largely thereto. He was for several years town treasurer, and served as a member of the legislature in 1868, and again during the last session, in which he was conspicuous in connection with measures in the interest of agriculture. He has been many years Master of Montcalm Grange, Enfield, three years Overseer of the State Grange, and Master of the same five years, from 1886 to 1891, and is at present Chaplain of the National Grange. He is a member and Secretary of the Executive Committee of the State Grange, and Master of Mascoma Valley Pomona Grange. He was for six years a member of the State Board of Agriculture for Sullivan county, and is one of the trustees of the N. H. College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. He is also President of the Grantham and Springfield Fair Association. He is





first Pomona Grange was organized in New Hampshire in 1883, and the present number of Pomona Granges in the state is twelve. The total membership of the subordinate Granges in the state is between eleven and twelve thousand, there having been a net gain of about eleven hundred during the present year, while the membership of the country at large is about one million. The total membership of the Pomona Granges in New Hampshire is about thirty-five hundred. The subordinate and Pomona Granges of New Hampshire are holding about three thousand meetings annually for the discussion of agricultural subjects and the advancement of their members in social and educational lines.

D. T. Chase served as Master of the State Grange until 1880, when he was succeeded by George A. Wason of New Boston. William H. Stinson of Dunbarton was elected Master, in December, 1883, and served three years, when he resigned and was succeeded by Charles McDaniel of Springfield. Mr. McDaniel served five years, and in December, 1891, the present Master, N. J. Bachelder, was elected. The other officers for the present term are, J. E. Shepard of New London, Overseer; E. J. Burnham, Manchester, Lecturer; Ellery E. Rugg, Keene, Steward;

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a Royal Arch Mason, a Democrat, and a Universalist. He married, December 27, 1864, Amanda M. Quimby of Springfield. They have had five children, of whom but one survives, Cora, now Mrs. P. S. Currier of Plymouth, a graduate of the State Normal School, and subsequently, for several years, a teacher.

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NAHUM J. BACHELDER, present Master of the State Grange, succeeding Mr. McDaniel in December last, is a son of William A. Bachelder, born at the old family homestead on Taunton Hill in East Andover, September 3, 1854, and has always resided there. He was educated at Franklin Academy and New Hampton Institution; taught school, and was for three years superintending school committee, under the old district system, but has held no political office. March 1, 1887, he was chosen Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and has efficiently performed the duties of the position to the present time, and also those pertaining to the office of the Commissioner of Immigration, established during the administration of Governor Goodell, and now merged by law with that of Secretary of the Board of Agriculture. To his labors in this direction, calling attention to the





H. B. Holman, East Tilton, Assistant Steward; Rev. George W. Patten, Dublin, Chaplain; J. M. Taylor, Sanbornton, Treasurer; E. C. Hutchinson, Milford, Secretary; Adam Dickey, Manchester, Gate-Keeper; Mrs. N. J. Bachelder, East Andover, Ceres; Mrs. Alonzo Towle, Freedom, Flora; Mrs. E. C. Hutchinson, Lady Assistant Steward. Alonzo Towle of Freedom is the General Deputy, and the Master and Secretary, with Charles McDaniel of West Springfield, D. W. Rugg of East Sullivan, and John M. Carr of Wilmot, constitute the Executive Committee.

The Patrons' Relief Association, which is a life insurance company for members of the Grange, was organized in 1876.

The present Grange Mutual Fire Insurance Company was organized in 1888, for insuring property owned by members of the Grange against loss by fire. This company has risks in force amounting to two and a half million dollars and is rapidly growing. The total expense to the insured has been less than one half of one per cent. for a three years' period of insurance.

The New Hampshire Grange Fair Association was organized in 1886, and has held seven annual exhibitions

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abandoned farms of the state, and their eligibility for summer homes, and those seeking agricultural investments, a material increase in our agricultural prosperity is directly attributable. In June, 1891, he received the honorary degree of A. M. from Dartmouth College. He was four years Master of Highland Lake Grange, East Andover, the first Lecturer of Merrimack County Pomona Grange, and Secretary of the State Grange from December, 1883, till his election as Master, in December, 1891. He has also been Secretary of the Grange State Fair Association continuously since its organization, in 1886, with the exception of a single year, and has been the leading spirit in its management. June 30, 1887, he married Mary A. Putney, formerly of Dunbarton, by whom he has one child—a daughter. He is a Congregationalist and a Republican.

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EDWARD J. BURNHAM, Lecturer of the State Grange, succeeding Hon. John D. Lyman of Exeter in December last, was born in Epsom July 6, 1853, being a son of John C. Burnham, a substantial farmer of that town. He spent his early life upon the farm, attended Pembroke and Pittsfield academies, and took a





with marked success. The premium exhibits are limited to members of the Grange.

The Grange has wielded a strong influence in national and state legislation by an intelligent and conservative discussion of measures affecting the farming interests. It appeals to the judgment of the legislators by creating a public sentiment in favor of just measures rather than by open hostility and threatening action. It regards difference of opinion as no crime, but earnestly and effectually maintains its position if sound and right.

There are no party politics in the Grange, and it holds itself above the tricks and schemes of cheap political manipulators. It aims to secure the nomination for office of honest and trusty men, who will stand by the industrial interests, in all parties, leaving its members to affiliate with that party by which, in their opinion, the interests of the country will be subserved.

No secret organization was ever conceived and given birth amid more bitter opposition or found in its pathway more obstacles to overcome than the Grange; and yet, no association of similar character ever entered a wider field for usefulness, had greater possibilities before it, or won in the same time a higher measure of regard from intelligent people for its work.

The prime cause of antipathy to the organization at the start was an erroneous impression in regard to its objects

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partial course at Bates College. He taught school several terms, and, in 1875, entered the office of the *State Press*, at Dover, to learn the newspaper business. While there he put in type most of the first volume of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, which was started there and then issued at that office. In 1880, he entered the office of the *Union* at Manchester, where he has since remained, working his way up from the compositor's case to the managing editorship, which he now holds. He started the first regularly conducted Grange department in any New Hampshire paper, in the *Union*, eight years ago. He has been Lecturer of Amoskeag Grange three terms and Master two, holding the latter position at the present time. He is a member of Evergreen Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Short Falls, and Queen City Lodge, K. of P., Manchester, and was the principal organizer of the Manchester Building and Loan Association, the pioneer association of the kind in the state, of which he has been secretary from the start. He married Bessie W. Fellows, daughter of the late John





and purposes. The Grange is founded upon principles of such broad and philanthropic character that a thorough investigation must result in a higher appreciation of its ennobling influence. It is an organization formed not merely for amusement, but for the grand object of assisting the farmer and his family, not only to agricultural knowledge, but to social and educational culture and to a higher standard of morality. It breaks up the monotony and isolation of farm life by providing means of social enjoyment, the absence of which has been a prolific source of deserted farms.

It furnishes the means by which the farmer's education and mental development may be continued in connection with the daily avocation of farm life, and thus enables him in some degree to keep pace with his associates in other business and professions whose daily duties require mental activity and discipline.

In the words of one of the distinguished founders of the order, it proclaims that "Honesty is inculcated, education nurtured, temperance, supported, brotherly love cultivated, and charity made an essential characteristic."

Another characteristic which commends itself to all is the proper appreciation of the abilities and sphere of woman, by admitting her to full membership. Through these various lines this organization carries sunshine and happiness to thousands of American farm homes, culture

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Fellows of Chichester, in 1874, and has three children—a son and two daughters. He is a Congregationalist and a Democrat, but has never held or sought public office.

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JAMES E. SHEPARD of New London, Overseer of the State Grange, was born in that town, March 13, 1842, and was educated at the well-known Literary and Scientific Institution in that town. He has long been actively engaged in lumbering as well as agriculture. He has been three times Master of New London Grange, was the first Master of Merrimack County Pomona Grange, and was Assistant Steward of the State Grange previous to his election as Overseer, which office he has held for three years. He was also President of the N. H. Grange Fair Association from 1886 to 1889. He is a Democrat in politics, and represented the town of New London in the Constitutional Convention of 1888. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity and of the First Baptist Church of New London. He is a mem-





and refinement to members of farmers' families, and exerts an elevating influence upon the rural population of the entire land.

In addition to its practical benefits in making agriculture more profitable, we should remember its higher objects, which are included in the education, culture and refinement of the farmer and his family, developing a better and higher manhood and womanhood in the broadest sense of the term, thus contributing to the reputation and good name of the state and nation. It is no wonder that such an organization has received the hearty endorsement of the more intelligent farmers throughout the country, and become so prosperous and popular in the Granite State, for its principles need only to be understood to be appreciated.

Notwithstanding the commendable progress which the Grange has made in New Hampshire, it has by no means reached the zenith of its prosperity. The number of subordinate Granges should be increased at least fifty, for there are as many agricultural towns at present without

ber of the board of trustees of the New London Institution, and has labored zealously to promote its interests. November 9, 1863, he was united in marriage with Lucia Nelson of New London, and three sons and three daughters have been born to them.

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EMRI C. HUTCHINSON, present Secretary of the State Grange, was born July 31, 1849, and has always resided upon the old farm, owned by his father and grandfather, in Milford. He was educated in the public schools of the town and in the normal school conducted by Prof. William L. Whittemore. He became a Patron of Husbandry early in the history of the order in this state, and was Secretary of Granite Grange, Milford, for the first six years of its existence, and was subsequently for two years its Master. He was Master of Hillsborough County Pomona Grange one year, Assistant Steward of the State Grange one term, Steward one term, and served acceptably as General Deputy for eight years previous to his election as Secretary, last December. He is also Secretary of the N. H. Grange Mutual Insurance Company, to whose success his labors have largely contributed. He is a Republican, but has never actively engaged in politics and has held no political office. He is a member of the First Unitarian Church of Milford. August 9, 1876, he was united in marriage with Annie E. Lovejoy of Peterborough. They have two children.





the organization, and the number of meetings should be increased in the same proportion. When these things are accomplished, twenty-five meetings being held in each town during the year, the organization will be so far perfected as to extend to all sections the elevating power of the Grange, in purifying the social atmosphere, extending the benefits of education, aiding and abetting the work of the church, and advancing the interests of New Hampshire throughout the entire rural community.

The meeting of the National Grange in its 26th annual session, in the city of Concord, commencing Wednesday, November 16, is the most notable event in the Grange history of New Hampshire, especially as the session is the most largely attended that has ever been holden, and its direct results cannot fail to contribute in a high degree to the growth and prosperity of the order in the state, and also to enhance materially all the essential interests of agriculture in New Hampshire and throughout New England.

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### IN THE WOODS.

[Translated from the German.]

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

No night winds here are creeping  
Among the tree tops high,  
And on the boughs are sleeping  
The birds that sung here by.

A little rill is going  
From out its hidden cave;  
All else now still, its flowing  
Is heard wave after wave.

And when the near has vanished,  
Then cometh lightly, so,  
The memories once banished  
And tears of long ago.

That all things here are mortal  
We say and say again;  
And yet at memory's portal  
We cannot vanquish pain.





## HOPKINTON'S HISTORICAL LANDMARKS.

BY MRS. FRED H. BAILEY.

The picturesque town of Hopkinton lies seven miles west of our state capital. Years ago there was a smart struggle to determine which of the towns, Concord or Hopkinton, should become the capital. The famous Contoocook river flows through the town, having its rise in the region of Peterborough. The Indians once made their home on the banks of this river, and gave it its name, meaning *crooked*.

Our dear poet, John G. Whittier, who came to spend his last days in our Granite State, and fell asleep in the quiet New Hampshire village, tells us in his poem, "The Bridal of Pennacook," of the marriage of the daughter of the great Pennacook chief, Passaconaway, in 1662. Of the feast and dance he says,—

"The trapper that night on Turee's brook,  
And the weary fisher on Contoocook,  
Saw over the marshes and through the pine,  
And down on the river the dance-lights shine."

At the feast, the poet tells us, they partook of

"Steaks of the brown bear fat and large  
From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge;  
Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,  
And salmon speared in the Contoocook."

At that time the river wound through an almost unbroken forest—listless, seemingly aimless, except where it flowed over its rocky bed. To-day the Indians' wigwams have disappeared and in their places stand mills, surrounded by busy, bustling, active life.

In the summer of 1825, during his visit to this country, Lafayette, the famous general, accompanied by an escort of notable characters, made a tour through New Hampshire, and came, on horseback, one day, to the village of Hopkinton, where he was greeted by a body of citizens, who had left their homes to bid him welcome. It was a great day for the people. The village school was dismissed, and the teacher led her little band of scholars out to greet the general and clasp his hand. Many years





before, no one can tell the date, two elm trees had been planted in front of the "Wiggin Tavern," in the village. They had grown to sufficient size to cast a shade, and under this archway, with bared head, Lafayette stood and spoke to the people words long to be remembered by them. Henceforth these two trees were known as the "Lafayette elms." The great general passed on his way to return to Hopkinton no more.

For years the tavern stood with open doors, while the creaking sign outside announced, "Refreshments here for man and beast." When the doors no longer swung open for the public, and it became a private home, the sign was laid aside only to be brought to light when the Perkins Inn was built, in 1887, to swing in all its ancient glory in front of this modern structure. Will a growing Lafayette ever gaze upon it?

Side by side the trees grew to their prime, and when old age weakened their limbs, kind hands bound them about with iron, to lengthen, if possible, their days. On the 16th of June, 1892, a furious rain storm and gale swept through the usually quiet village, and with a groan that made the listener's heart stand still, one of these mammoth elms was uprooted, and fell across the lawn of the "Wiggin Tavern," escaping the roof by a few feet and sweeping with its upper branches the stone Episcopal church.

Through the efforts of one of our townsmen who has given a good deal of attention to the early history of Hopkinton, an interest has been awakened in our townspeople to commemorate by suitable tablets the most important historical places in town. At a recent town meeting an appropriation was made, and a committee chosen to select suitable tablets to mark some of the noted places, that strangers and the coming generations may know where and when our forefathers commenced to build our present township.

Iron tablets, with raised gilt letters, were provided by the committee and fastened to granite blocks or boulders. One was placed upon the remaining Lafayette elm. Under this same tree, in 1789, one of the early ministers, Rev. Jacob Cram, was ordained, the first meeting-house having been burned upon the village square. A granite block and tablet now mark the place.





About a mile from the village, on the Concord road, a little back from the street, sheltered by noble elms, stands a square, weather-beaten house, once the home of Rev. Elijah Fletcher, the second minister of Hopkinton, 1775. In 1782, January 16, Grace Fletcher was born here. She is remembered for her beauty and gentleness and as the first wife of the renowned Daniel Webster. A granite block, with lettered tablet, marks this location.

Several of these may be seen along the main road to Concord. Half a mile from Hopkinton village, in 1765, the first grist-mill was built, as seen by the tablet. Kimball's garrison, built in 1744, stood a short distance east of the Grace Fletcher homestead. Woodwell and Putney garrisons have their tablets on Putney hill, as have also the other points of interest which I shall mention.

Mount Lookout is the highest point of land in Hopkinton, being 820 feet above the level of the sea, and commanding a view of the country for nearly twenty miles around, through almost the entire circle of the horizon. It was from this eminence that the early settlers, in time of danger, kept watch for the approach of the Indians. An organization has this year been formed called the "Mt. Lookout Improvement Association," for the purpose of improving the grounds and making it a pleasure resort and resting-place for all who desire such a place. They hope in time to secure funds sufficient to build an observatory 80 or 100 feet high.

The early settlers crossed the Contoocook river by ferry. This and the first bridge were deemed worthy of tablets.

Half way up the steep ascent to the old cemetery on Putney hill stands a two-story wooden house, deserted and fast going to decay. In this dwelt the first minister, in 1757. It is a sightly spot. Below, winding through the meadow, runs the silvery Contoocook river; above, the cloud and sky; and all about an uninterrupted view of the noble hills and grand old Kearsarge, of which every native of New Hampshire is justly proud.

Upon the summit of Beech hill the first male white child, Abraham Kimball, was born, in 1742. When eleven years old he was captured by the Indians, with Samuel Putney, but escaped before they were many miles from home. The place of their capture is identified.





As we journey unmolested through our peaceful, quiet town, these landmarks should remind us of the trials and hardships so bravely borne by our forefathers, for it is by their brave deeds, their sterling manliness and their persistent toil in those early days, that we now move about our daily duties and lie down to rest at night in peace.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL LITERATURE IN PREPARATION.

BY HON. A. S. BATCHELLOR.

The historical literature relating to New Hampshire, which is already before the public and accessible in the leading reference libraries, is extensive and valuable. It may not be generally known how much is in manuscript awaiting publication or in a state of progressive preparation.

Students of our ecclesiastical history are familiar with the admirable work of Mr. Batchelder in his first volume of the History of the Eastern Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Inasmuch as New Hampshire was comprehended in that diocese, the narrative is especially important as an authority for those who are seeking the record of the beginnings of the church in this state. But the work was completed on the plan of the author for three volumes, and two remain in manuscript. They are in loyal hands, and it is not impossible that they may, at a day not far distant, be suitably published.

The second volume of the History of the Freewill Baptist Church is in a similar situation. One volume has been published and the second is understood to be in manuscript awaiting a call to "come forth." The Congregational and Presbyterian churches of New Hampshire found their historians in the accomplished contributors to Lawrence's New Hampshire Churches. This work is not rare and has been in the market nearly forty years. We are not aware that a supplement is in contemplation, but such an undertaking is worthy the consideration of the learned clergy of the Congregational order.

Stevens's "Memorials of the Introduction of Methodism," and his "Memorials of the Progress of Methodism in the





Eastern States," contain a great amount of valuable local history and biography of New Hampshire Methodism. These books are scarce and they command high prices. The Rev. G. H. Hardy, a clergyman of that denomination stationed at North Charlestown, has a new history of Methodism in this state in preparation. It will be similar to "Lawrence's Churches" in respect to its treatment of the history of local organizations or circuits.

Other denominations in this state, especially the Baptists, have well-ordered historical societies auxiliary to the church organizations, but to what extent other formal denominational or church histories have been begun in this state we are not informed.

Dr. Eddy's General History of Universalism in America and Dr. Shea's History of the Catholic Church in America will, in a manner, serve the purpose of the student of the ecclesiastical history of our state until more strictly local and specific work is done for these denominations, similar to that of Lawrence and Hardy.

Assuredly the Baptists, with such historical scholars as Rev. Dr. Eaton, and with the lay support of such men as Governor Goodell, General Howard L. Porter and Hon. Charles H. Amsden, should not look in vain for a historian or substantial and sympathetic support for his undertaking.

Hon. John C. Linehan is a thorough student and an effective writer on race and sectarian movements in America, and particularly in this state. There is reason for the belief that he may accord us the gratification of having some of the results of his labors in ecclesiastical history and on race problems in more enduring form than he has yet permitted them to assume.

The work of the Rev. N. F. Carter of Concord has been in progress for many years. Many investigators appreciate the painstaking industry and the scrupulous regard for exactness in detail which have characterized it. He has attempted to collect and arrange biographical data touching every minister native of New Hampshire of whatever denomination. Mr. Carter now has material sufficient for two large octavo volumes. He is an exceedingly diligent and successful town historian who does not find, on consultation, that Mr. Carter has subjects and material on local ministerial biography that he has not before discovered.





In legal biography, Hon. Charles H. Bell has been an accomplished worker for many years. He has collected and arranged an amount of material already sufficient for an elaborate history of our bench and bar. The publication of this work will be anticipated with large interest, and it is the ardent and universal desire of those who appreciate Governor Bell's peculiar fitness for the undertaking that he may himself see it in the hands of the reading public and realize how fully his labor has the approval of the members of this great profession and the students of its biography.

For several years Dr. I. A. Watson of Concord has been collecting material for a similar historical undertaking, in the interests of the medical profession of New Hampshire. Those not familiar with the amount of biographical detail involved in such a work cannot appreciate what Dr. Watson has already accomplished without a careful examination of his material. His plan contemplates the collection of all the data necessary for a biographical dictionary of the past and present members of his profession in this state. It will also involve an examination of what our physicians have been in official station, in the military service, and in promoting other great interests. The narrative will embrace the pathological history of the state, the periods of epidemic, and the story of progress in medical discovery, preventive medicine, and other topics pertaining to a state medical history. Without courage and industry no author could hope to accomplish this task. Dr. Watson has both these important qualifications in an eminent degree, and we have observed that he generally accomplishes what he sets himself to do.

## THE LION OF ST. MARK.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

Lo! there thou crouchest like a beast of prey,  
Thou wingéd shape that wast in former day  
The haughty emblem of Venetia's might,  
When all the nations trembled at thy sight!  
Thou guarded well the city by the sea,  
O faithful watcher, and when Venice free  
Lost her high prestige, ceased thy vengeful roar,  
And now thy fangs are harmless evermore.





Tell me, O silent lion, gazing there,  
With solemn visage from thy marble lair,  
What hast thou seen in all thy years of pride,  
Since first thy home became the ocean's bride?  
Canst thou relate the famous tales of eld,  
When Venice all the East as subject held,  
And from the quays now silent as the dead  
A thousand ships sailed 'neath that banner dread?

Say, didst thou gaze with those calm eyes of thine  
Upon the splendors of that pageant fine  
Which was the glory of mediæval days,  
And sung by poets in their deathless lays;  
When jewelled Doges in their barge of state  
Sailed out to sea, with solemn pomp and great,  
To drop a ring within the Adria's breast,—  
A nuptial rite that waxing years had blest?

Methinks I hear thy growl of rage and hate  
As Doria's galleys anchored at thy gate;  
When all these broad lagoons of shining blue  
Were plowed by keels of fighting vessels through.  
They did not muzzle thee, despite the boast  
Of Genoa's haughty chief, for from this coast  
Great Carlo Zeno drove him, winning fame,  
Which ever since has clothed his glorious name.

And wert thou there on that great day of pride,  
When gold and purple gleamed upon the tide,  
And all the air was vibrant with sweet sound  
Of harp and dulcimer, and all around  
Were banners floating in the summer breeze,  
As her bridal train swept o'er the fairy seas,  
Bearing the Queen of Cyprus to her home,  
Who in her early childhood here did roam?

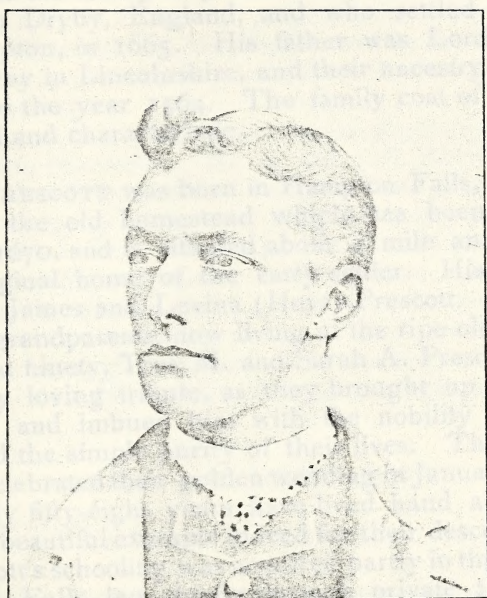
Thy lips are mute; but in thy stony gaze  
I read the story misty through the haze  
Of years, of all the greatness of the past,  
The pageantries and fêtes that could not last.  
Thou saw it all, and other scenes as well,  
Of which thy ever-silent tongue might tell,—  
Faliero's axe and Foscari's tears,  
Tasso's mournful muse, Dandolo's sightless years.



# REV. KEVIN JAMES PRESCOTT.

BY MARION HOWARD.

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Yours very truly,  
E. J. Prescott,





## REV. ELVIN JAMES PRESCOTT.

BY MARION HOWARD.

"Blood will tell," and ancestral excellence is an invaluable legacy. The marked physical, moral and mental traits of a prominent family will reappear in many successive generations, as in the case of Elvin J. Prescott, who does honor to the name he bears and to his native state.

As many readers know, the Prescotts of New Hampshire all sprang from the family of James Prescott, who came to America from Dryby, England, and who settled in the town of Hampton, in 1665. His father was Lord of the Manor of Dryby in Lincolnshire, and their ancestry can be traced back to the year 1564. The family coat of arms is very beautiful and characteristic.

ELVIN J. PRESCOTT was born in Hampton Falls, August 27, 1865, in the old homestead which has been in the family since 1670, and is situated about a mile and a half from the original home of the early settler. His parents were Warren James and Levina (Hoyt) Prescott. It is to his honored grandparents, now living at the ripe old age of eighty-six and ninety, True M. and Sarah A. Prescott, that we must pay loving tribute, as they brought up the lad and inspired and imbued him with the nobility of their character and the simple purity of their lives. These dear old people celebrated their golden wedding in January 1885, and for nearly fifty-eight years have lived hand and heart together,—a beautiful example indeed for their descendants!

Mr. Prescott's schooling was acquired partly in the schools of Hampton Falls, but chiefly through private tutorship. He entered the theological school at Meadville, Penn., at the age of twenty, and was graduated at twenty-four to preach the doctrine of Unitarianism—one of the youngest clergymen ever graduated. While at this school he worked on the farm at home during vacation, thus developing his physical powers, and insuring bodily health commensurate with mental power and vigor.

The young student of theology received three calls almost immediately, one of which he accepted, at Littleton, Massachusetts, where he was ordained November 13,





1890. The sermon was preached by Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston, a warm personal friend. A special and touching feature of the occasion was the presence of his grandparents, who were then eighty-eight and eighty-four years of age, respectively.

Mr. Prescott remained at Littleton, exchanging pulpits occasionally, and at the same time taking a special course at Harvard College, which he completed last summer.

During one of his exchanges, at Kennebunk, Maine, he found instantaneous favor, and a unanimous call was extended and accepted by Mr. Prescott, who now ably fills and adorns the Unitarian pulpit of that thriving town. He persistently continues his studies, and in the near future will doubtless go abroad to pursue them under more favorable circumstances.

Mr. Prescott is a fine specimen of physical and intellectual young manhood. He is tall and athletic, with a strong, handsome face, full of character and determination. He is earnest in his utterances and possesses a rich, strong and magnetic voice. He clings tenaciously to his aged grandparents, who still occupy the old farm. He owes so much to their teachings that I quote from his personal letter these words concerning them: "They are the kind of people who have given a basis to hundreds of lives that have made New Hampshire famous throughout the land to-day."

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### PRESIDENT JOHN CUTT.

BY ALMA J. HERBERT.

When New Hampshire, after a union of nearly forty years with Massachusetts, was created a separate government, with the ruling officer selected by the king, Charles II, John Cutt, Esq., of Portsmouth, was appointed for one year president, with a council of six persons, "to take care of y<sup>e</sup> s<sup>d</sup> Tract of Land called the Province of New Hampshire." The act under consideration from July 10th passed the great seal September 18th, 1679, and was brought to Portsmouth by Edward Randolph and delivered to John Cutt, Esq., on the 30th day of December, 1679. It was the only charter ever granted to New Hampshire—the first





royal province. Mr. Randolph writes to the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, January 4th,—“On the 30th of December last I del<sup>d</sup> his Maty<sup>s</sup> Commission together with the Seale and Order of Councill for settling the Gov<sup>t</sup> of N. H. into the hands of the President. Mr. Cutt is a very just and honest man cast out of all publick employment in the government of Boston—That he is an ancient and infirm man.”

As the king's commission announced the legal right of Robert Mason to his grandfather's claims, and that all persons must take new grants at “sixpence on y<sup>e</sup> pound according to y<sup>e</sup> Just and True yearly value of all houses built by them,” as also on lands improved,—certainly harsh measure for those who had cleared lands from the forest and lived upon them over fifty years; the more as they were content under the shelter of Massachusetts where the freemen had rights in the election of their rulers,—the new order was far from acceptable and was sharply debated; but lest trouble might result, the council organized on the 20th of January, within the time limit, two members, Waldron and Martyn, making oath by upraised hands. Next day three were added to the council, and writs issued for the election of members of an assembly.

There were four towns in the province,—Portsmouth with seventy-one voters, Dover with sixty-one, Hampton with fifty-seven, Exeter with twenty. The last town sent two members; the others each three.

After a day of fasting to implore blessings, the assembly convened at Portsmouth on March 16th, and was opened with prayer and a sermon by Rev. Mr. Moody, and sent, by the president, a letter of acknowledgment to the king, one of grateful thanks to Massachusetts, and a second to the king,—“We had a special regard to the statute book you was pleased to honor us with, together with the seal of y<sup>e</sup> Province and your princely favor in sending us y<sup>r</sup> royal effigies and imperial arms, and lament when we think that they through the loss of the ship miscarried by the way.” A code of antique laws was passed, which, when sent for the king's approval, was disallowed, inferior courts were established and a militia company in each town, and a troop of horse ordered, with provision that no act be imposed upon the people without the approval of the assembly, council and president.





The province had the protection of eleven guns at the fort on Great Island and a few guns at Portsmouth. In that year of grace some forty-seven vessels, large and small, mostly in the lumber trade, entered the harbor. Randolph, collector of customs for New England, with his deputy, Walter Barefoot, was offensively busy, and in June a vessel was seized in the harbor, accused of violating the acts of trade, but the sturdy owner, Mark Hunking, brought suit and recovered damages.

"Upon the 24th of Dec.," writes Richard Chamberlain, "I arrived at Portsmouth, at the house of John Cutt, Esqr., the President, . . . unto whom I delivered y<sup>r</sup> Ld<sup>p</sup>'s letter of Sept. 30, 1680, and showed him His Mat's Commission whereby I was appointed Secretary of y<sup>e</sup> Province and Clerk of y<sup>e</sup> Council." The council met on the 27th, and, after consultation, admitted him on the 30th, though he refused their request for secrecy and did not at once obtain the records.

December 30th, Mason, his "friend," presented the mandamus seating him in the council and demanded its publication, but "the President being ill y<sup>e</sup> Council deferred the publication till Feb<sup>r</sup>." When seated he claimed the title of Lord Proprietor, urgently insisting upon his rights. On the 17th of March, 1681, the council and assembly appointed next Thursday a day of public fasting and prayer, to be solemnly kept by all the inhabitants, inhibiting all servile labor thereon, "Upon serious consideration," they said, "of the sundry tokens of divine displeasure evident to us both in the present dangerous sickness of the honorable President of the Council of New Hampshire, in the continuance of whose life is wrapt up so much blessing, and whose death may occasion much trouble; as also in respect of that awful portentious blazing star, usually foreboding sore calamity to the beholders thereof." It was indeed a magnificent comet, for months visible all over the globe, "remarkable," says Prof. Eastman of the Observatory at Washington, "for its long tail, from 70° to 90° long; but its orbit is not well known, and it is not probable that it has been seen since 1680." The day is past when we can deem it "awful portentious, foreboding sore calamity" to any one.

Some of the unrest of royal heads must thorn the first





royal appointee. We read in a "narrative," without signature, that "The major part of the Councill being ill-pleased with the former proceedings of that royal gentleman John Cutt, Esq<sup>r</sup>., . . . whom they found too much adicted to his Maj<sup>y</sup>s Service, take advantage of his illness and absence to make an order to limit the President to a single vote, and have ever since acted without him." Mason says, in his petition to the king,—“The President named by his Matys . . . . . was an honest loyal gentleman and stood for y<sup>e</sup> Proprietors rights and purposed to take his grant from him, and advised others to the same, and expressed his dislike of the Council's proceedings so that in a short time about half the inhabitants of the Province of the better sort came to the Proprietor to have their lands confirmed.” The statement as regards others does not comport with the many petitions against Mason's demands, and as to the ruler the blank space we left in the sentence above was filled with the words, “died y<sup>e</sup> latter end of March.”

There comes a time when fasting and prayer will not avail, and the honored and beloved president departed this life on the 27th of March, 1681, and amid general lamentation his remains were laid to rest in his own pleasant orchard, “where,” he said in his will, “I buried my wife and children that are deceased,” directing that the site, with “room convenient for the burying-place of the residue of his family relations, be enclosed with a wall of lime and stone.” The enclosure of fifty feet square on Green street, south of the railroad track, though without a stone to his memory, long marked the sacred spot. But in 1875 it was demolished and the remains of those interred removed to the proprietors' cemetery.

“Mr. John Cutt” was a native of Wales—the son of Richard Cutt, said to have been a member of Cromwell's Parliament—and had emigrated to America prior to 1646, with two brothers, Richard and Robert. In 1660 John had three hundred and fifty acres of land and Richard four hundred and ten in what is now the compact part of Portsmouth, and were the largest landholders there. He was also a most successful merchant, the largest contributor “to the maintenance of y<sup>e</sup> minister,” and one of the nine men who united to form the Congregational church, organized in 1671, though served for some years prior by Rev.





Joshua Moody. Richard superintended the erection of the church edifice, where a bell was hung in 1664, and both had filled town offices with honor.

After his brother's death, in 1676, he resided in the so-called "great house" of Mason, and, though "advanced in life," was regarded with the highest esteem and reverence by all.

Mr. Cutt's first wife was Hannah Starr, married July 30th, 1662, and died, as the stone he erected to her memory records, November 19th, 1674.

He had lived with his second wife, Ursula (Dr. Burroughs writes it Ursulina), only a few years.

Four children survived him, John, Hannah, Samuel and Mary. Hannah was probably the eldest and 18 years old, as John, Samuel and Mary were minors. All had most liberal provision in his will, executed May 6th, 1680. John seems to have had the eldest son's portion, after the custom of the times, his land running into the woods "three miles." Samuel had the great house, which soon after fell into ruins. Mary having less land, "her brother John shall summer two cows for her in his pasture at home freely during her natural life." Each daughter to have "a silver plate marked T. S."

His beloved wife, Ursula, had choice of residence in his house, or in the new warehouse to be fitted up for her, or to build a new house, or on the farm at "y<sup>e</sup> Pulpit," with five hundred pounds (£500), and was requested "to have respect for my children and be a mother to them." One hundred pounds was given for a free school, fifteen to the church of which he was a member, thirty to the poor of the town, fifty to Mr. Moody, and thirty pounds to three other overseers of John and Hannah, as executors, remembering the children of his brother Robert, a cousin and a servant.

Madam Ursula decided to live at "y<sup>e</sup> Pulpit" farm, two or three miles up the west side of the river, and most admirably managed and improved the property for some thirteen years. When, in 1694, Indian troubles broke out, she was warned, but decided that the hay must be secured. One summer morning, while superintending her three haymakers, the maid, near the house, shrieked "Indians," and fled. The three men, with their noble





mistress, were shot and scalped. The savages, unable to remove the rings from the dead lady's fingers, carried the fair, strong hands away as trophies.

Hannah Cutt married Colonel Richard Waldron, Jr., the deputy and successor of her father on his decease, but in about two years she, with her infant son, was laid beside her parents in the home orchard. Colonel Waldron and his second wife, on that fatal summer day, had proposed to take their infant son and visit Madam Ursula at her beautiful home. The arrival of company prevented the visit, and soon after dinner the servant girl, who had escaped in a skiff down the river, rushed in, crying, "They are all killed! they are all killed!" It was the honored Secretary Waldron whose life was thus preserved in infancy.

Mary married Samuel Penhallow. The councillor of that name was one of her descendants.

As ordered in the commission Deputy Waldron succeeded to the office until the arrival of Edward Cranfield, October 4th, 1682.

In these memorial days we venture to suggest to the citizens of Portsmouth the erection of a monument to the memory of John Cutt, the first and only royal president of our state.

NOTE.—The name was written Cutt; later, when it was learned the English family so spelled it, Cutts.

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## THE LEEMAN FAMILY—PIONEERS OF WEST DUNSTABLE.

BY C. S. SPAULDING.

Samuel Leeman of Reading, Mass., was one of the pioneer settlers of West Dunstable, New Hampshire. The name Leman, or Leeman as it is more commonly written, appears to have originated near the borders of a lake situated in Switzerland, forming the boundary between Switzerland and France at the southerly end of the Jura range of mountains. Lake Leeman, or Geneva as it is now called, was so named by the old Romans, and is a beautiful sheet of water over one thousand feet above the level of the sea, forty-five miles long, eight miles wide and twelve





hundred feet deep in the deepest place. It is the source of the river Rhone, which flows into the Mediterranean.

The family name Leeman appears very early in English history. They were an honest yeomanry, residing at Beadle, from which place Samuel Leeman emigrated about the year 1633, and settled in Charlestown, Mass., being then about twelve years old. He became a freeman December 27th, 1642. It is said that he was the fifth generation, in which the eldest son was named Samuel. He was married in 1643 and continued to reside in Charlestown until his death, in 1673, at the age of fifty-two, leaving a son, Samuel, born in 1643, who, in 1665, married Mary Langley, daughter of William Langley, and settled in Groton, Mass., which place he was compelled to leave in consequence of Indian invasion, March 13, 1776, and returned to Charlestown, where he volunteered to serve in the Narragansett war, and enlisting in Captain Mosely's company, which marched against the Indians. He enlisted into the service to have his revenge on the Indians for burning and destroying his property at Groton.

Captain Samuel Mosely was a bold character, and had been a privateer. He raised a volunteer company of one hundred and ten men, most of whom had served under him as sailors, and joined the expedition of Colonel Church. He scoured the country through in pursuit of Indians, and captured thirty-six on the eleventh day of December, 1675. He was a terror to King Philip, and served during the entire war. He afterwards was employed to scout and guard at Dunstable and vicinity, protecting the settlers against Indian invasion.

After the war, Mr. Leeman returned to Charlestown and died there, leaving a son, Samuel, the seventh in lineal descent, who was born April 29th, 1667, in Groton, and settled in Reading, Mass., about the year 1687. Married Margaret —, and resided on the Barnard place, so called. His wife died previous to 1715. He then married Hannah Damon, and lived only a few years, leaving a son, Samuel, born in Reading in 1692, who married Mary Bryant in 1716, and resided at Reading until 1720, at which time the Reading Town History says he, together with others, was dismissed from the church in Reading to join the church in Lynnfield. He afterwards returned to





Reading, where he resided till the year 1736, when he settled in West Dunstable, at a place now known as Kendall Mills, in the north part of the present town of Hollis, thus becoming one of the pioneer settlers of West Dunstable. He erected his log hut on land he had purchased of the C. Fry grant, and moved his family there, consisting of a daughter, Margaret, born in 1717; Mary, born in 1719; Samuel, born in 1721; Abraham, born in 1723, and Nathaniel, born in 1726. His youngest daughter, Sarah, born in West Dunstable, December 5th, 1737, was the first white child born in that neighborhood.

Mr. Leeman became a prominent and influential citizen. He was one of the petitioners for a charter for the township of Monson in 1746, which town had a corporate existence of twenty-four years, and was divided between the towns of Hollis and Amherst. He was one of the selectmen of this ancient township. He moved to Hollis in 1750, where he died in 1756, leaving a son, Samuel, born at Reading, 1721, who came to West Dunstable with his father, married Love Wheeler, November 26th, 1746, and resided in Hollis and Monson. He was a distinguished bear hunter.

His son Samuel, the tenth and last in descent, was born in Monson, August 7th, 1749. He enlisted into the Continental army April 19, 1775, in Captain Reuben Dow's company, for Lexington and Concord. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill, in the company of Captain Levi Spalding, regiment of Colonel James Reid, and served in the army during the year 1776. April 7, 1777, he enlisted in Captain Isaac Fry's company, regiment of Colonel Alexander Scammell, as ensign, was present with his regiment and participated in all those battles known as the northern campaign, which caused the surrender of the entire British army under General John Burgoyne, and was killed at the battle of Saratoga, October, 1777. He was in his twenty-eighth year and unmarried.





## MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

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 EDWARD MORRIS TEMPLE.

The subject of this sketch, the popular secretary of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association, though not a native of New Hampshire (his mother was from Francestown), has spent the most of his business life in the state, and manifests a keen interest in all its affairs.

For twenty-four years Mr. Temple has held an important position at the Indian Head Mills in Nashua, and is well known among the cotton manufacturers. He was born in Reading, Mass., August 13, 1848, and inherited musical tastes and talent from his father, who labored zealously many years in New Hampshire and Massachusetts to improve the popular taste in music for church service.

Coming to Nashua at about the time when his voice had become useful, Mr. Temple was at once employed in church choirs and has continued as active in musical affairs as business duties would permit, and has labored to forward the work of cultivating taste for the better class of music among his townspeople.

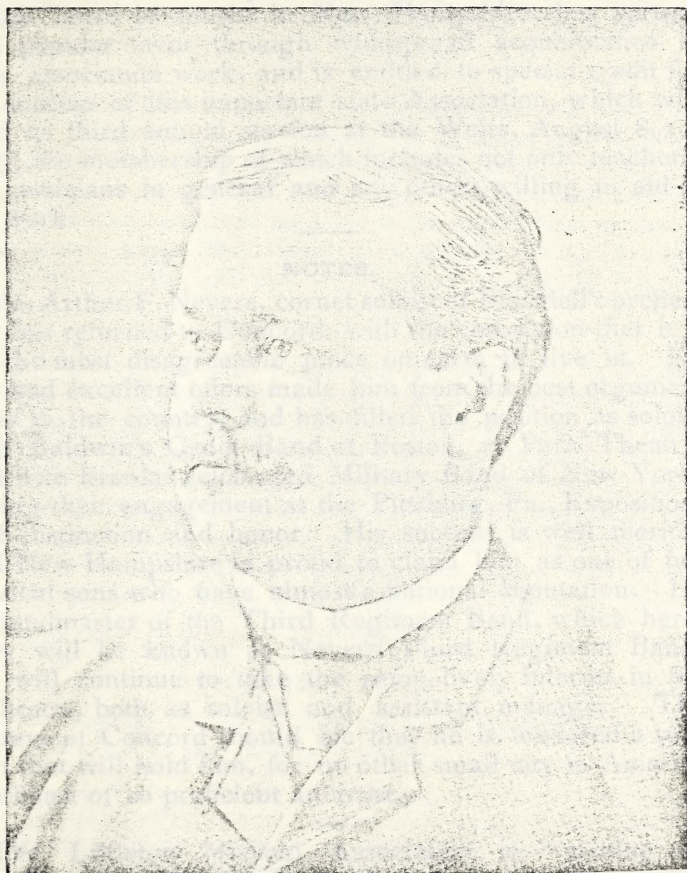
He studied with the late Dr. Guilmette and Mr. W. J. Winch, in Boston, at convenience, and for several years conducted the most successful musical organization in southern New Hampshire—the Orpheus Club of Nashua—but his services as tenor singer in the church for the past twelve years has commanded a much larger salary in Boston and Worcester than could be expected at home, until, with the growing demand for good music and the increasing appropriations for improved choirs, Mr. Temple was induced to sing for the First Congregational Church of Nashua, and, with the aid of an efficient choir, is said to have revived the local musical interest in a wonderful degree, the church being filled at every service as never before, the results inspiring renewed effort in other choirs and fully demonstrating the fact that the better class of well-rendered music is none too good for any church service, and is, in fact, attractive.

Having exacting business cares, Mr. Temple never





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E. M. Temple.



adopted music as a profession, nor solicited concert work, but with every opportunity to assist any worthy enterprise, especially those looking towards musical improvement, he has always been found active as time would permit, and giving freely his services and money.

As secretary of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association, Mr. Temple has displayed genuine loyalty to the cause of music in New Hampshire, has sprung into popular favor through widespread acquaintance in state association work, and is entitled to special credit for the success of this important state Association, which will hold its third annual session at the Weirs, August 8-12, 1893, the membership of which includes not only teachers, but musicians in general and any others willing to aid in the work.

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#### NOTES.

Mr. Arthur F. Nevers, cornet soloist of Blaisdell's orchestra, has returned to Concord, with the conviction that it is not the most disagreeable place on earth to live in. He has had excellent offers made him from the best organizations in the country, and has filled the position as soloist with Baldwin's Cadet Band of Boston, at Park Theatre, and with Brooks' celebrated Military Band of New York, during their engagement at the Pittsburg, Pa., Exposition, with distinction and honor. His success is well merited and New Hampshire is proud to claim him as one of her musical sons who have almost a national reputation. He is bandmaster of the Third Regiment Band, which hereafter will be known as Nevers' Third Regiment Band. He will continue to take the same lively interest in the orchestra, both as soloist and assistant manager. The citizens of Concord should see that he is tendered a support that will hold him, for no other small city in America can boast of so proficient an artist.

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The Littleton Musical Association is "putting its best foot forward" this year, for its twenty-fifth annual festival, which will be holden some time in January. Carl Zerrahn has been engaged as conductor, Mrs. Shepard as accompanist, the Schubert Quartette of Chicago, and eight pieces from the Germania Orchestra of Boston. The





engagements are not all completed as yet. It contemplates giving portions of the "Messiah," and we hope its expectations, musically and financially, will be fully realized.

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Mr. C. S. Conant, the popular and efficient teacher of music in the schools of Concord and Laconia, has been engaged to conduct the Schubert Club of Laconia the coming season.

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Mr. Charles Glover and wife, and Mrs. Minnie Glover-Dow of Littleton, have located in Concord, and are engaged in the choir of the Freewill Baptist Church. They are from among the best singers and musical workers of Littleton, and will be a valuable acquisition to Concord's vocal talent, Mrs. Dow in particular being a very promising soprano, and one we hope to hear good things of in the future.

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The lifelike, half-tone engraving of Benjamin B. Davis ("Uncle Ben"), which was presented in connection with his biographical sketch in this department last month, was executed at the establishment of the Republican Press Association, which now has a complete plant for the execution of this class of work, the only one of the kind in the state, and which is likely to command a large patronage from New Hampshire people, who have heretofore been compelled to send their orders to Boston or New York.

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#### THE HUMAN VOICE.

The following article, of interest to all musicians, is by the "Thinker," in the *Boston Leader*:

The human voice and its complement, the human ear, are most wonderful. The one to express with certainty and exactness our feeling and sentiment, and the other to receive and convey to the very citadel of thought the emotions and ideas thus materialized.

It is not the intention, just now, to allude to the mechanism of either the voice or the ear, which, if looked upon as inventions, would pale into utter insignificance the most intricate and ingenious of human achievements.





Every human voice, in every particular, represents its owner as to affection or love, and as to intelligence and refinement. And the tones of the voice, although you may not understand the words, reveal the feelings of the speaker. No one could mistake the tones of anger and expostulation for those of endearment and love.

Let us see if we cannot arrive at the philosophy of all this.

Language, with all its subdivisions, can be arranged into two distinct parts, or components, the vowel and consonant sounds. The vowels, without question, represent the feelings, the emotions of the soul, while the consonants represent the intelligence.

To illustrate this: It is admitted that a child when it is born is wanting in intelligence beyond all animals. It can cry, thrash its limbs about, and imbibe nourishment; all else has to be learned. And on this theory there should be no consonant sound in the first wail of the little infant, which is, indeed, a fact without an exception. The first sound that greets the ear on the advent of a human being into this world is oo-oh, oo-ah, oo-ah! Not a shade of a consonant, but only the vowel sound with the aspirate. As intelligence begins to dawn the consonant sounds begin to appear, even before words are formed, such as bub, bub, bub, etc.

Look at the languages in Europe. The northern nations have a tongue crowded with consonants, representing their intelligence and comparative want of emotion, while Italy, with feelings predominating, have more vowels, upon which they love to dwell. Some of the South Sea Islanders have a language with every word terminating in a vowel, not to mention many other things confirmatory of the idea.

Another index to the mind is the pitch. Compare the male voice with the female in this respect. The human mind in this ultimate analysis has two elements: the will on the one side, or what relates to our likes and dislikes, our emotions and feelings; and the understanding, or what we know, on the other. And as the woman is supposed to be the embodiment of love and affection, while the man ought to be an exponent of wisdom, it should follow that the upper part of the scale should signify the affections, while the lower ought to stand for more intellectual.

Then take the higher and the lower register of the male voice. It certainly signifies something in the same direction. And so of the soprano and the alto in comparison. Not that there is more intelligence in the one, or more of affection in the other; but the comparison must be made, each individual with himself or herself. In the light of this idea, look over the good singers you know, and you will be surprised at the confirmation you will find on every hand.





There are singers who have mechanical voices of power and volume, and beyond criticism in execution; but if there is not behind all *a human soul*, with affectional and intellectual capacity, they cannot stir the popular heart; as no one can represent what he or she is incapable of comprehending or feeling.

If this science of the human voice were cultivated as it might be, we would only need to hear persons talk to judge of their quality with unerring certainty.

Even as it is, on hearing a person speak, we unconsciously place the individual as to intelligence and social qualities, and feel at once an attraction or an aversion, which first impressions usually prove trustworthy.

Let us make a study of the human voice.

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

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JOHN TOWNE.

John Towne, born in Croydon, August 17, 1805; died in Newport, October 13, 1892.

Mr. Towne was educated in the common schools and at Newport Academy. He early entered the profession of teaching, which he followed till he completed his fortieth term. He was three times elected town clerk in Newport, was deputy secretary of state from 1840 to 1844, and was register of deeds in Sullivan county from 1851 to 1855. He was a clerk in the First National Bank seven years and town clerk four years. He also held the office of superintending school committee.

At the age of fifty-one he was united in marriage with Miss Mary J. Clough of Unity, who survives him.

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MOSES E. GOULD.

Moses E. Gould, born in Hopkinton, August 30, 1821; died in Bradford, October 23, 1892.

Mr. Gould was a son of Enoch Gould. When quite young, his father's family removed to Gould's Mills, Sutton, and there he lived until he began driving a stage, in 1839, between Newport and Concord, via Warner and Contoocook. He continued in the staging business until the opening of the Concord & Claremont Railroad to Contoocook, in the autumn of 1849. He remained as conductor on that road until 1880, when he retired from railroad service. While the extension of the Concord & Claremont Railroad





from Bradford to Claremont was in progress of construction, in 1871, he was placed in charge of the operations at Newbury cut. With the exception of the time required for the opening of the cut, Mr. Gould was in continuous service as conductor a period of more than thirty years.

In February, 1848, he married Elizabeth C., daughter of Timothy Dowlin of Bradford, who, with one son, Fred H. Gould of Bradford, and a sister, Mrs. Lydia Morse of South Omaha, Nebraska, survive him.

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REV. STEPHEN S. N. GREELEY.

Rev. Stephen S. N. Greeley, born in Gilmanton, January 23, 1813; died in Gilmanton, October 25, 1892.

Mr. Greeley was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1835, his death being the forty-third in a class of fifty-one. From 1836 to 1838 he was principal of Gilmanton Academy, and in the latter year was graduated from Gilmanton Theological Seminary. He was ordained to the ministry on January 31, 1839, and installed pastor of the Congregational Church at Gilmanton Iron Works, where he remained until 1842. His later settlements up to the Civil War were at Newmarket, Chicopee, Mass., Great Barrington, Mass., and Grand Rapids, Mich.

Soon after the opening of the War of the Rebellion he enlisted at Grand Rapids, and was made chaplain of a regiment, which position he filled three years. After his discharge from the military service he accepted a pastorate at Oswego, N. Y., where he remained eight years, when he resigned and returned to Gilmanton. In 1879 and 1880 he was a representative from Gilmanton in the legislature. During his last residence in Gilmanton Mr. Greeley led an active life, preaching in various places a considerable portion of the time, and also giving much attention to literary and historical writings and to educational matters.

The deceased was an able theologian, a fine orator, and a distinguished and useful citizen.

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REV. JOSEPH HARVEY.

Rev. Joseph Harvey, born in Barnstead, June 18, 1815; died in Pittsfield, October 8, 1892.

Mr. Harvey's boyhood days were spent in hard labor, but by observation and diligent improvement of his limited opportunities he succeeded in acquiring more than an aver-





age amount of general information, to which was added a keen perception and a remarkable memory. At the age of eighteen he became converted and was baptized, and six years later began his life work. In 1842 he was ordained a minister of the gospel by a council of clergymen of various denominations at the Free Baptist Church in Pittsfield, but always held and preached the doctrine of the second personal coming of Christ.

His record is a remarkable one. He never accepted a salary nor settled pastorate, but he often preached four times on Sunday, and in times of special interest three times a day for a week or more. During fifty-three years' ministry he never missed preaching but four Sundays. It is said that he preached over twenty-five hundred funeral sermons, on one occasion officiating at four funerals in as many different towns on the same day. He was a man of large stature, being six feet in height and weighing two hundred, of great muscular power, and with a rugged constitution; in nature, sympathetic, and with a peculiarly gentle manner, which endeared him to young and old.

Elder Harvey is survived by a widow, formerly Miss Emeline M. Tasker of Barnstead, also three sons and two daughters.—John T. Harvey of Pittsfield, Joseph O. of Chicago, Dr. Charles E. of New York City, Mrs. M. S. Clough of Pittsfield and Mrs. Stella F. Pease of Gilman-ton Iron Works.

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#### MARK A. SCOTT.

Mark A. Scott, born in Portsmouth, December 1, 1857; died in Portsmouth, October 22, 1892.

Mr. Scott received a common-school education, and at an early age started out to earn his living. His first employment was at the Eldredge brewery, where he remained for some time, when he went to the works of the Portsmouth Brewing Company to familiarize himself with the details of the business. In 1883 he became head brewer, and at the next annual meeting of the company was made one of its directors, and at the time of his death was its manager and treasurer. In politics Mr. Scott was a Democrat, and represented his ward, in 1890, in the house of representatives, and also was a member of the last constitutional convention. He had also served in the city government. He is survived by a wife and seven children.

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